

image
270
DIGITAL
EDITION

T. MCFARLANE
S. KUDRANSKI

SPAWN



THE FUTURE OF COMICS
25
image
EST. 1992



GONE!



THIS INSTITUTION HAD NEVER LOST A PATIENT BEFORE IN ITS 84-YEAR HISTORY.



WHAT STARTED AS A ROUTINE CHECK OF THEIR PATIENT'S ROOMS. ENDED WITH THE REALIZATION A YOUNG PATIENT HAD DISAPPEARED.

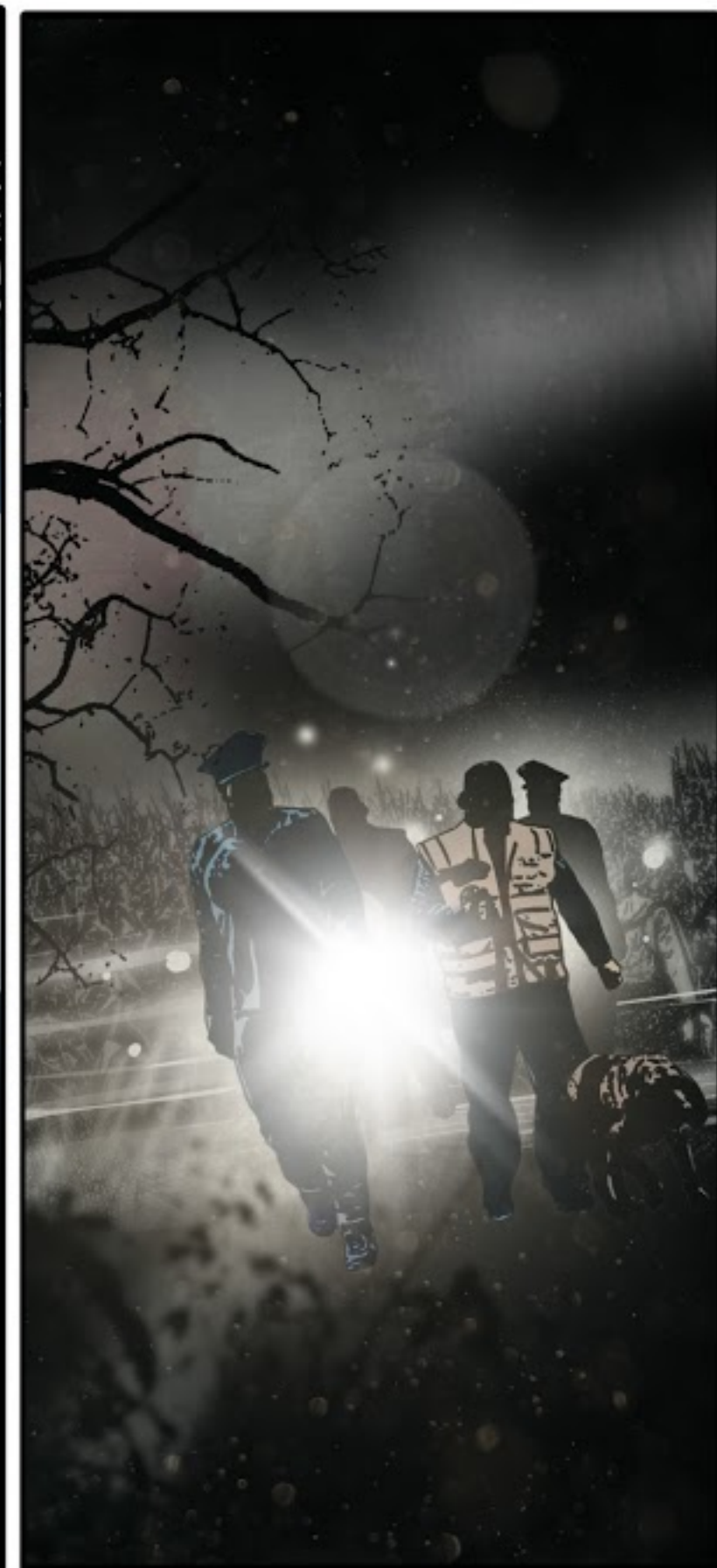


HER NAME IS CYAN FITZGERALD. SHE'S BEEN REHABBING FROM AN ADDICTION PROBLEM AND HAD A VISITOR IN HER ROOM AT THE TIME.



THE VISITOR WAS AL SIMMONS, THOUGH HE WAS USING AN ALIAS, BUT HE WAS MISSING TOO.

HAD SOMETHING HAPPENED THEM? OR DID SIMMONS TAKE CYAN ON HIS OWN?





"...BECAUSE PEOPLE
DON'T JUST UP AND
VANISH."

SOMEWHERE.

DARK.





HOW'D
YOU DO
THAT?!



WHAT IS
THIS
PLACE?

MY
APARTMENT.



BUT IT'S
TWENTY MILES
FROM WHERE WE
JUST WERE. SO,
NEED TO TELL ME
WHAT'S GOING ON.
WHAT DID YOU
DO TO US?



I'M
HUNGRY.

YOU GOT
ANYTHING
GOOD TO
EAT?

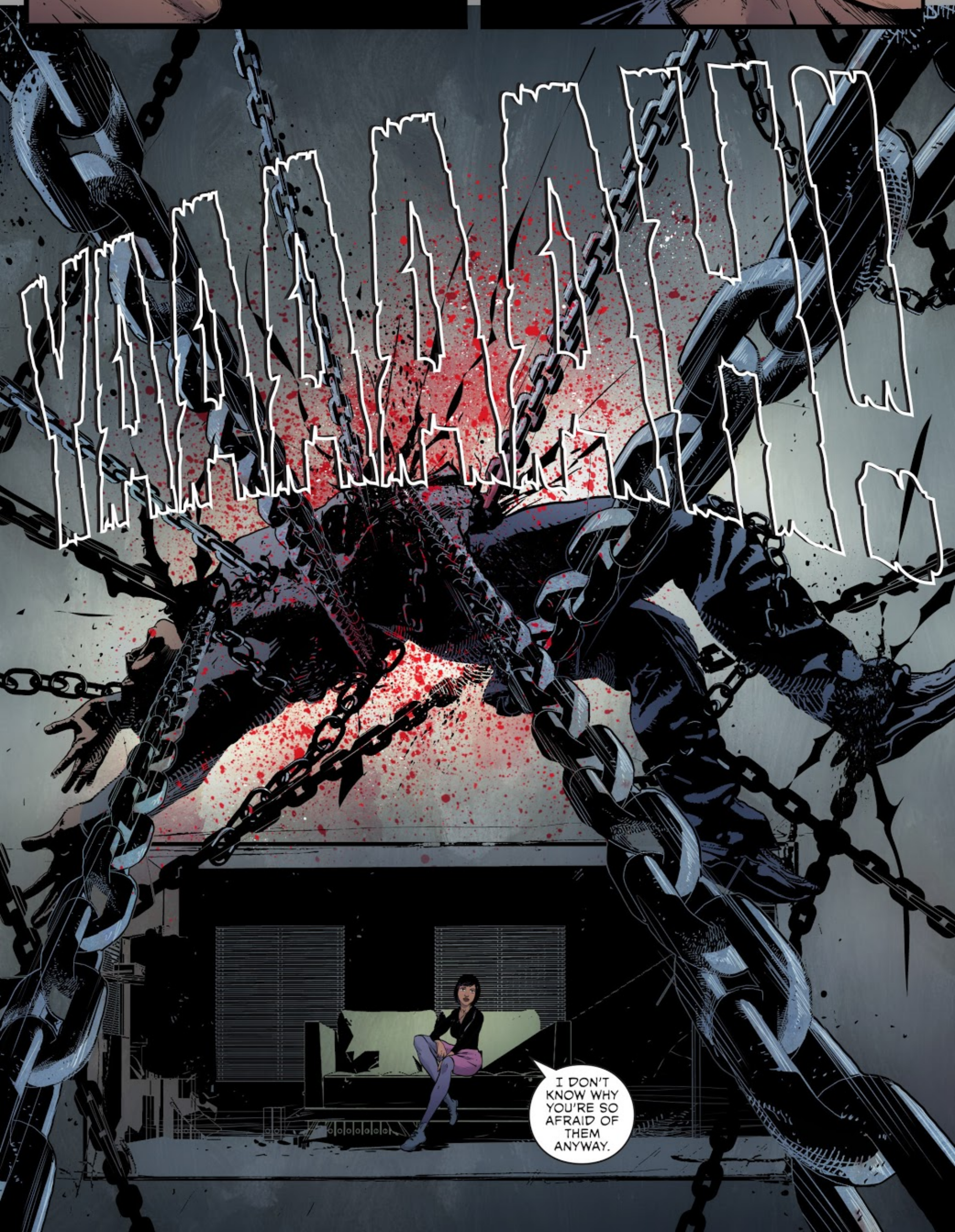
LISTEN TO
ME. WE JUST
DISAPPEARED FROM
THE FACILITY YOU
WERE AT. WHEN THEY
FIND OUT YOU'RE
GONE, A **SHITSTORM** IS
GOING TO HIT! COPS.
F.B.I. EVERYONE
WILL BE LOOKING
FOR YOU!



THE PROBLEM
WITH THAT--THEY'LL
BE LOOKING FOR ME
TOO. I DON'T NEED
THAT RIGHT NOW. SO,
WHATEVER YOU DID...
TAKE US BACK!



YOU
TALK TOO
MUCH.



I DON'T
KNOW WHY
YOU'RE SO
AFRAID OF
THEM
ANYWAY.

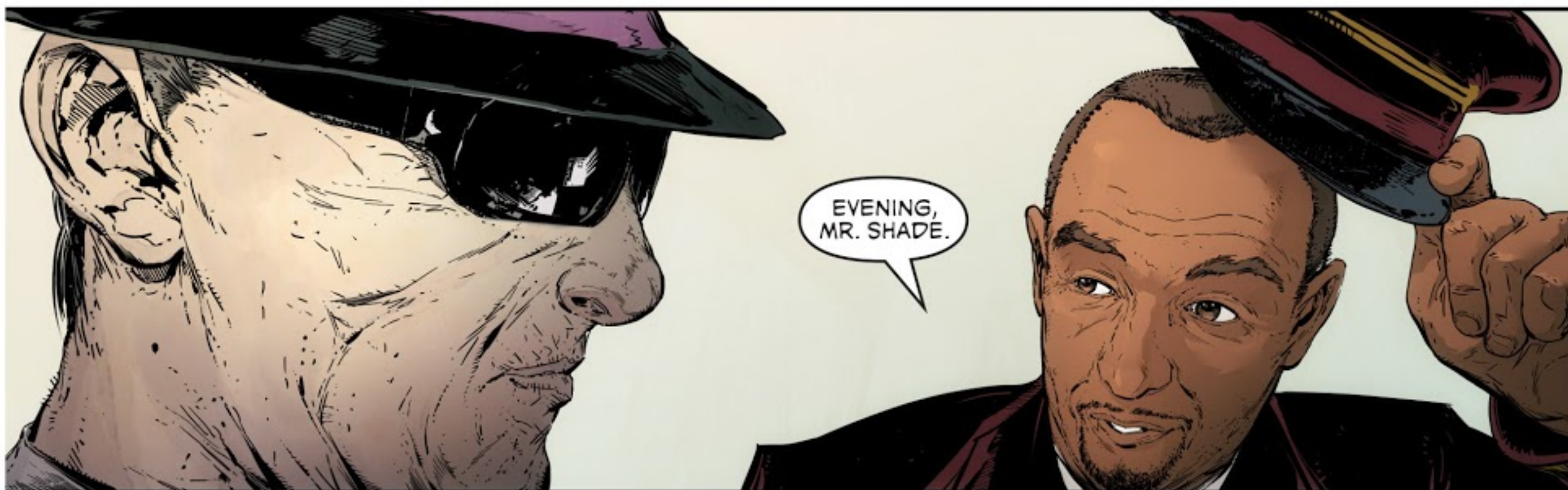
AS NEW YORK'S EVENING SKY PAINTS ITSELF
ACROSS THE HORIZON, A BUSY WORK DAY
IS WINDING DOWN FOR MILLIONS.



FOR OTHERS, THEIR DAY HAS
ONLY BEGUN TO REVEAL ITSELF.



EVENING,
MR. SHADE.



IS HE
IN?

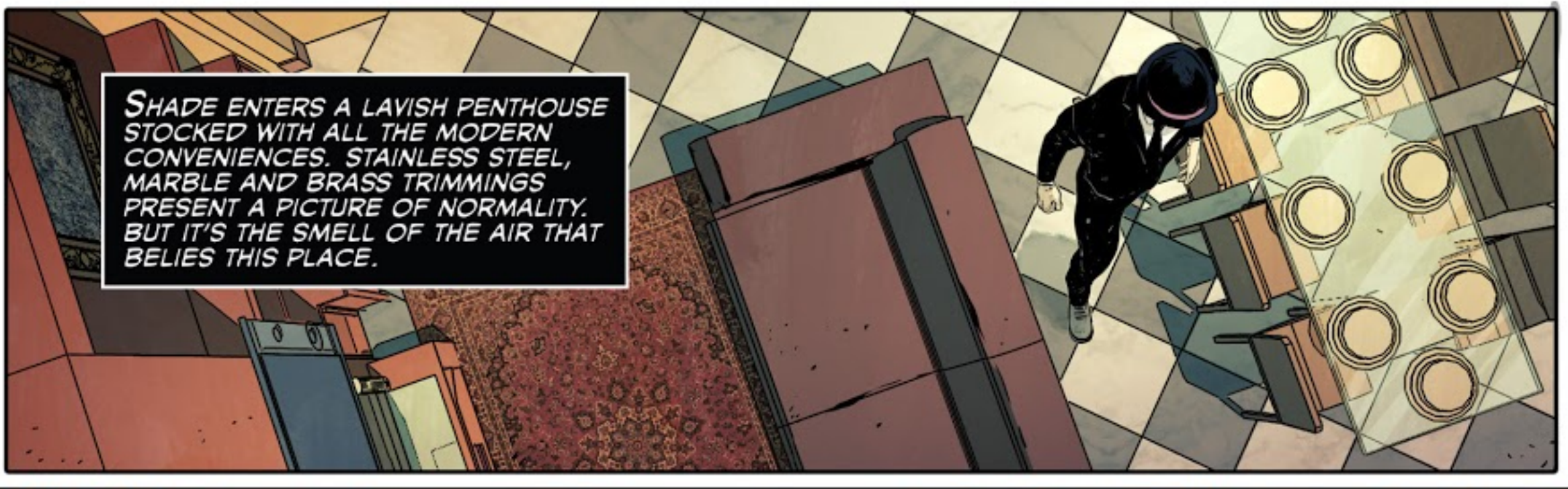
HE'S
ALWAYS
IN, SIR.
YOU KNOW
THAT.

JUST MAKING
SURE YOU'RE ON
YOUR TOES. CAN'T
GET NOTHING BY
YOU, CAN THEY?
YOU'RE TOO SMART
FOR THAT.

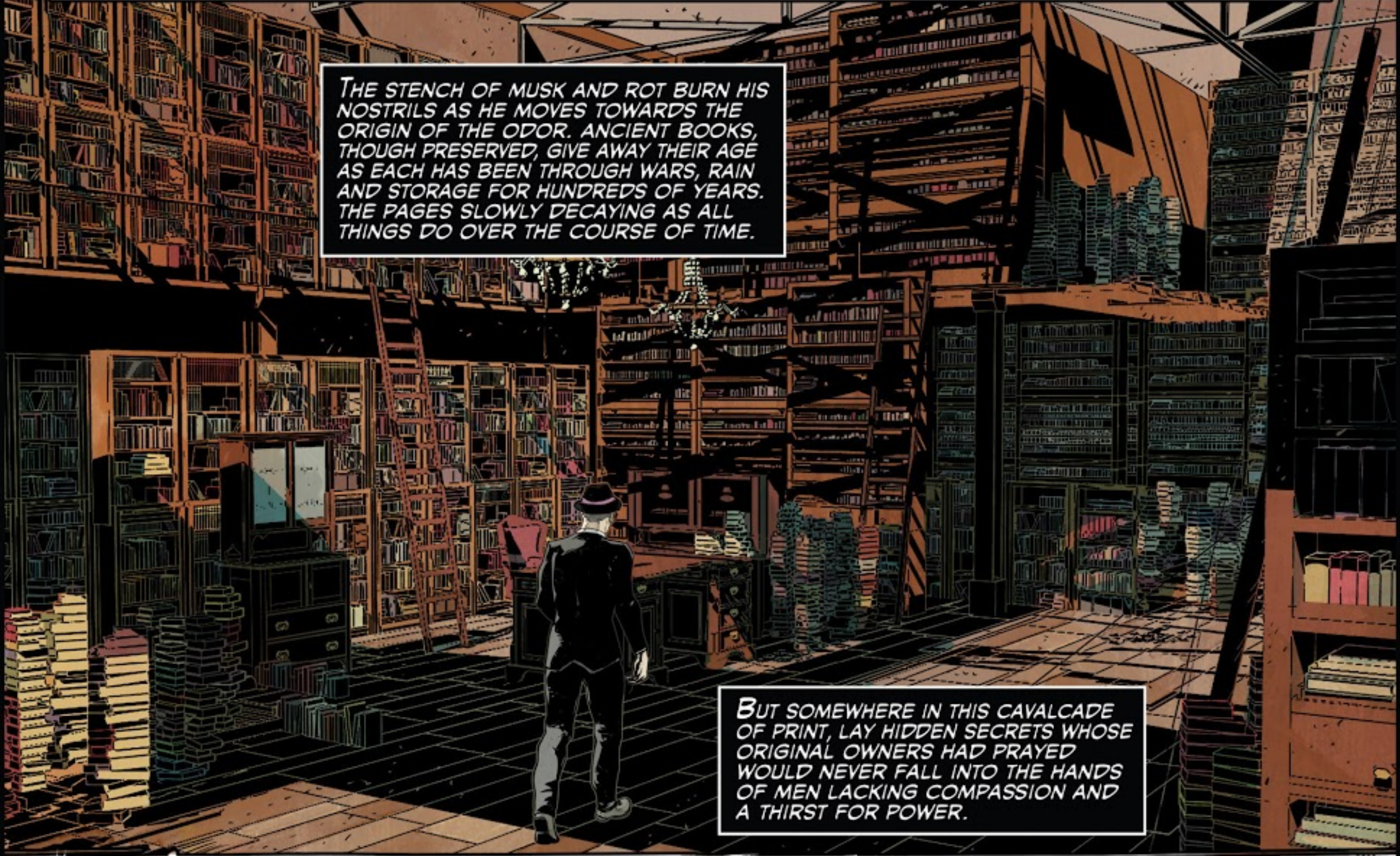


YES, SIR.
THANK YOU,
SIR.





SHADE ENTERS A LAVISH PENTHOUSE STOCKED WITH ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES. STAINLESS STEEL, MARBLE AND BRASS TRIMMINGS PRESENT A PICTURE OF NORMALITY. BUT IT'S THE SMELL OF THE AIR THAT BELIES THIS PLACE.



THE STENCH OF MUSK AND ROT BURN HIS NOSTRILS AS HE MOVES TOWARDS THE ORIGIN OF THE ODOR. ANCIENT BOOKS, THOUGH PRESERVED, GIVE AWAY THEIR AGE AS EACH HAS BEEN THROUGH WARS, RAIN AND STORAGE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THE PAGES SLOWLY DECAYING AS ALL THINGS DO OVER THE COURSE OF TIME.

BUT SOMEWHERE IN THIS CAVALCADE OF PRINT, LAY HIDDEN SECRETS WHOSE ORIGINAL OWNERS HAD PRAYED WOULD NEVER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF MEN LACKING COMPASSION AND A THIRST FOR POWER.



SADLY, THE AUTHORS OF SUCH BOOKS HAD NOT IMAGINED THE SHEER NUMBER OF MEN WHO FIT THAT DESCRIPTION. NOR HOW THEIR NUMBERS HAVE ONLY GROWN.

I ASSUME MR. MAITLIN WAS FLATTERED BY OUR OFFER?

NO. HE REJECTED IT.

*See last issue—Todd

अजोऽपि सन्नव्ययात्म
धियाय स
मौल
श्रीगणेशायनमः॥ ॥
लेशयानसुभारतानां
हंकंचिद्योगमधार
बावहितोराजन

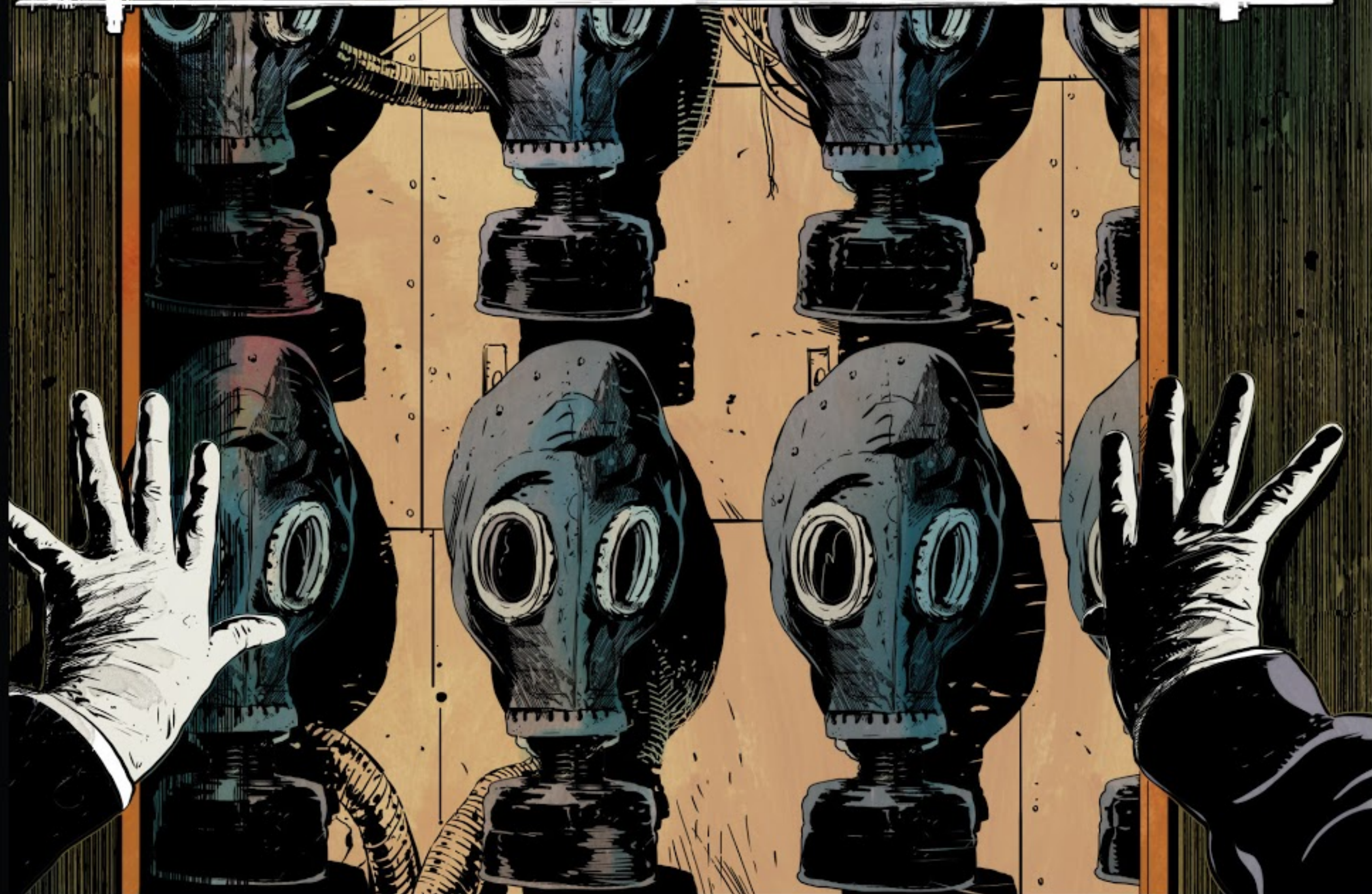
THE SILENCE OF THE MAN SITTING TELLS US HE'S UNACCUSTOMED TO NOT HAVING HIS WAY. AFTER A LONG PAUSE HE GOES BACK TO WRITING, WITH BOTH HANDS SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN A LANGUAGE LONG SINCE LOST.

I WAS SO LOOKING FORWARD TO SPENDING TIME WITH MR. MAITLIN AND HIS PARTNERS. HOW UNFORTUNATE WE WEREN'T ABLE TO SEE EYE TO EYE.

I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO IGNORE THE PUSH WE GAVE HIM.

STUBBORN, IS HE?

PERHAPS IT MAY SERVE OUR NEEDS BETTER IF I PAY HIM... A MORE 'PERSONAL' VISIT.





SOME MEN
NEED A LITTLE
GUIDANCE TO
SEE THE
ERROR OF
THEIR WAYS.

BUT FOR
OTHERS...

IT TAKES
MUCH
MORE FOR THEM
TO SEE THE
LIGHT.



THE PAIN NOW OVER,
SIMMONS CHAINS
RETREAT INSIDE HIM.

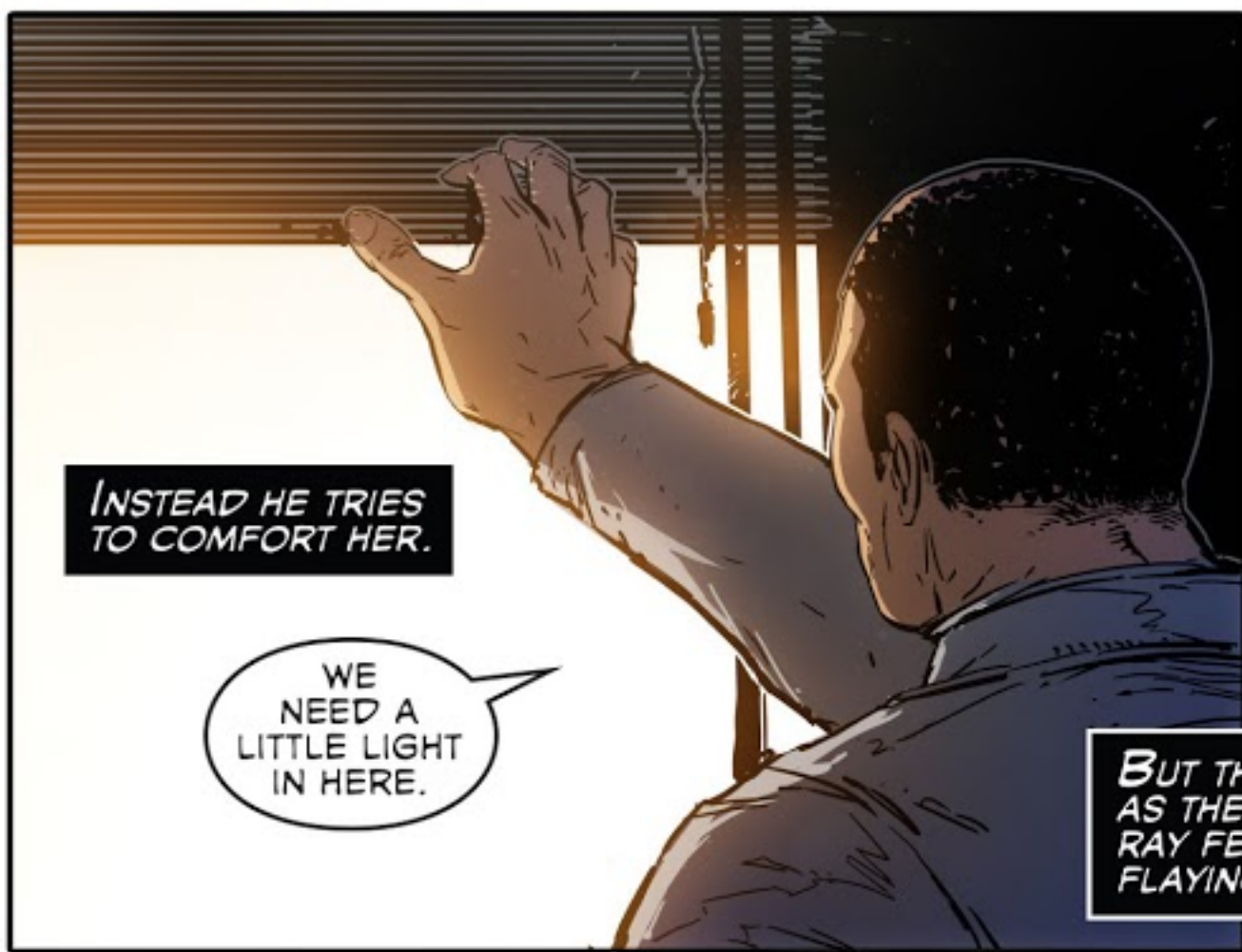


HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY CYAN DID THAT TO
HIM. HE NEEDS TO FIND
HER HELP. FAST.



CYAN...
I...

AL STOPS HIMSELF. NOT ABLE TO FIND
THE WORDS OR THE PROPER QUESTION
TO ASK. AND UNTIL HE DOES HE'S NOT
INCLINED TO MAKE THINGS WORSE.



INSTEAD HE TRIES
TO COMFORT HER.

WE
NEED A
LITTLE LIGHT
IN HERE.



DON'T!

NO! NO!
STOP!

BUT THAT BACKFIRES
AS THE SUN'S SOOTHING
RAY FEEL LIKE KNIVES
FLAYING AT HER SKIN!



UNCONTROLLABLY SHE SCREAMS
AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.
AL CAN'T HAVE THAT KIND
OF ATTENTION--NOT IN THIS
APARTMENT COMPLEX.
THERE'S TOO MANY CURIOUS
NEIGHBORS IN THE BUILDING.

CYAN!
YOU CAN'T
DO THAT. NOT
HERE! CALM
DOWN AND
RELAX. CAN
YOU DO
THAT?



HE STEPS
BACK INTO THE
SHADOWS...



SHE INSTANTLY
GOES LIMP.



SHE LIKES THE DARK NOT THE SUN. BUT WHAT ABOUT ARTIFICIAL LIGHT? HOW WILL SHE REACT TO THAT?



YOU OKAY?

YEAH.

UM...

WHERE ARE WE?

MY APARTMENT.

HOW'D WE GET HERE?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?



NO. WHY AREN'T WE IN MY ROOM?



WE NEED TO CALL YOUR DAD.

STUNNED, AL REALIZES CYAN CAN'T RECALL THE LAST FEW MINUTES. EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE DARK AND THE SHADOWS ARE A BLANK TO HER.





OR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO FIRST?

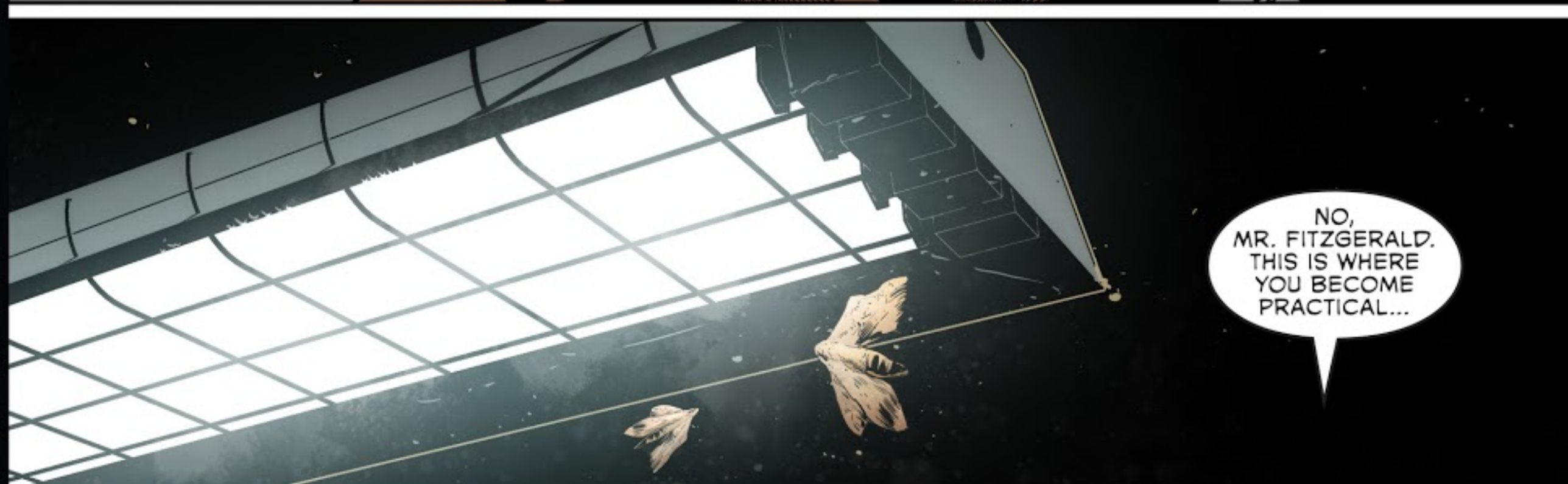
YOU'RE THE ONE THROWING THE PARTY HERE, BUD.

I KNOW YOU GOT THOSE DRUGS FOR YOUR DAUGHTER. BEEN FEEDING THEM TO HER FOR QUITE SOME TIME IF SHE'S IN NEED OF REHABILITATION. IMPRESSIVE FATHERING THERE, I MIGHT ADD. WE ALSO KNOW YOU WERE GIVEN THE NAME OF MIGUEL SABATINI BY AGENT JOHNSON. WHO'S CURRENTLY BEEN TAKEN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE.



HE'LL NEVER WORK FOR THIS AGENCY AGAIN. AND NEITHER WILL YOU IF WE DON'T GET YOUR COOPERATION.

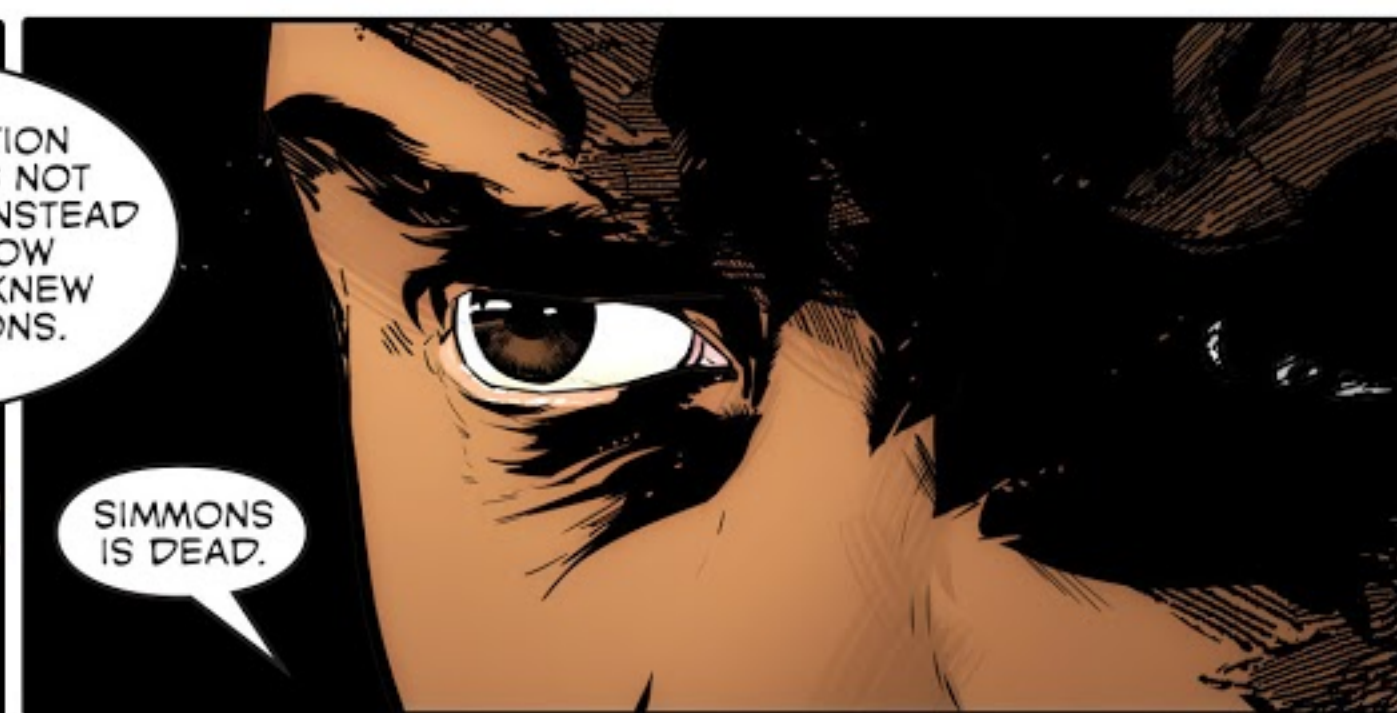
IS THIS WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GET SCARED?



NO, MR. FITZGERALD. THIS IS WHERE YOU BECOME PRACTICAL...



WHERE SELF-PRESERVATION KICKS IN. SEE, IT'S NOT YOU WE'RE AFTER. INSTEAD WE WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING YOU KNEW ABOUT AL SIMMONS. EVERYTHING.



SIMMONS IS DEAD.



SO, WE'VE BEEN TOLD.



BUT, WE'D LIKE TO
CONFIRM THAT OURSELVES
SINCE HE WAS INVOLVED IN SOME
VERY, VERY SENSITIVE MATTERS.
BUT I'M SURE YOU ALREADY
KNOW THAT SINCE YOU WERE HIS
BEST FRIEND. STRANGE THAT
YOU MARRIED HIS WIFE
AFTER HE DIED.

YOU
KNOW
SHE'S DEAD
TOO.

WE
DO.



BUT YOUR
DAUGHTER
ISN'T. IS
SHE?



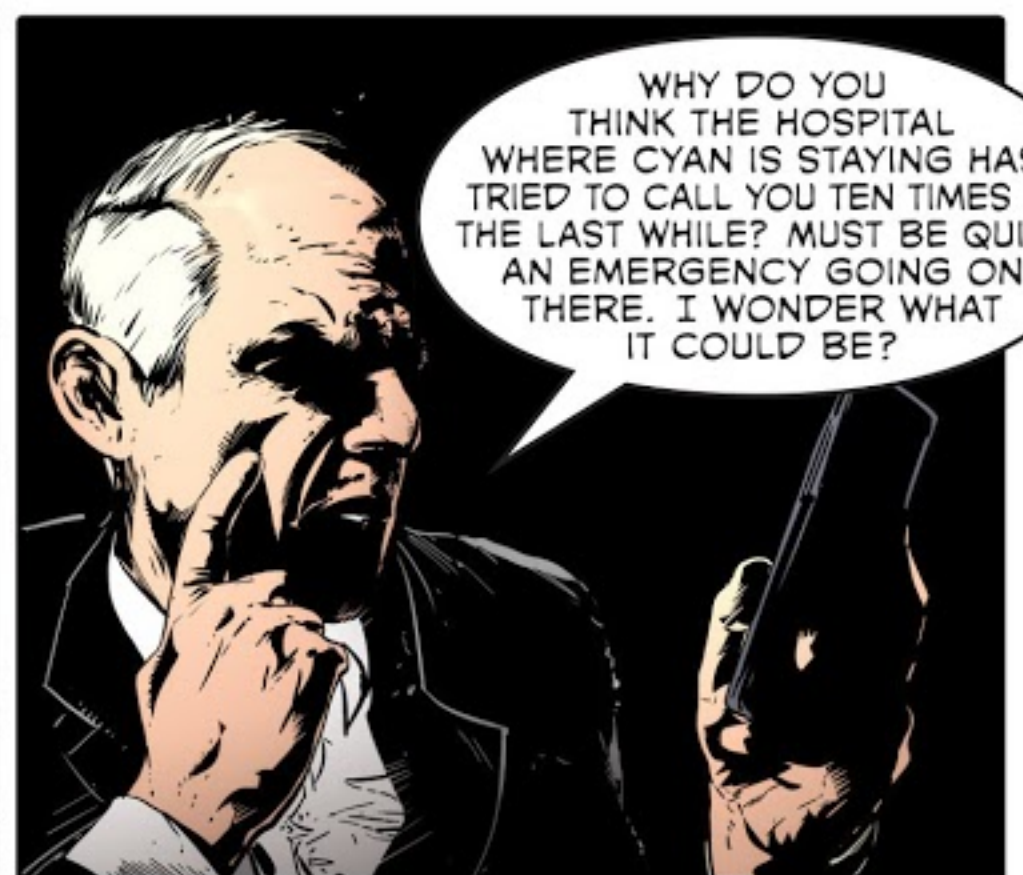
YOU
TOUCH HER
AND...



"SAVE YOUR THREATS.
WE'VE HEARD IT ALL
BEFORE. AND YOU'RE NOT
IN MUCH OF A POSITION TO
THREATEN, ARE YOU."



CURIOUS
THOUGH?



WHY DO YOU
THINK THE HOSPITAL
WHERE CYAN IS STAYING HAS
TRIED TO CALL YOU TEN TIMES IN
THE LAST WHILE? MUST BE QUITE
AN EMERGENCY GOING ON
THERE. I WONDER WHAT
IT COULD BE?



Enter Passcode

○ ○ ○ ○

1
2 ABC
3 DEF
4 GHI
5 JKL
6 MNO
7 PQRS
8 TUV
9 WXYZ
0

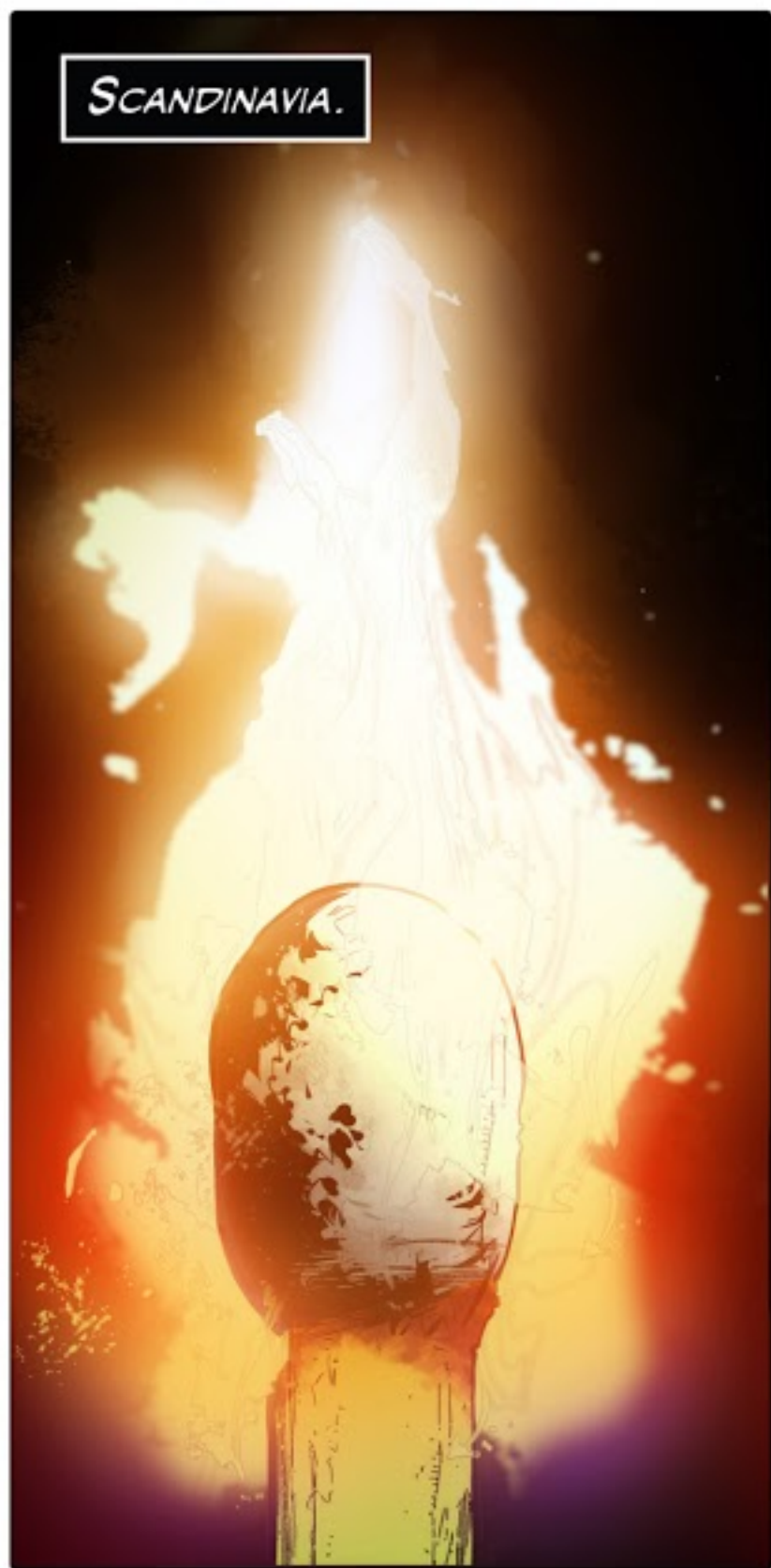
10 MISSED CALLS

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT.

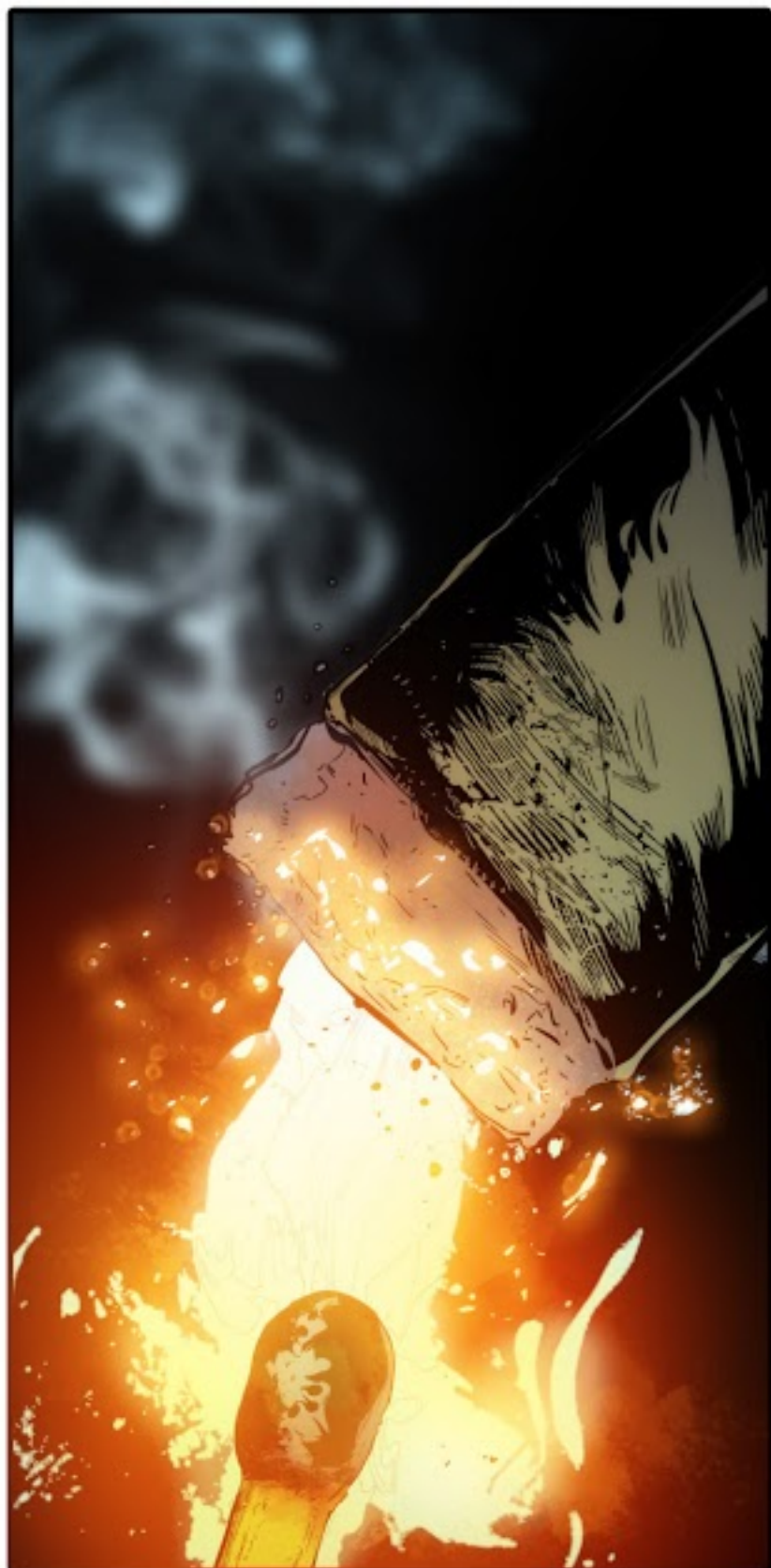


I TOLD
YOU ALREADY,
I WANT SIMMONS.
AND EVERYTHING
YOU CAN POSSIBLY
TELL US ABOUT
HIM. THEN YOU GET
YOUR PHONE
BACK.

SCANDINAVIA.



DEEP IN THE COASTAL
CONIFER FORESTS.



AWAY FROM THE
TARNISH OF MANKIND.



FELT YOU
COMING A
LONG WAY
OFF.



YOU'LL
NEED TO
IMPROVE
THAT.



THOUGH
I'M CURIOUS--
HOW'D YOU
FIND ME?



I DIDN'T.
THE
COSTUME
DID.

OF
COURSE.



WELL...
IT BROUGHT YOU
HERE FOR SOME
REASON. SO, SPEAK
UP BOY, WHAT DO
YOU NEED?



CYAN.
WANDA'S
DAUGHTER.
SHE TOUCHED ME
AND... I THINK
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
TO HER.





IT'S
BEGUN,
THEN.

WHAT'S
THAT
MEAN?

NOTHING.
WHERE IS SHE
NOW?



SLEEPING.
IN MY
APARTMENT.

YOU'VE
GOT THE
GIRL?



YES.

AND
YOU'VE
LEFT HER
ALONE!?

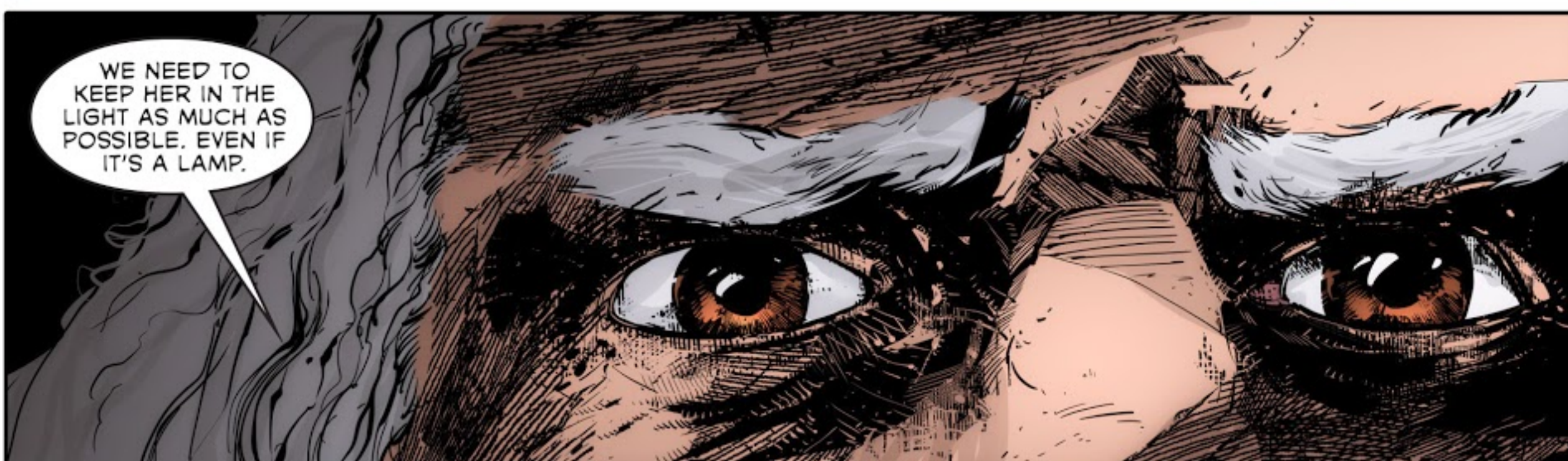
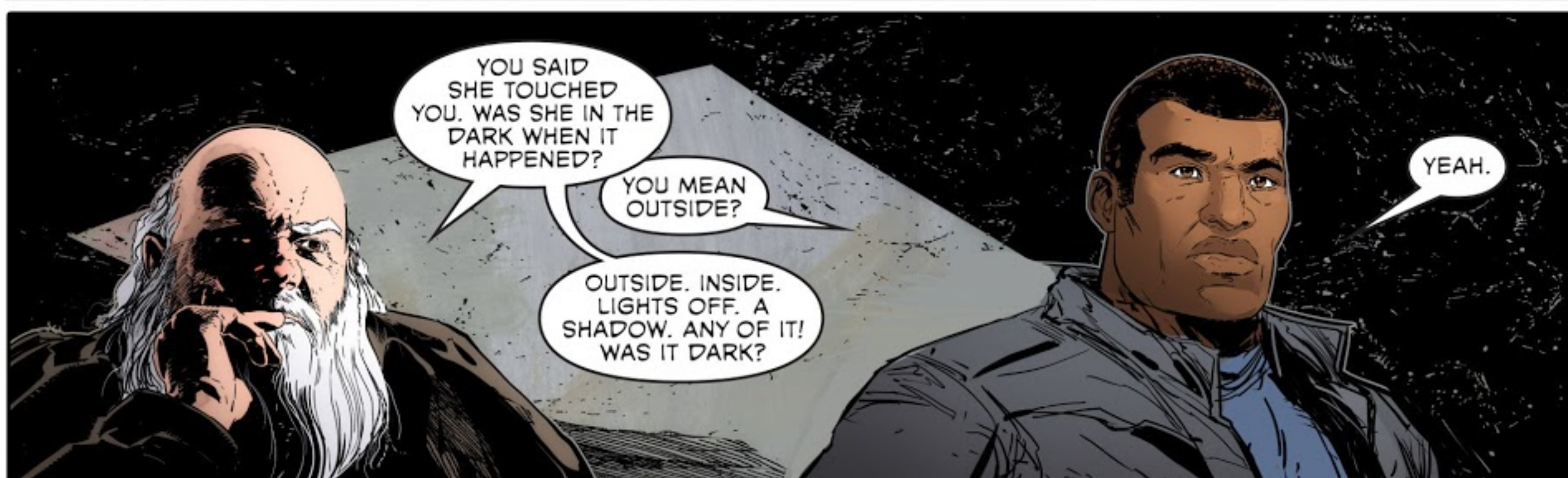
IT'S ONLY
BEEN A COUPLE
MINUTES.



YOU FOOL!
YOU **GODDAMN**
FOOL! IT DOESN'T
MATTER! SHE CAN'T
BE ALONE. IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS!

GET ME
TO HER.
NOW!

SPAWN'S BLOOD RED CAPE
SWALLOWS COGLIOSTRO IN
ITS MAW THEN DISSOLVES
BOTH OF THEM INTO THE NIGHT.





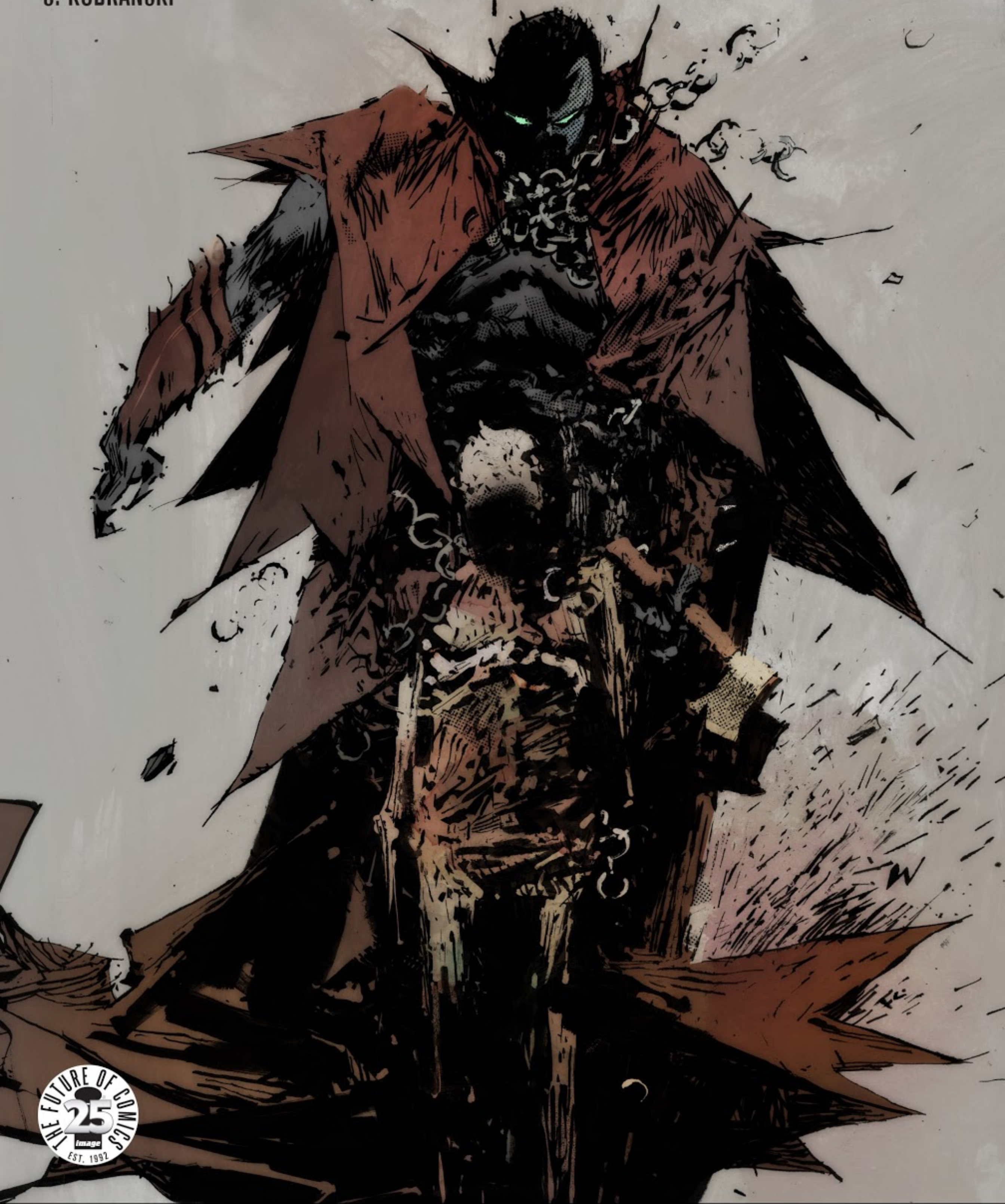
"WE'LL ONLY HAVE ONE CRACK
AT THIS IF WE WANT HER TO
LIVE. HELL'S RAGE WILL SEND
EVERYTHING IT'S GOT.



T. McFARLANE
S. KUDRANSKI

SPAWN

MORTUUS EST AUTEM REX





WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE SCARED? SCARED OF WHAT?

THAT YOU FOUND ME. THAT **SHOULDN'T** HAVE HAPPENED.



I'VE ALREADY SAID, I DIDN'T FIND YOU. THE COSTUME DID.



NO IT DIDN'T. **NOT** ON ITS OWN. IT HAD HELP FROM THE GIRL.

SHE HAS A NAME.

I KNOW.

THEN USE IT. IT'S CYAN, NOT "THE GIRL."



WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU IS IF YOU'RE NOT IN FULL CONTROL OF THE COSTUME RIGHT NOW--WHICH YOU AREN'T--THEN SOMEONE ELSE IS. AND IT HAS TO BE HER.

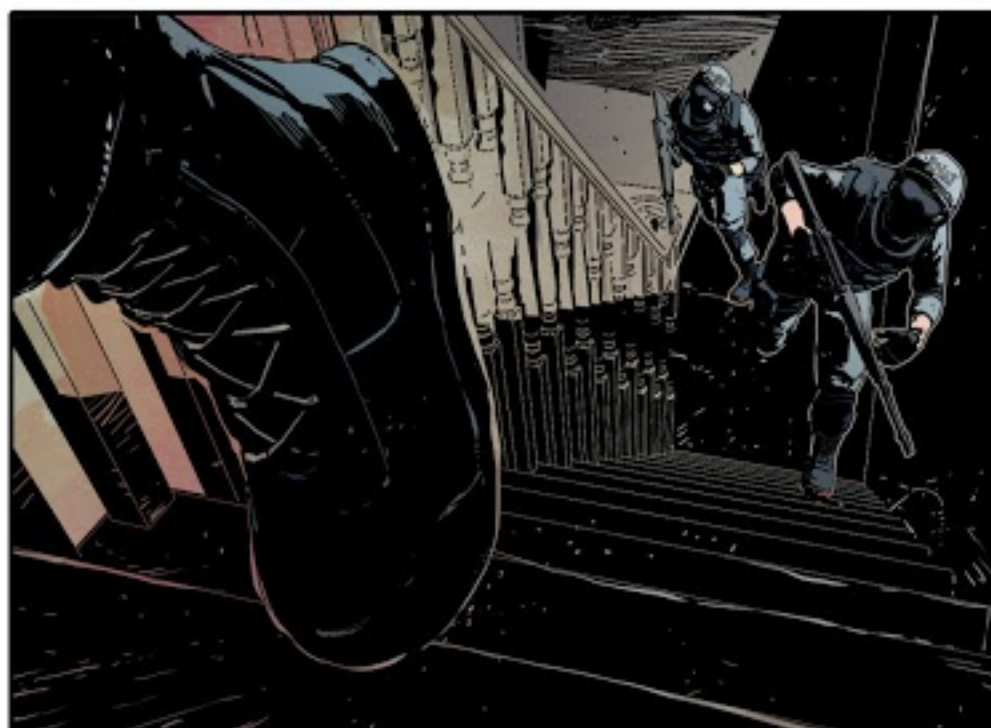
HOW?



GODDAMMIT, AL! I **DON'T KNOW**. I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER. BUT SHE'S EXPOSED HERSELF TO THEM! WHICH MEANS THEY'LL MAKE IT THEIR PERSONAL MISSION TO FIND HER!

"YOU KEEP SAYING THAT,
COG. BUT WHO?
WHO'S HUNTING HER?"

"ALL OF THEM. EVERY SINGLE ONE
THAT YOU IMPRISONED ON EARTH
WHEN YOU LOCKED THE 'DEAD ZONE.'
I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE FROM
HEAVEN OR HELL. THEY DON'T WANT
TO BE HERE FULL-TIME."





KRAK

IT'S
CLEAR!

CHECK THE
BEDROOM!

SWAT

S.W.A.T

S.W.A



DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU HEARD
THEM, BUT WHATEVER
HAPPENS NEXT...
THEY DON'T TOUCH
CYAN.



NO.

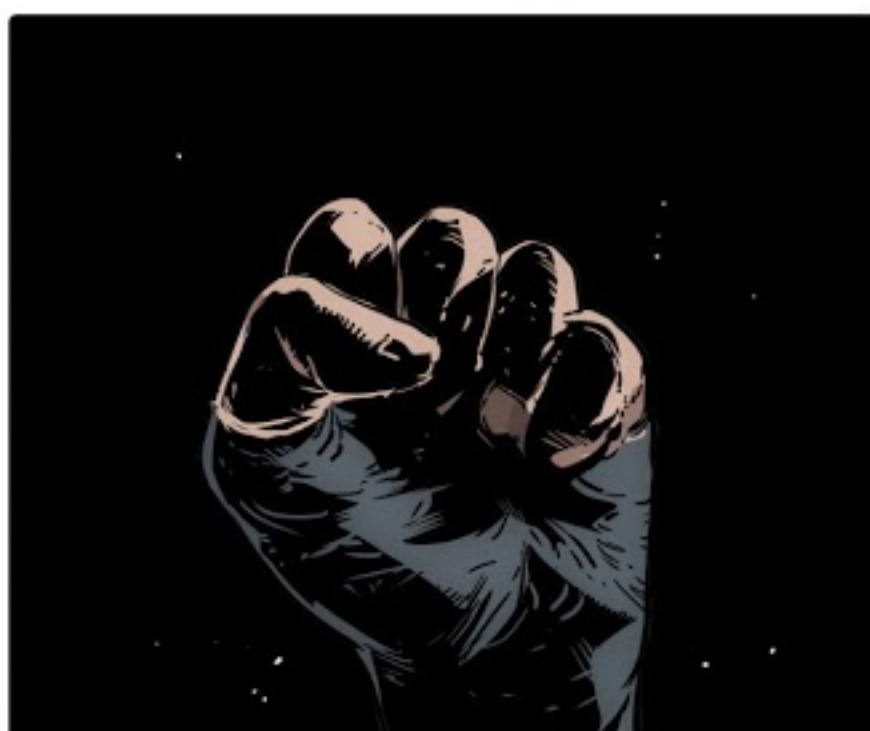
THERE'S TOO
MANY. YOU CAN'T BEAT
THEM LIKE THAT. AND
THEY'RE NOT HERE FOR HER,
THEY'VE COME FOR YOU.
YOU'RE STILL DANGEROUS
TO A LOT OF PEOPLE
TOO.



YOUR CHAINS.
YOU SAID THEY WERE
WORKING. THEN
USE THEM.



COVER CYAN.
I'LL CREATE THE
DISTRACTION.







"AL, I CAN'T HOLD MY INVISIBLE CLOAK MUCH LONGER."

"IT'S OKAY. I'LL TAKE OVER NOW. HIDE CYAN. ON THE COUNT OF THREE YOU GO."

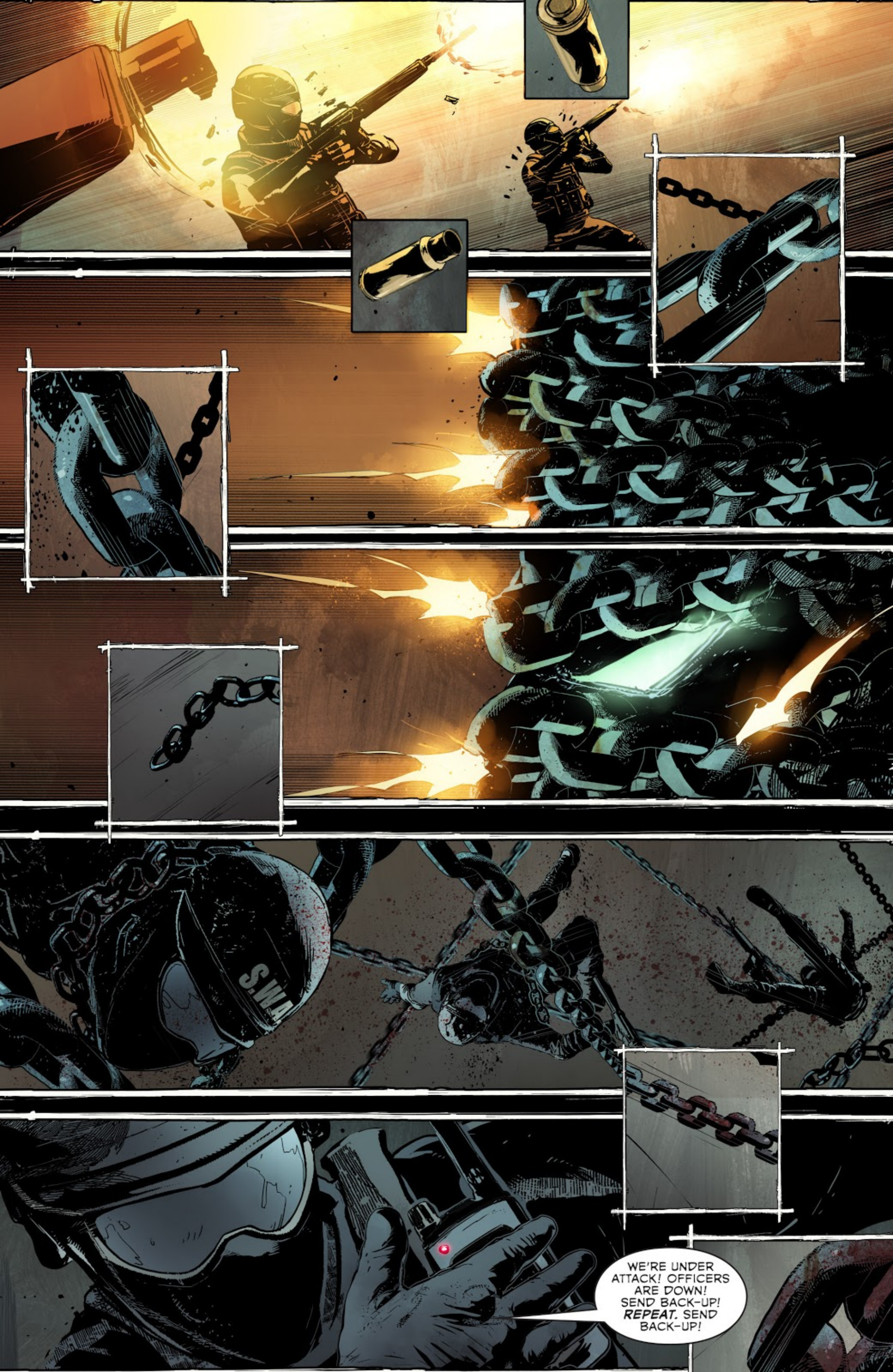




...THREE!

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, AL SUMMONS HIS COSTUME. THOUGH HE KNOWS IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A THIN PROTECTIVE LAYER IT'S HIS CHAINS HE WANTS. THEY'VE BEEN THE ONLY PART OF HIS COSTUME HE'S HAD ANY CONNECTION TO.

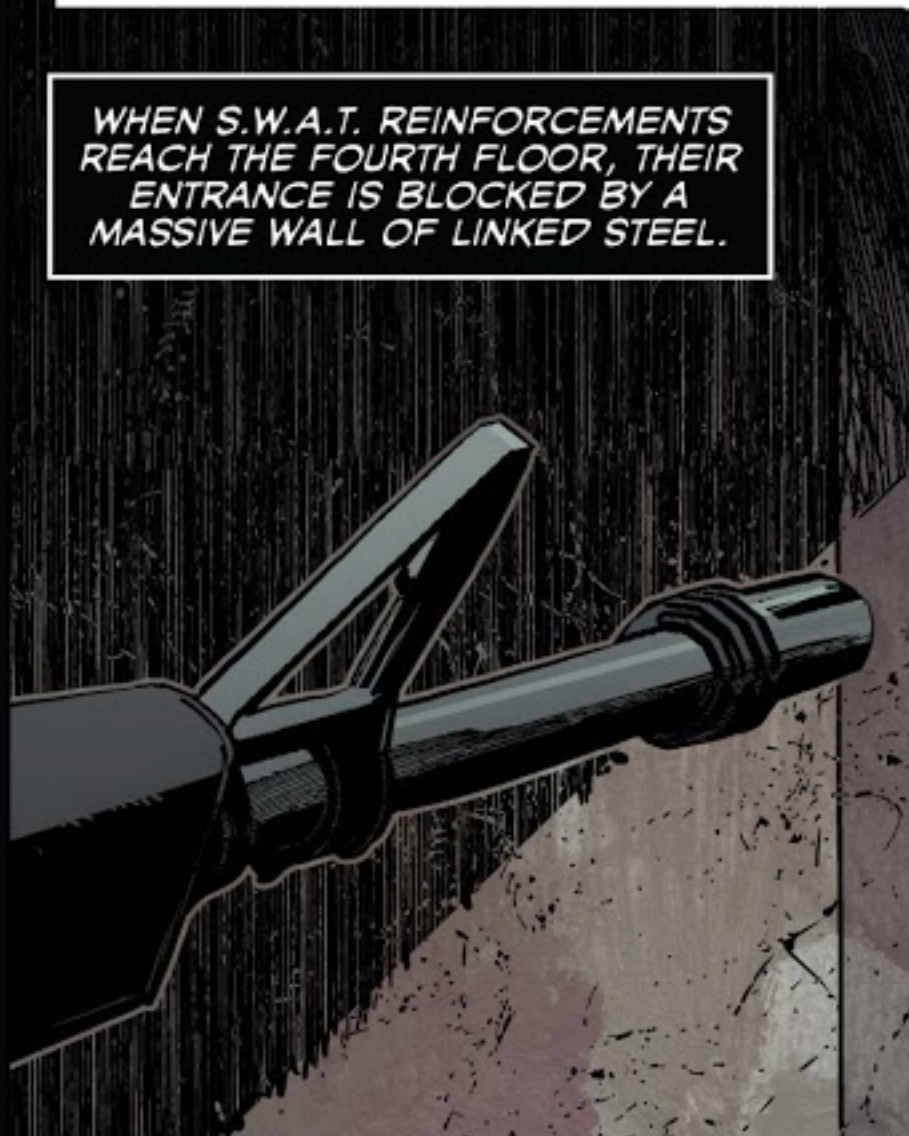
AND RIGHT NOW IF HE'S GOING TO SURVIVE THAT CONNECTION NEEDS TO ENCASE HIM WITH THAT BOND.



WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK! OFFICERS
ARE DOWN!
SEND BACK-UP!
REPEAT. SEND
BACK-UP!



WHEN S.W.A.T. REINFORCEMENTS REACH THE FOURTH FLOOR, THEIR ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED BY A MASSIVE WALL OF LINKED STEEL.



I'M GOING TO CHECK THE FIRE ESCAPE.

AL, MY POWERS ARE DEPLETED. I CAN'T HELP YOU ANYMORE.



AL DIDN'T NEED TO HEAR THAT, ESPECIALLY NOW THAT HE SEES AIR SUPPORT HAS ENTERED THE FRAY.

PLUS, THEY SEEMINGLY HAVE MEN STATIONED EVERYWHERE.





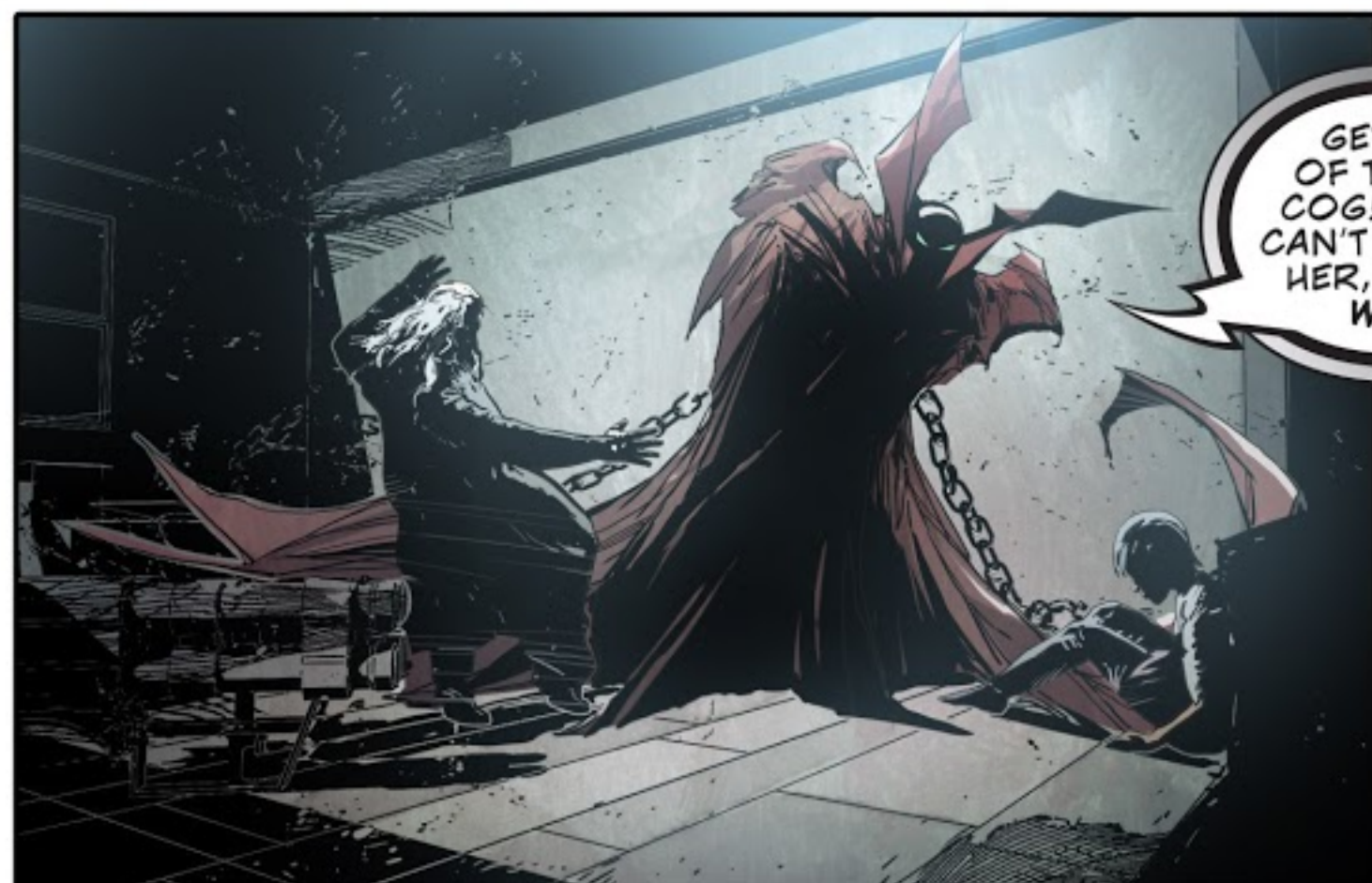
SO, HE'S GOING TO
NEED MORE FIREPOWER
TO EVEN HIS ODDS.



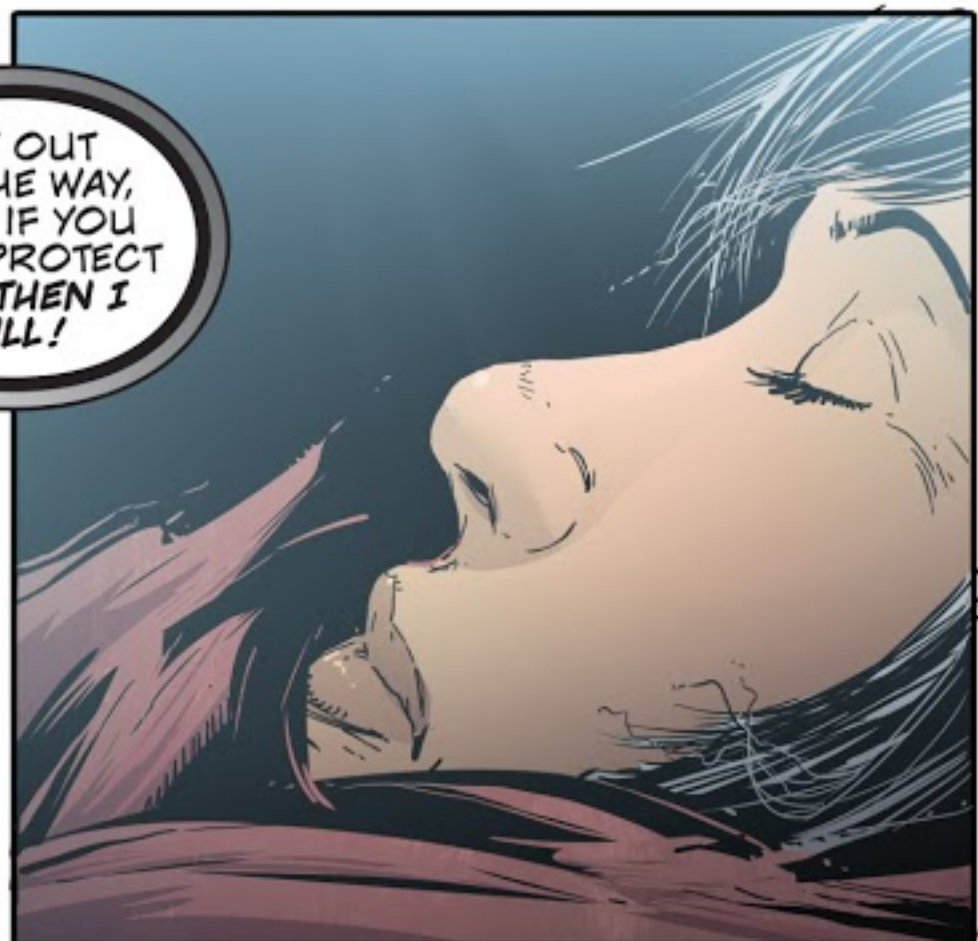
BUT WHAT'S GNAWING AT THE BACK
OF HIS BRAIN, IS HE KNOWS THESE MEN
ARE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS JUST
LIKE HE DID FOR YEARS. THEY'RE NOT
THE TRUE ENEMY, SO HE MAKES SURE
TO HIT THEM IN THEIR PROTECTIVE VEST
INSTEAD OF ANY VITAL ORGANS.



THEY'LL ALL HAVE A FEW
BROKEN RIBS FROM THE BULLETS
IMPACT, BUT THEY'LL LIVE.



GET OUT
OF THE WAY,
COG! IF YOU
CAN'T PROTECT
HER, THEN I
WILL!





TWO COILS OF CHAINS LASH OUT, SMASHING INTO THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET AND THEN ANCHORING THEMSELVES.



SPAWN CATAPULTS HIMSELF AND CYAN TO WHERE HE HOPES WILL BE SOME SAFETY.

CRASH



HE UNWRAPS CYAN TO SEE IF SHE'S ALRIGHT. SHE IS.

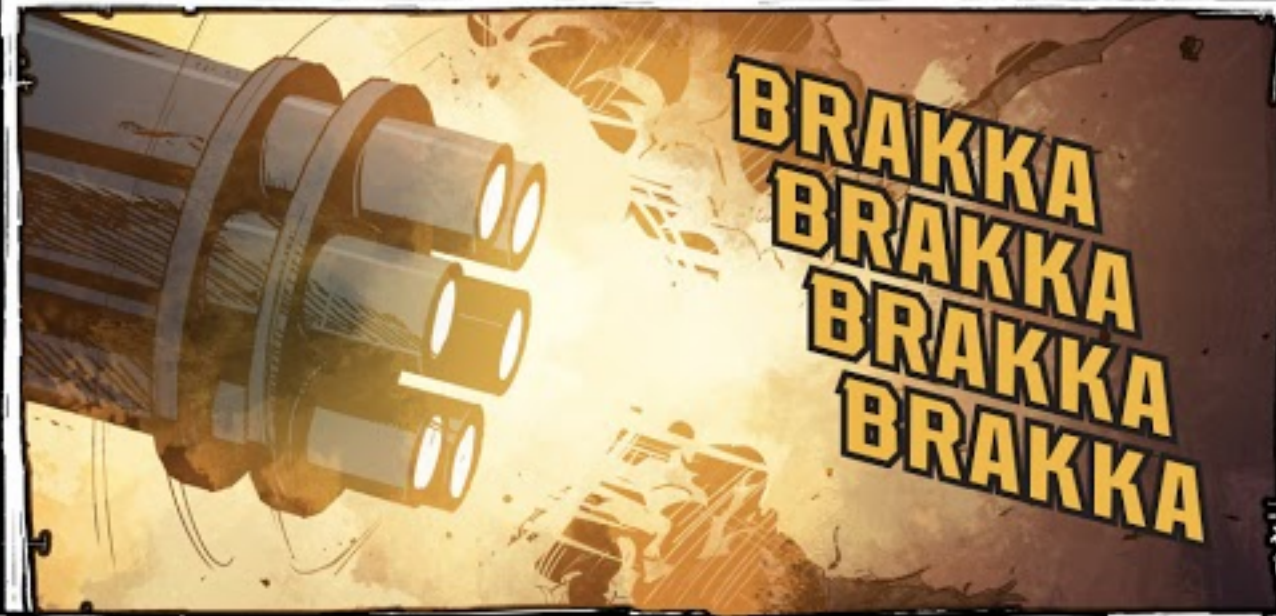


AL IS INTENT ON KEEPING IT THAT WAY.



GROUND
CONTROL, WE
HAVE OUR TARGET.
HE'S ON THE
NORTHEAST SIDE
OF A BUILDING
OFF 112th.

YOU ARE
A GO.
ENGAGE
TARGET.



**BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA**



AL DIVES
FOR COVER.



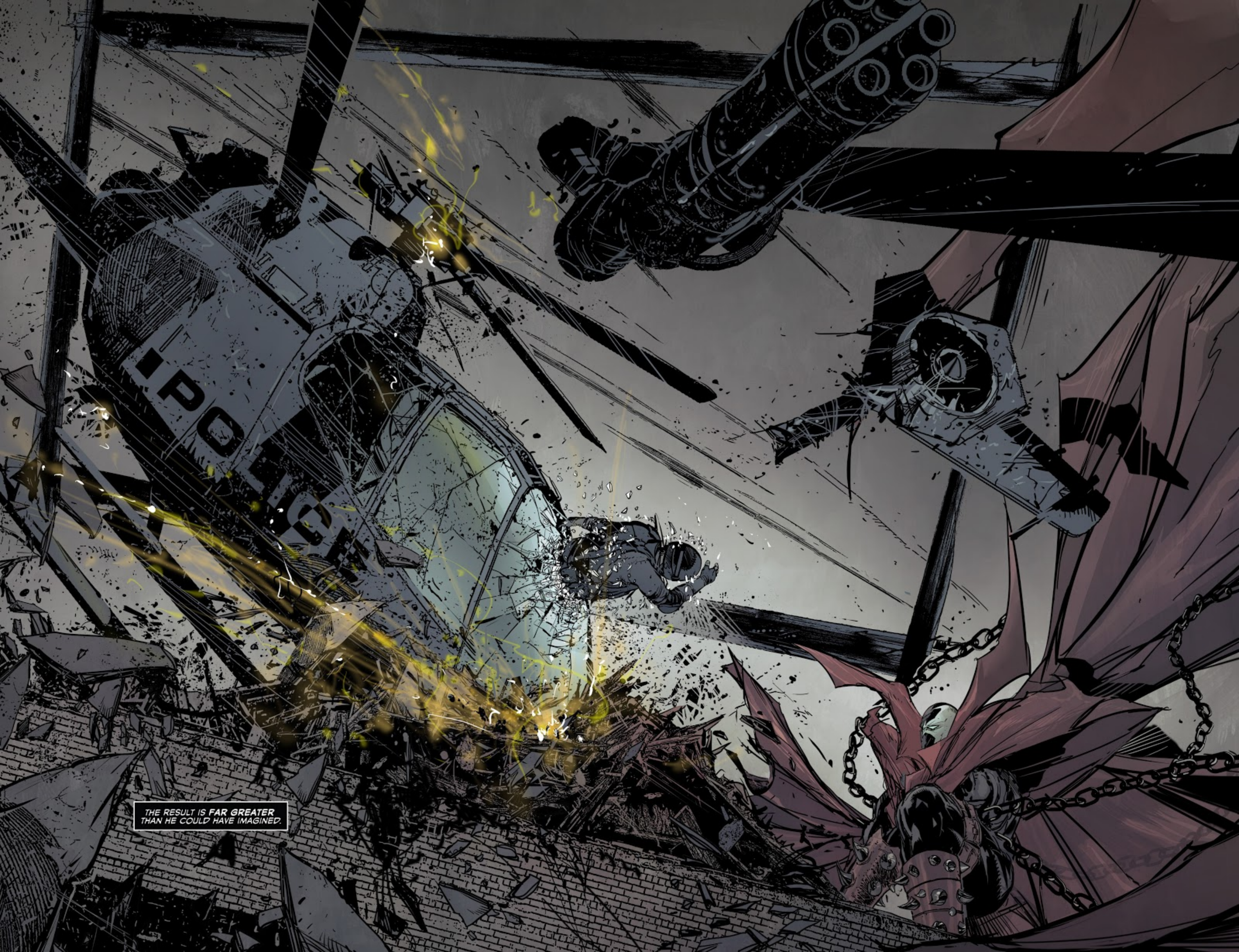
CYAN, I NEED
TO TRY SOMETHING.
IF IT DOESN'T WORK, YOU
NEED TO HIDE YOURSELF
ONCE I DRAW THEM
TOWARDS ME. CAN
YOU DO THAT?

I...
THINK
SO.

SPAWN RACES TO ANOTHER
CORNER, SHELTERING HIMSELF AS HE
LETS LOOSE WITH AN UNRELENTING
STREAM OF BULLETS, WHICH HE
HOPES WILL FORCE THE HELICOPTER
TO ABANDON ITS MISSION.



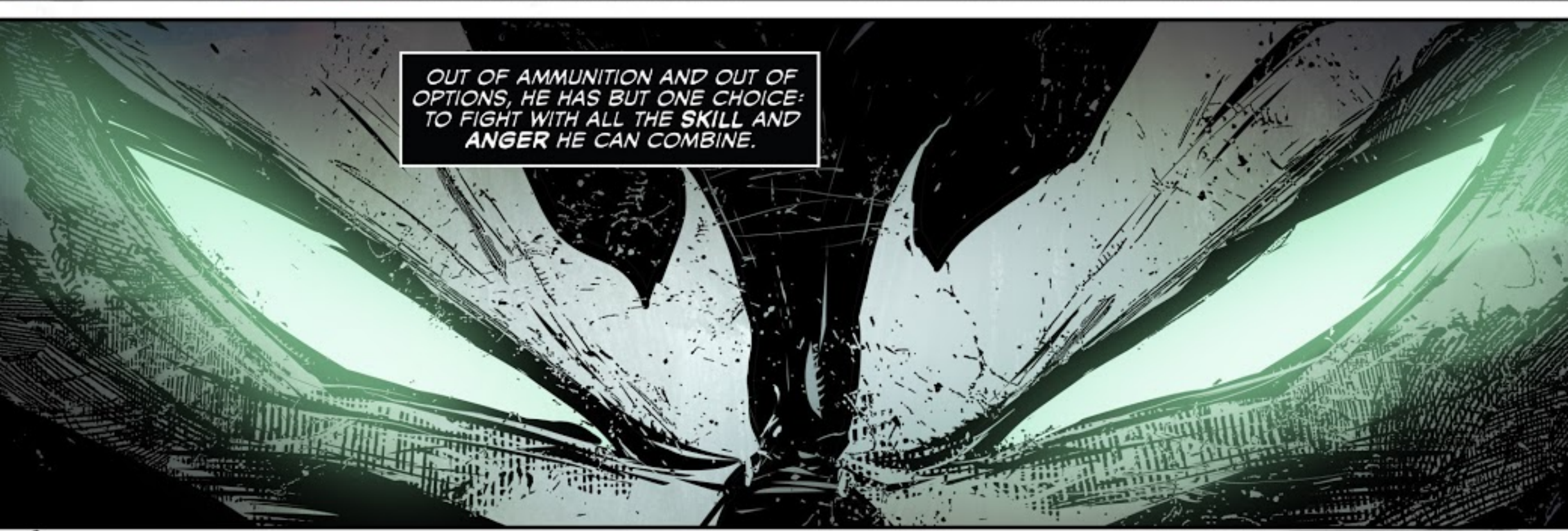
TAKK



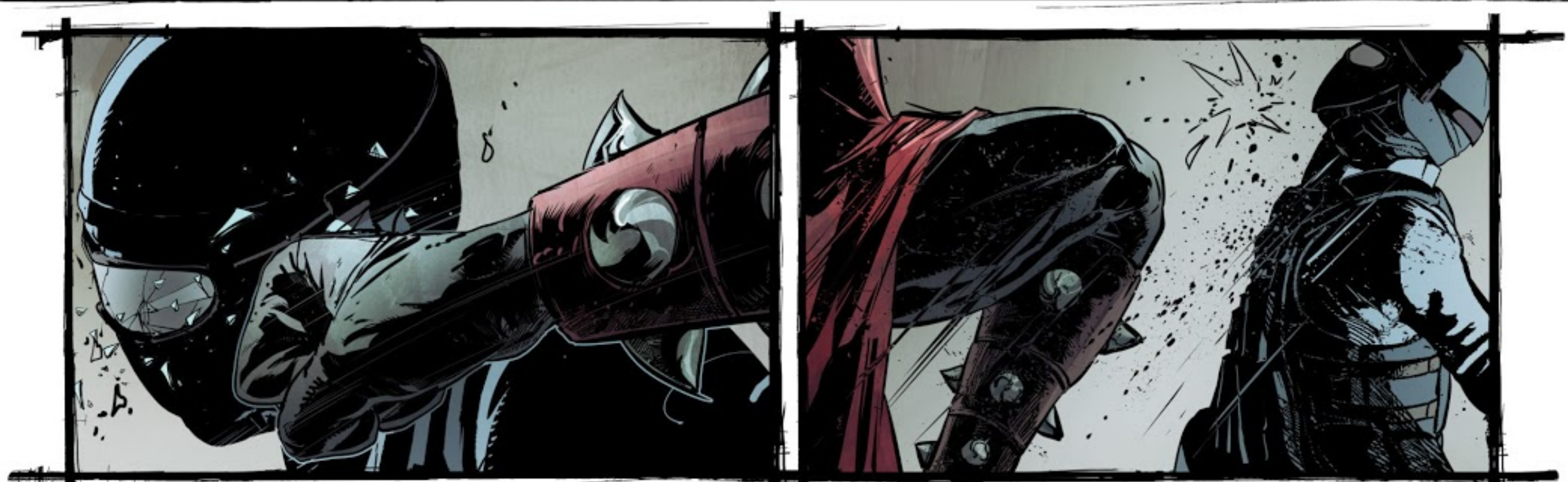
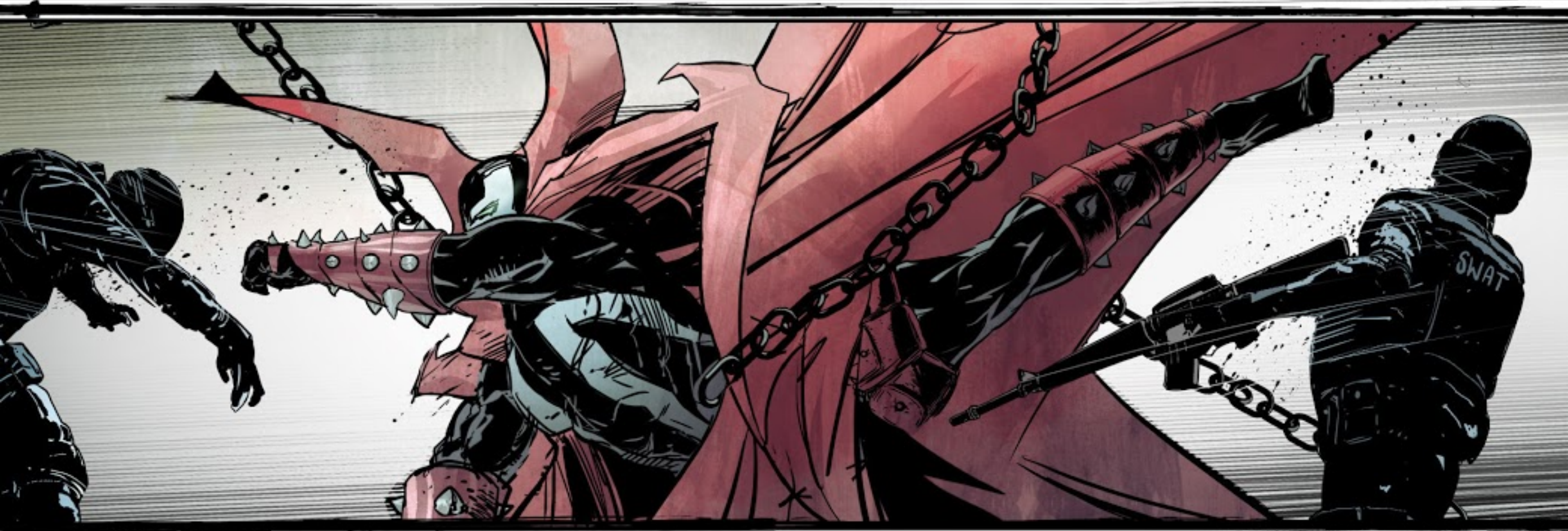
THE RESULT IS FAR GREATER
THAN HE COULD HAVE IMAGINED.



THE ROOFTOP DOORS
BURST OPEN AS MORE
S.W.A.T. POLICE CONTINUE
THEIR ASSAULT.



OUT OF AMMUNITION AND OUT OF
OPTIONS, HE HAS BUT ONE CHOICE:
TO FIGHT WITH ALL THE **SKILL** AND
ANGER HE CAN COMBINE.



BECAUSE HE'LL DIE FIRST
BEFORE HE LETS THEM
TOUCH **CYAN**.

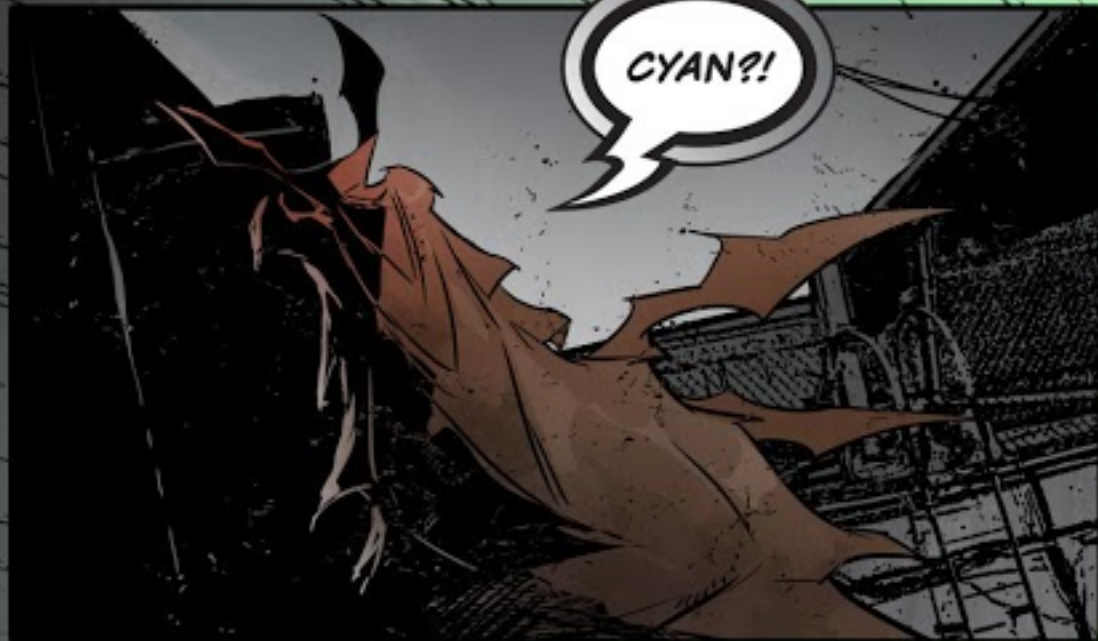
A large panel showing Spawn, a character with a white mask and a red cape, cradling a teenage girl with long dark hair. She is wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt and purple pants. She appears to be unconscious or dead.

WITH HIS ASSAILANTS DISPOSED OF, SPAWN RUSHES TO THE TEENAGE GIRL HE'S SWORN TO PROTECT. HE'S HOPING SHE HASN'T BEEN CAUGHT IN ANY OF THE HELICOPTER'S FLYING DEBRIS.

PHYSICALLY SHE'S UNINJURED, BUT WHEN HE CRADLES HER SHE FAINTS. FOR A MOMENT, SHE APPEARS TO BE LIFELESS.

A close-up of the teenage girl's face. Her eyes are closed, and her expression is one of unconsciousness.

THEN SUDDENLY HER BODY CONVULSES. VIOLENTLY. AND HER EYES ROLL DEEP INTO THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

A panel showing Spawn from the chest up, looking upwards with a concerned expression. A speech bubble is next to him.

CYAN?!

A large panel showing a street scene from a low angle. In the background, a massive, bright green fireball is visible in the sky. In the foreground, the backs of several police officers in riot gear are visible. One officer's vest has "SWAT" written on it.

BELOW, EVERYONE ON THE STREET SEES A GIANT FIREBALL. THEY ASSUME IT IS MORE AFTEREFFECT OF THE HELICOPTER CRASH.

TEN MINUTES FROM NOW THEY'LL FIND OUT HOW VERY WRONG THEY ALL WERE.



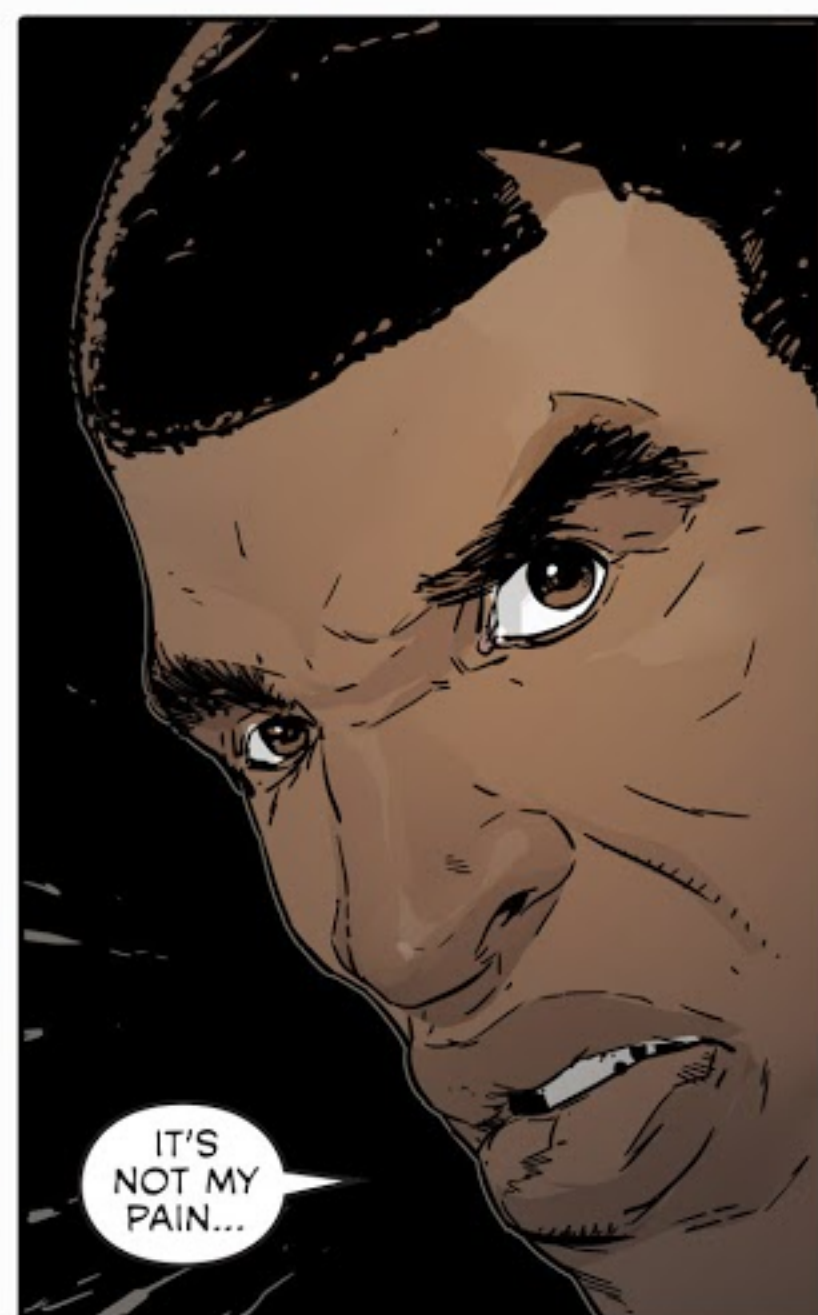
THE
FITZGERALD
HOME.

HOW
DOES SHE
KEEP
DOING
THIS?

"AND WHAT IS HER
CONNECTION TO
MY COSTUME?"
HE ASKS HIMSELF.



BECAUSE THE PAIN
PIERCING THROUGH HIS
BODY IS ONE HE'S
HASN'T FELT BEFORE.



IT'S
NOT MY
PAIN...



...IT'S...
HERS.

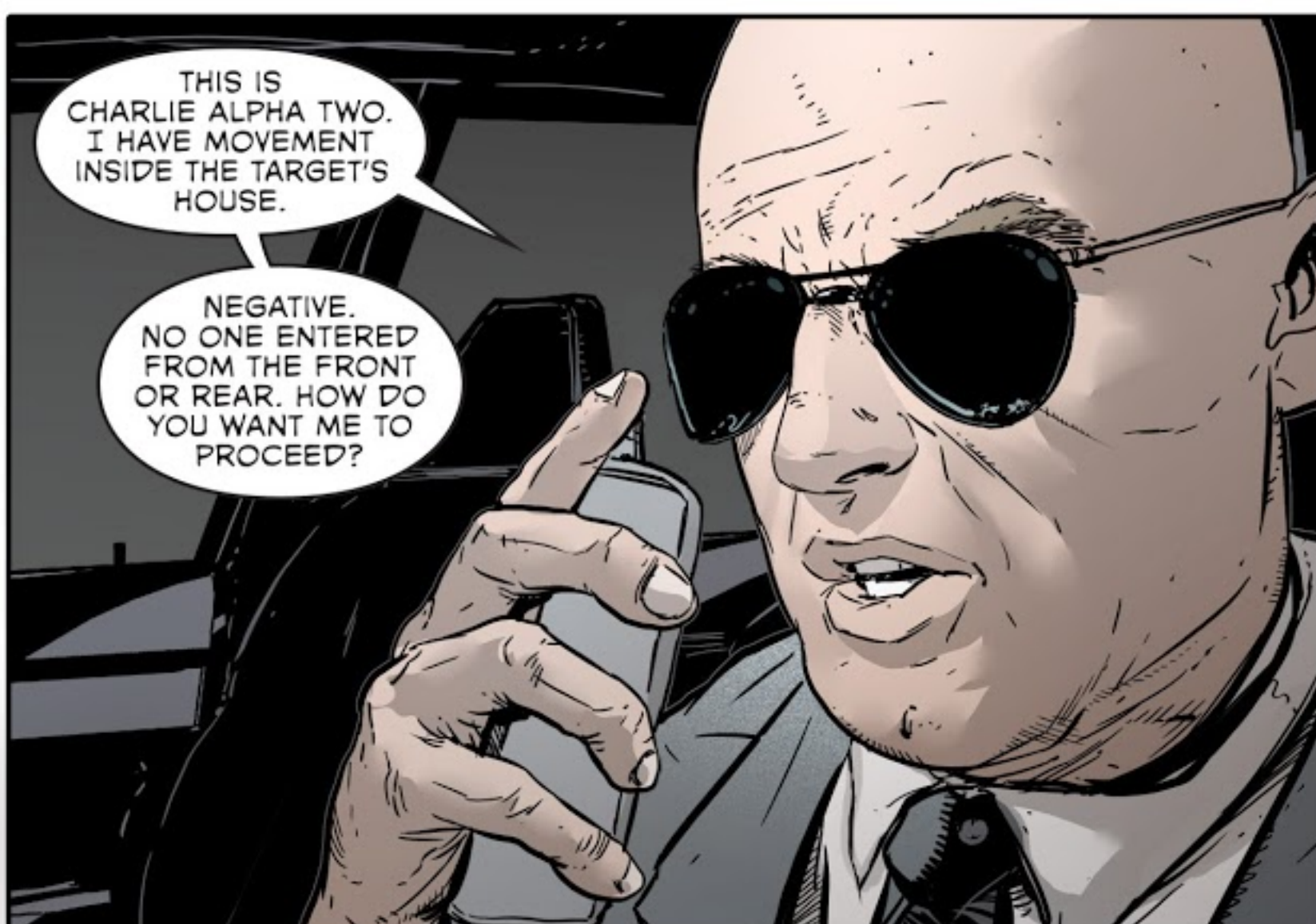


CYAN MOANS AS SHE
ATTEMPTS TO LIMIT HER
INTERNAL CRAMPING.
WHILE AL, FOR HIS PART,
SEARCHES FOR SOME
QUICK SOLUTION.

C'MON,
EARL. PICK UP.
PICK UP!



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.



THIS IS CHARLIE ALPHA TWO. I HAVE MOVEMENT INSIDE THE TARGET'S HOUSE.

NEGATIVE. NO ONE ENTERED FROM THE FRONT OR REAR. HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO PROCEED?



MINUTES LATER, HE FINDS MEDICINE THAT SHOULD HELP.



BEFORE HE GETS TO CYAN'S ROOM, HE'S EMOTIONALLY CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY A FEW IMAGES HE PASSES.



BUT HE UNDERSTANDS HOW HARD AS IT'S BEEN FOR HIM TO HAVE LOST HIS WIFE, IT MUST PALE IN COMPARISON TO A YOUNG GIRL LOSING HER MOTHER.

WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR FATHER.

BUT YOU NEED TO SLEEP. I'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR MOM AND DAD'S BED. I THINK THEY'D LIKE THAT.

SHE DOES SLEEP AND FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY, AN EXHAUSTED AL ALLOWS HIMSELF TO CLOSE HIS EYES TOO.

SECONDS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN.

CRASH

"SHIT. NOT AGAIN!"

image®

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DIGITAL
EDITION

T. MCFARLANE
S. KUDRANSKI

SPAWN®



MCFARLANE
+fco





THIS WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE A SAFE AND
QUIET PLACE.



tink



A PLACE WHERE AL
AND CYAN COULD FINALLY
CATCH THEIR BREATH.



THEIR RESPITE
LASTED BARELY
TWENTY-FIVE
MINUTES.



FREEZE!

DON'T
MOVE A
MUSCLE!

WINCING FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT
BLASTING IN HIS FACE, AL IS TRYING TO
FIGURE OUT HOW THE S.W.A.T. TEAM
COULD HUNT HIM DOWN SO QUICKLY.*

*Last issue-- Todd

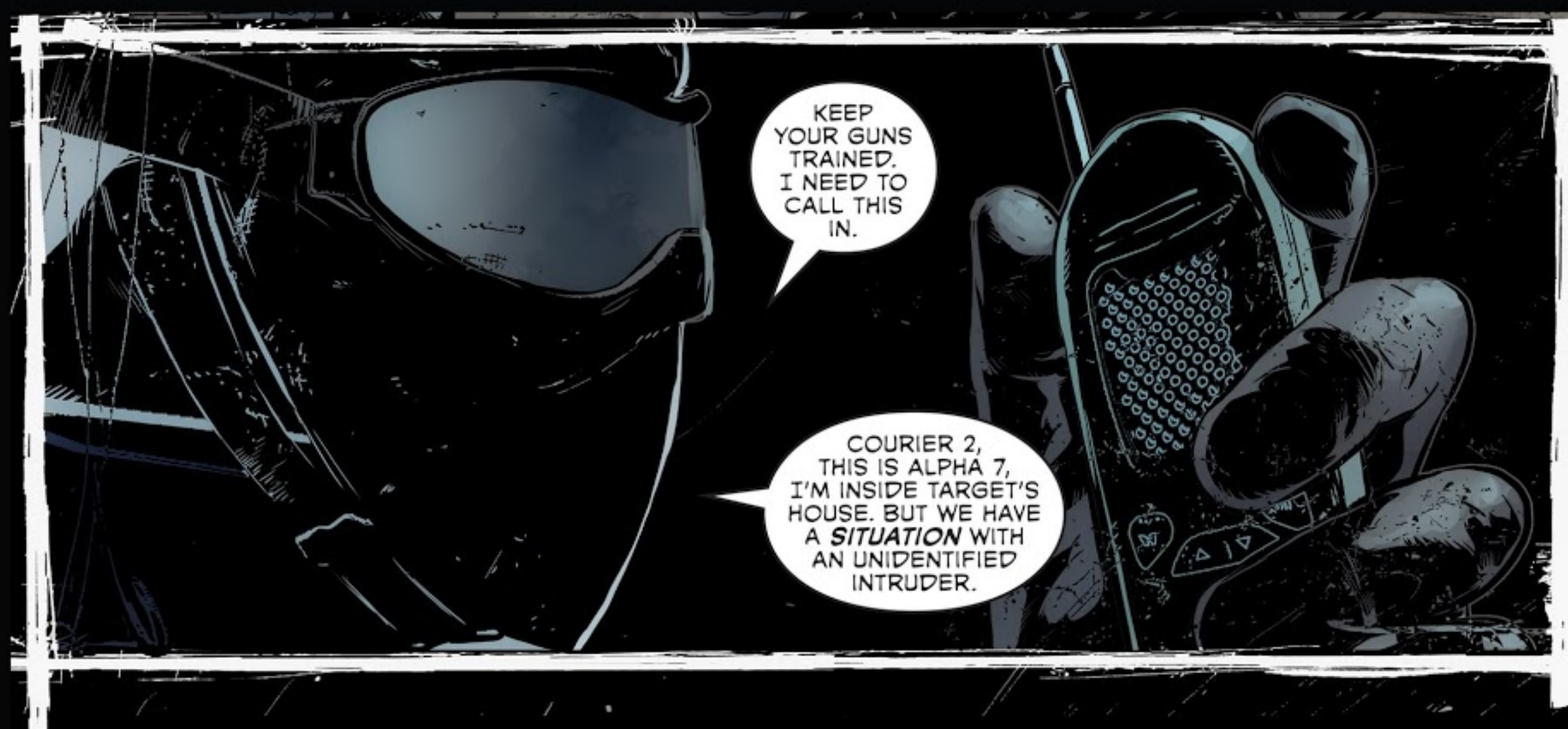


WHAT HE HASN'T GRASPED
YET IS THIS IS AN ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT GROUP. TAKING
ORDERS FROM BOSSES THAT
PREFER TO REMAIN AWAY
FROM THE LIMELIGHT.

PUT YOUR
HANDS
BEHIND YOUR
BACK.









"ALPHA 7. WHAT KIND OF SITUATION?"



"I'VE GOT FOUR INTRUDERS, BUT THEY'RE ALL... I, IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN."



"THEN BRING THEM ALL IN."



AL BOLTS OUT A SIDE DOOR AND SO DO THE OTHER THREE 'CLONES,' EACH DARTING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.

TO THE AGENT SITTING IN HIS CAR OUT FRONT, HE CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE'S SEEING. HIS MEN SEEM TO BE CHASING AFTER... ***NOTHING!***

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING BECAUSE THREE OF THE FOUR AL SIMMONS ARE NOT REAL. THEY'RE ILLUSIONS ONLY THE MILITARY SEE. CREATED TO BE DISTRACTIONS SO THE REAL AL COULD HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.



JOHNSON!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOUR INTRUDER IS
GETTING AWAY!



AT THAT MOMENT THE ILLUSIONS DISAPPEAR, AS THE FIELD SERGEANT QUICKLY TRIES TO EXPLAIN THINGS.



I DON'T
GIVE A SHIT
WHAT YOU
THOUGHT.



WE NEED
TO FIND THAT
INTRUDER!



AL!
OVER
HERE!



CYAN?

WHERE'D
YOU DISAPPEAR
TO? HOW'D YOU
GET OUT OF
THE HOUSE?

I JUST...
I CAN DO THINGS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW,
I JUST CAN. BUT WE
NEED TO HIDE NOW.
WE'LL FIGURE
EVERYTHING ELSE
OUT LATER.



NOTHING BACK
HERE, WE'RE GOING
TO SEARCH SOME OF
THE NEIGHBORS'
YARDS.



LATER.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN THEY'RE GONE?
WE HAVE CARS STATIONED
AT EVERY EXIT POINT! AND
A DOZEN MEN ON FOOT.
THEY HAVE TO BE HERE!
SOMEPLACE!

WE'VE
ALREADY
LOOKED.

THEN LOOK
AGAIN!



THIS IS
ABSURD!



SPREAD
OUT. LET'S FAN
THE WEST SIDE
OF THIS BLOCK
AGAIN.



WHEN IT APPEARS
THEY'RE ALONE, CYAN
LETS DOWN HER
'INVISIBLE CLOAK.'



THAT WAS
AMAZING,
CYAN.

THANKS.



THERE'S
THINGS WE
NEED TO TALK
ABOUT.

BUT RIGHT
NOW, WE HAVE TO
FIND YOUR DAD.
AND I'M GOING TO
NEED YOUR HELP
FOR THAT.



"DID YOU EVER HEAR YOUR
DAD TALK ABOUT ANY
NAMES IN PARTICULAR?"

"MAYBE A
COUPLE."

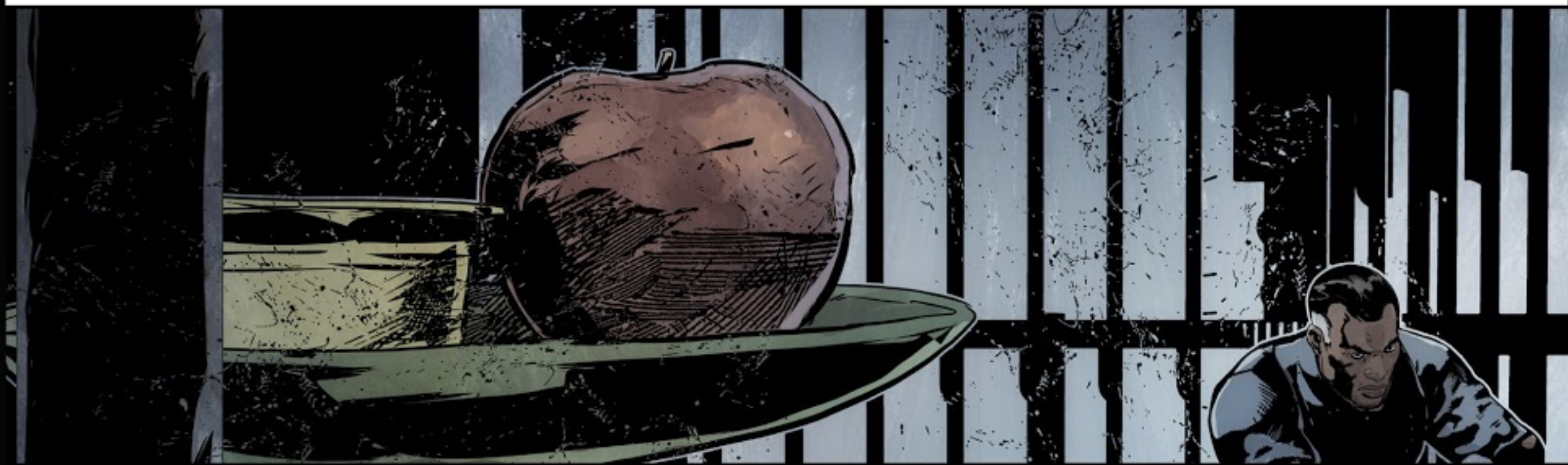
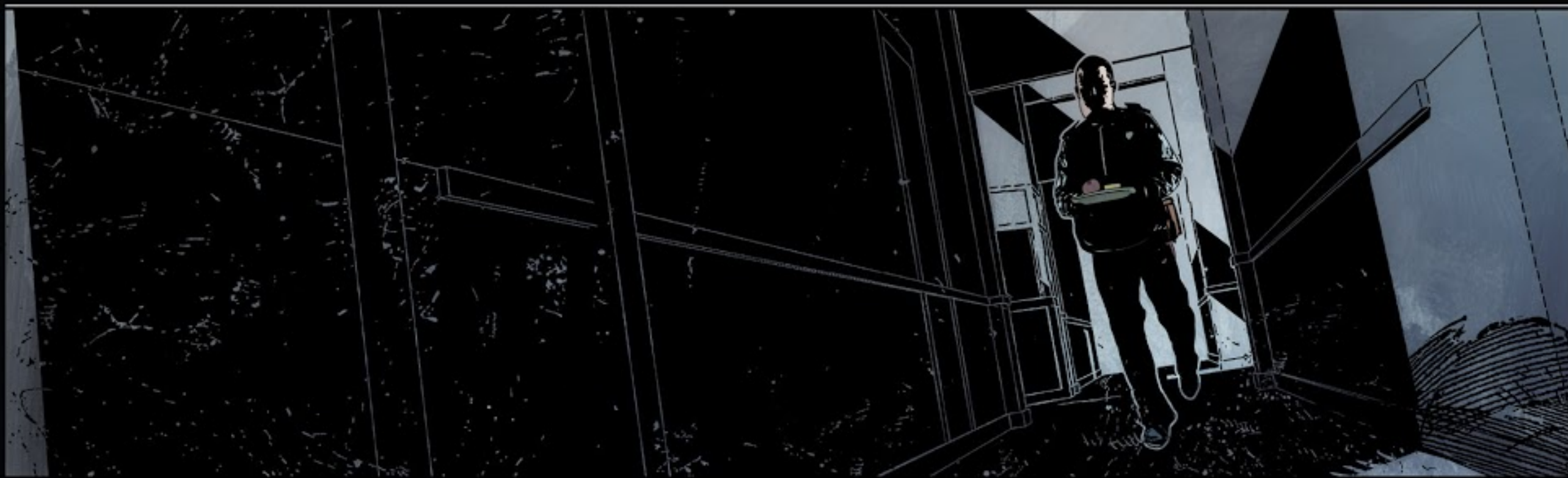
"GREAT. LET'S START THERE."

I UNDER-
STAND, AL.
I'LL SEE WHAT
I CAN FIND
OUT.

THANKS,
EARL.



SOMEWHERE.





THE
DOOR'S
OPEN.

SO, HOW IS
MR. FITZGERALD DOING
TODAY? HOPEFULLY HE'S
BEGINNING TO GET A SENSE
OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF HIS
CURRENT SITUATION AND
HIS REFUSAL TO EAT ISN'T
GOING TO GET HIM ANYWHERE.
HE'LL ACCEPT HIS FATE
SOON ENOUGH.

I THINK
HE'S ALMOST
THERE.

WHY'S THAT?

I JUST
SAW THE LOOK
IN HIS EYE A COUPLE
OF MINUTES AGO.
THAT'S A MAN READY
TO BREAK. AND FOR
THE FIRST TIME HE
DIDN'T WHINE ABOUT
GETTING BACK TO
HIS FAMILY.

THAT'S PROGRESS.
PERHAPS HE
UNDERSTANDS HE MIGHT
ACTUALLY GET TO SEE HIS
FAMILY IF HE GIVES US
THE INFORMATION WE'RE
LOOKING FOR.

I'D SAY
WE'RE ABOUT
TWO DAYS AWAY
FROM BREAKING
HIM.

I THINK
IT'S SOONER
THAN THAT.

BRING

I NEED TO
GET THIS. CHECK
IN WITH ME
TOMORROW.



COMMANDER SCARELLI. WHILE WE WERE WATCHING THE FITZGERALD RESIDENCE A GROUP OF MILITARY AGENTS STORMED HIS HOUSE. THEY CHASED SOMEONE FROM THE BUILDING.

ON WHOSE ORDERS WERE THOSE MEN BROUGHT IN?

HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN THAT YET, BUT THEY WEREN'T ANY OF OURS. THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.

THEN **FIND OUT** WHO'S DOING THIS! AND I MEAN WITHIN THE HOUR. CHECK YOUR CHINESE AND RUSSIAN CONTACTS AND SEE WHO THE HELL ELSE HAS AN INTEREST IN OUR MATTERS! WE DON'T NEED THIS KIND OF ATTENTION. I'M ALREADY DEALING WITH MY CAPTIVE'S MISSING DAUGHTER.

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNDER THE RADAR.

THEN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THAT THE ROGUE AGENTS TEAR Gassed THE PLACE BEFORE HAVING TO CONFRONT THE POLICE AND FIREFIGHTERS THE NEIGHBORS CALLED.

WHO WAS THE INVADER THAT DESERVED THAT KIND OF ATTENTION?

DON'T KNOW.



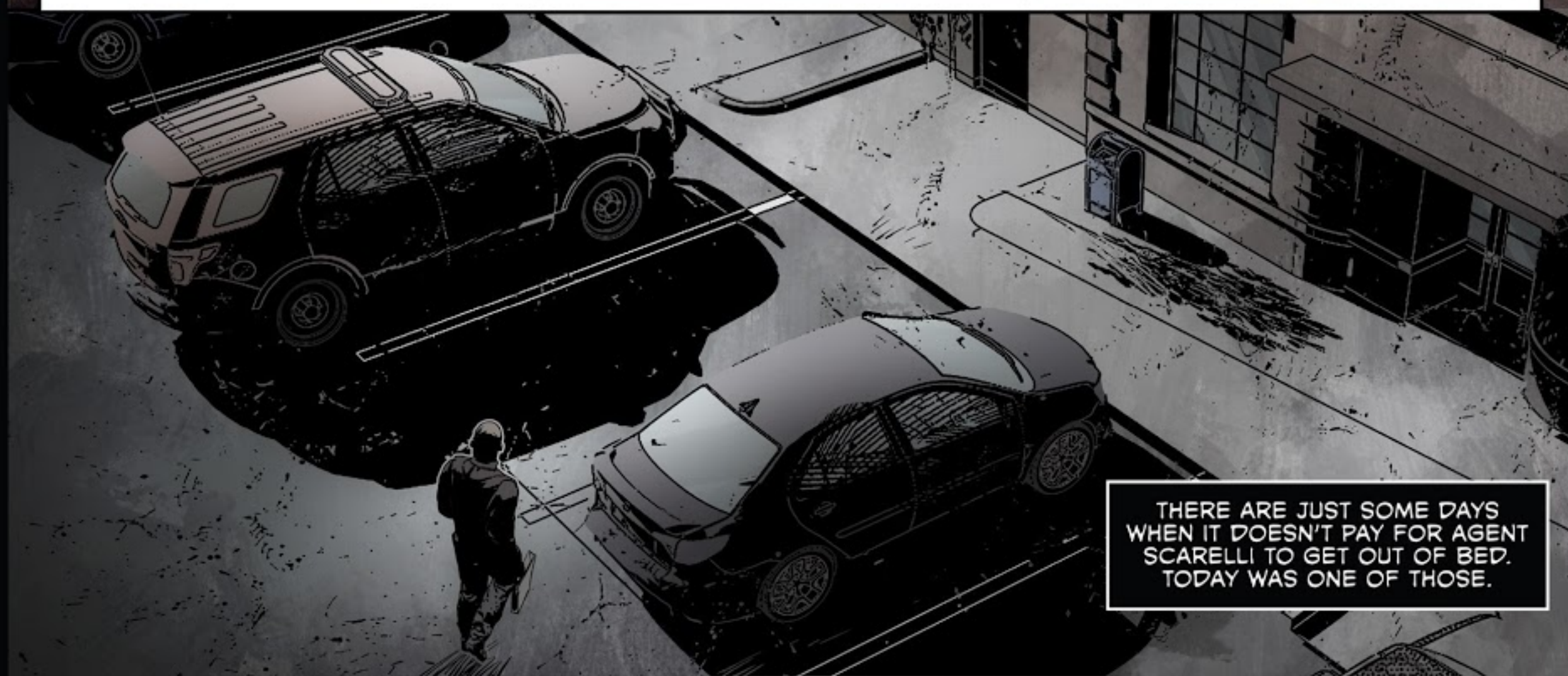
BUT IT APPEARS THEY GOT AWAY.



WHAT?



AFTER ALL THAT!?



THERE ARE JUST SOME DAYS WHEN IT DOESN'T PAY FOR AGENT SCARELLI TO GET OUT OF BED. TODAY WAS ONE OF THOSE.

BUT AT LEAST HE HAS THE LUXURY OF COMING HOME TO HIS TWO BOYS. THEY'VE BECOME THE JOY OF HIS LIFE SINCE HIS BRUTAL DIVORCE LAST YEAR.



DAD! YOU'RE HOME. WANNA PLAY PING PONG? CHRIS IS CHEATING.



YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS I'M BETTER THAN YOU.

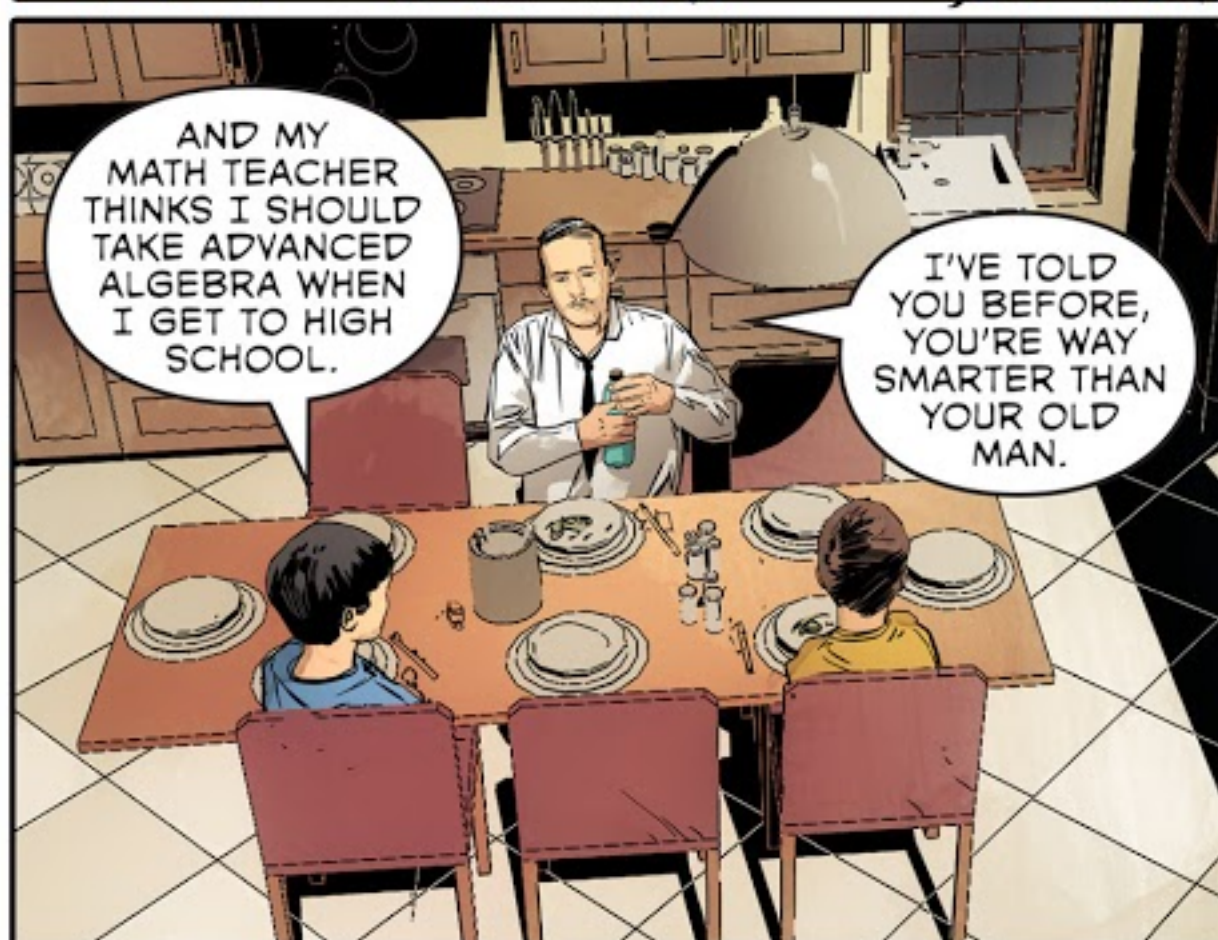
SO, HOW WERE THEY TODAY?

THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD MR. SCARELLI. I JUST WISH MINE WERE AS WELL BEHAVED. WHAT TIME DO YOU NEED ME TOMORROW?



AND MY MATH TEACHER THINKS I SHOULD TAKE ADVANCED ALGEBRA WHEN I GET TO HIGH SCHOOL.

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, YOU'RE WAY SMARTER THAN YOUR OLD MAN.



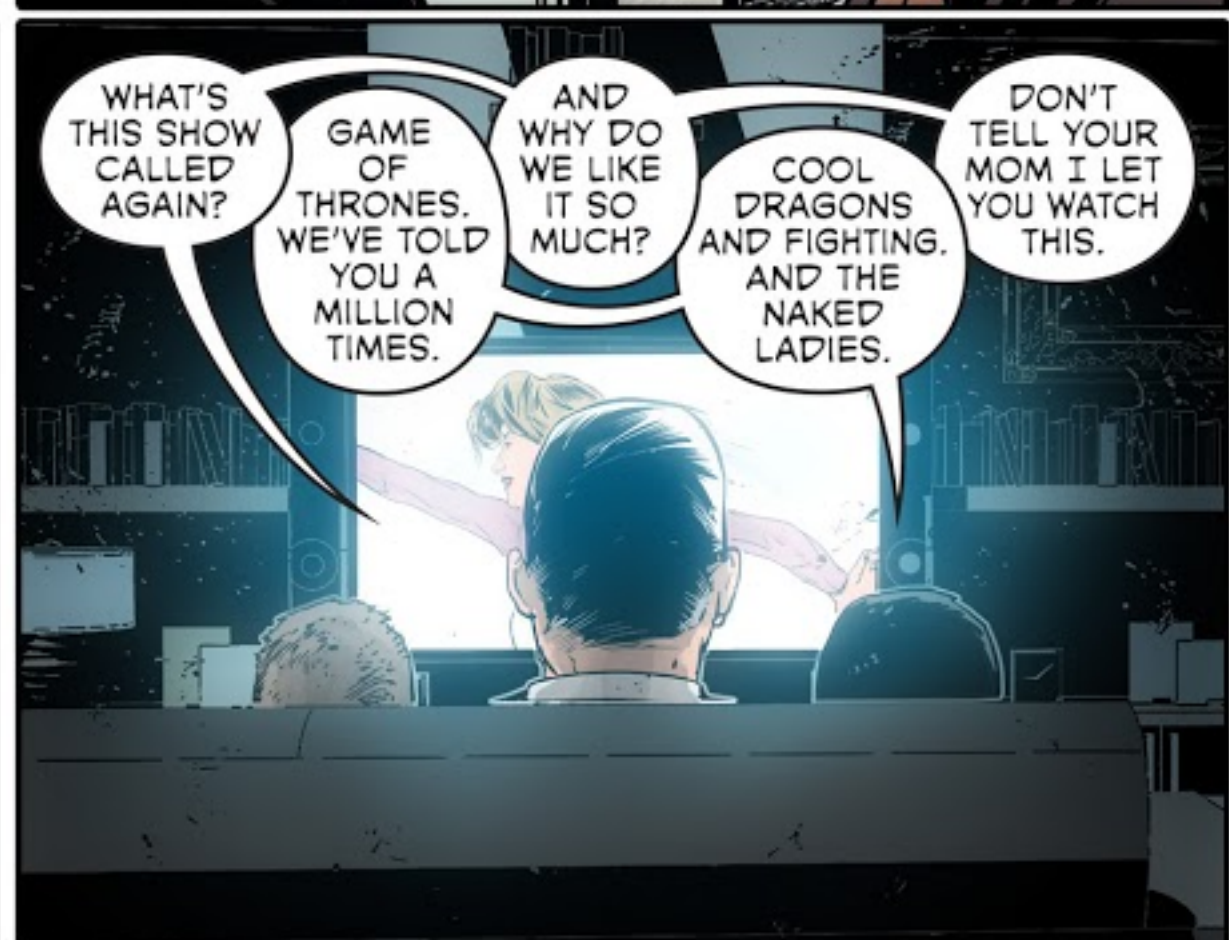
WHAT'S THIS SHOW CALLED AGAIN?

GAME OF THRONES. WE'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES.

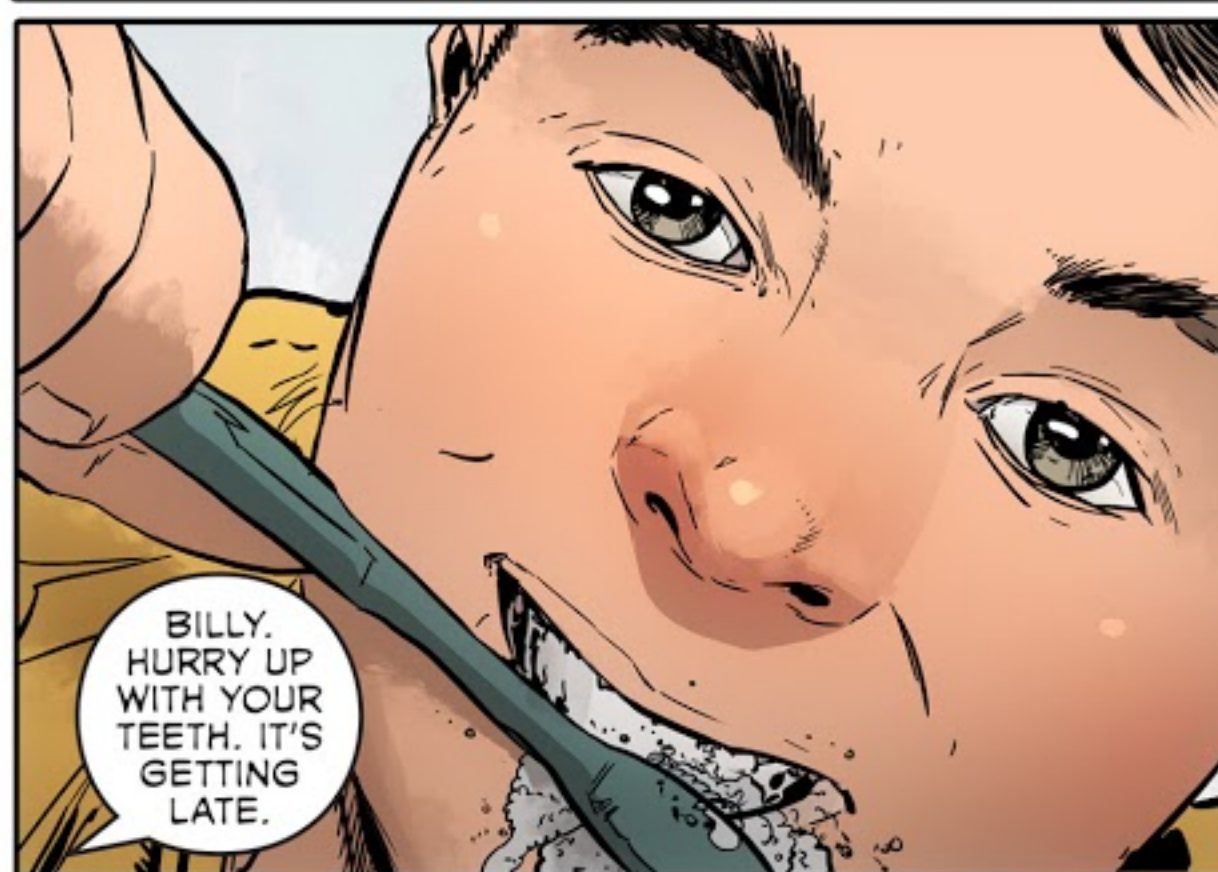
AND WHY DO WE LIKE IT SO MUCH?

COOL DRAGONS AND FIGHTING. AND THE NAKED LADIES.

DON'T TELL YOUR MOM I LET YOU WATCH THIS.



BILLY. HURRY UP WITH YOUR TEETH. IT'S GETTING LATE.



"AND THEN BEFORE THEY COULD REACH THE WATER WELL, MORE ZOMBIES CAME FROM THE DARK FOREST..."







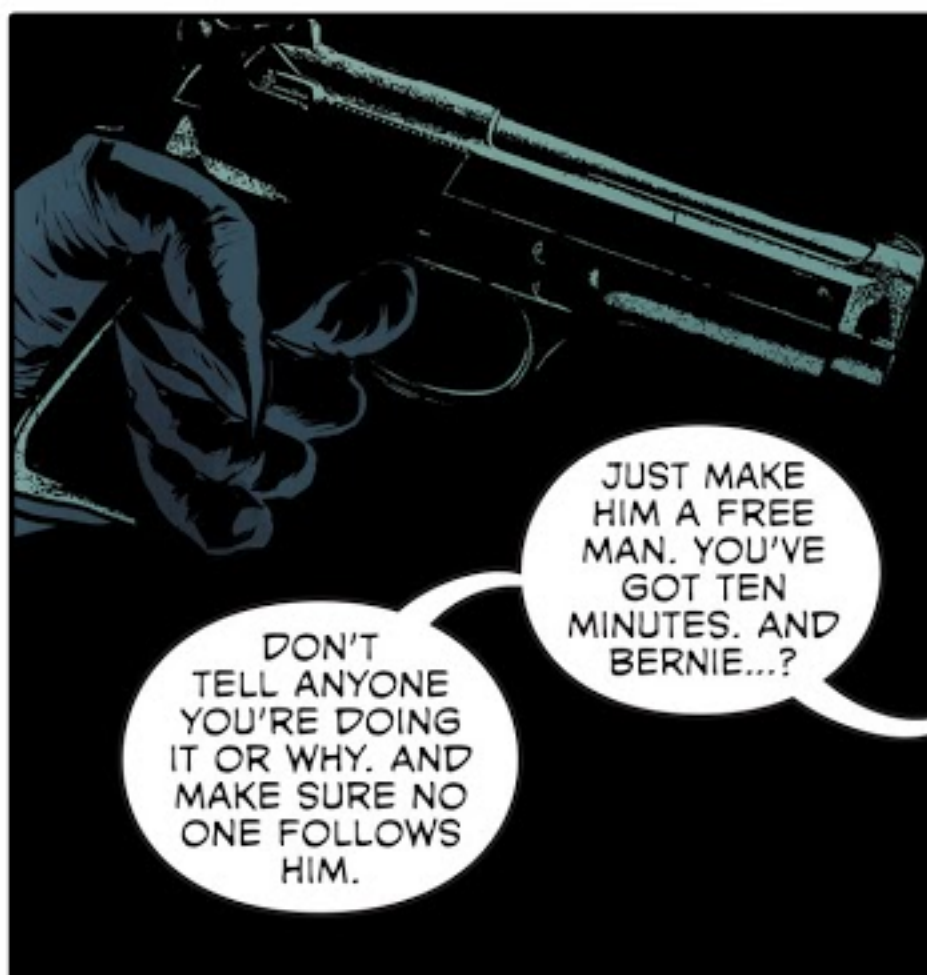
HEY, BOSS? THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT US COMMUNICATING ON THIS LINE?



WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?



NO. RELEASE FITZGERALD NOW.



JUST MAKE HIM A FREE MAN. YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES. AND BERNIE...?

MAKE SURE YOU KISS YOUR WIFE AND KIDS TONIGHT.



BECAUSE OF HIS BROKEN NOSE AND SHATTERED JAW, SCARELLI, FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, WILL HAVE TROUBLE BREATHING NORMALLY. AND HE'LL BE HAUNTED FROM THIS DAY FORWARD.

SPAWN STAYS IN SCARELLI'S HOUSE ANOTHER 40 MINUTES, WAITING FOR A CALL FROM TERRY HIMSELF CONFIRMING HIS RELEASE.

AND WHEN HE FINALLY DOES WAKE UP, SCARELLI'S CHILDREN WILL TELL HIM THAT THEY NEVER LEFT THEIR BEDS. BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T.

THE WHOLE TIME CYAN HAD CREATED THE ILLUSION THEY WERE GONE, WHEN IN REALITY THEY SLEPT COMFORTABLY THE ENTIRE NIGHT.

YOU DID GOOD AGAIN, CYAN.

CAN WE GO HOME NOW?

SOON. I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING.

THEN IT COMES.

YES. SHE'S HERE.

HI... DADDY.

IT'S ME, CYAN.

YAH, I'M OKAY. DON'T WORRY.

DADDY?

I...

I'VE MISSED YOU.

UPPER NEW YORK.

RUFUS!

EASY,
BUD! THERE'S
NO ONE
THERE.

**BARK
BARK
BARK**

**WOOF WOOF
BARK WOOF
BARK**

GRRRRR

OH, MY
GOD! WHY CAN'T
YOU JUST RELAX?
NO ONE'S
COMING!

SEE!

WHAT'D
I TELL
YOU.

YOU'RE
EXHAUSTING
SOMETIMES.

ONCE AGAIN IMMERSSED
IN THE VIDEO GAME HE'S PLAYING,
ANDY MAITLIN DOESN'T NOTICE THE
SLOW-MOVING FOG CRAWLING
ALONG THE FLOOR.



AND IT'LL BE TOO
LATE WHEN HE
FINALLY DOES.

AS HIS LUNGS BEGIN TO
COLLAPSE AND BURN
FROM THE INSIDE.





IN SIMPLE TERMS;
HIS 'SOUL IS BEING
CRUSHED.'







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SO,
NOW IT'S
COME TO
THIS?

IT'S NOT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR A CROOK
TO COME IN AND STEAL
OR BEAT THEIR VICTIMS.
THEY NEED TO POISON
THEM WHILE THEY'RE AT IT.
I SWEAR THE INTERNET IS
GIVING THESE PSYCHOS
OUT THERE WAY TOO
MANY IDEAS.

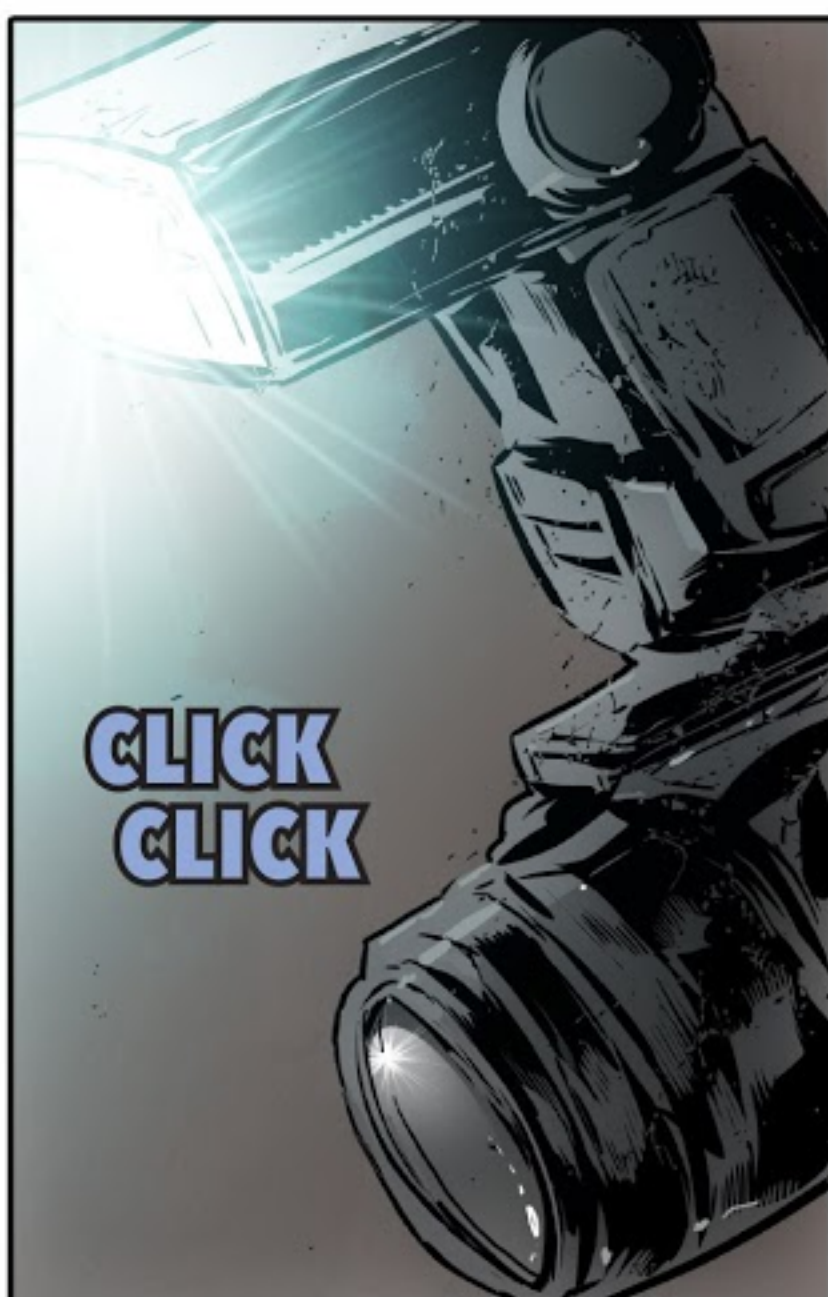
DO WE
KNOW WHAT
KILLED HIM,
YET?

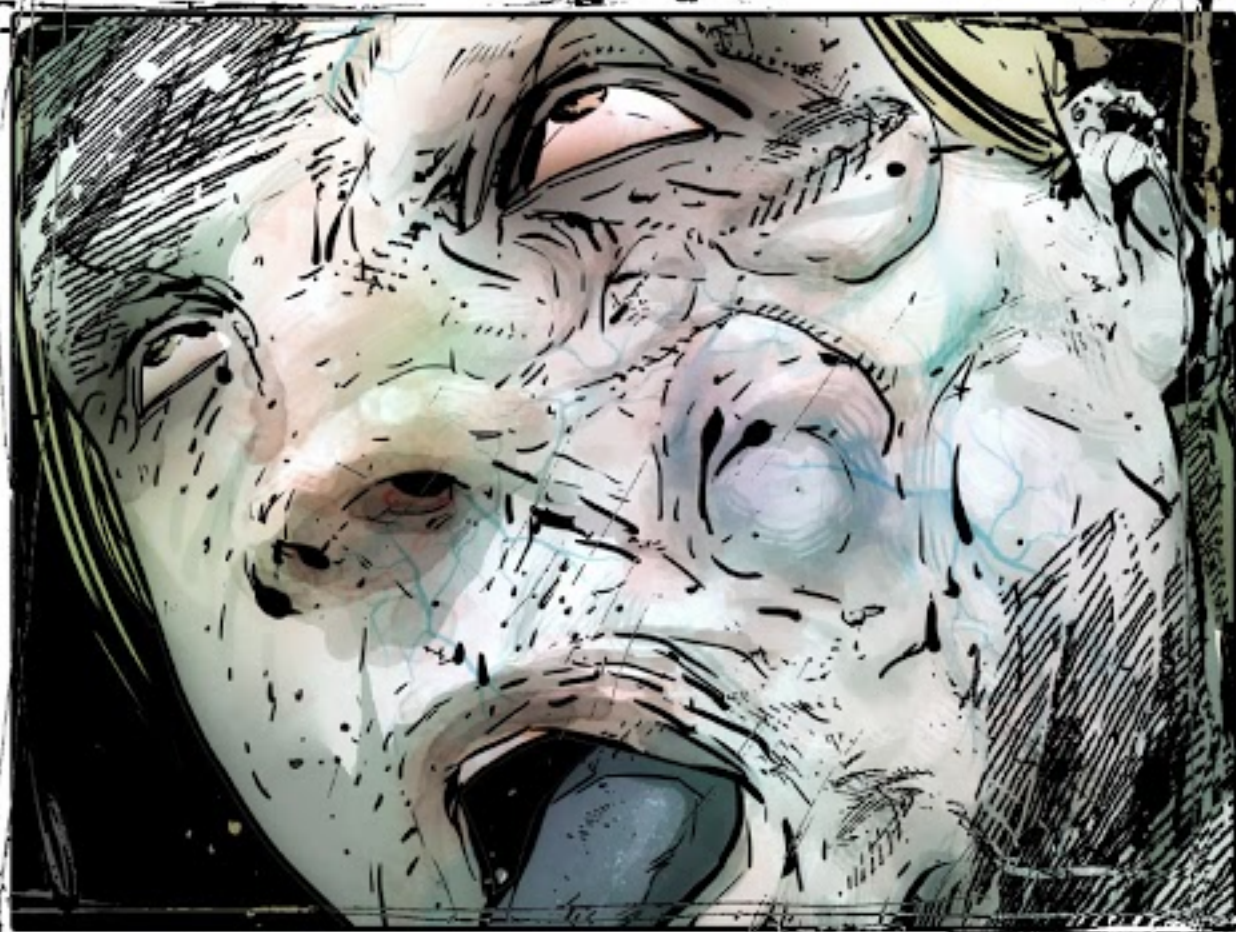
SOME TYPE
OF GAS. WE'VE SENT
A SAMPLE OUT TO THE LAB
ALREADY. BUT AS FAR AS
WE CAN TELL, THERE'S NO
OTHER MARKS ON HIM. NO
SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE
OR A FIGHT.

WHAT
DO YOU
MAKE OF THE
MASK?

CLICK

SOME KIND
OF TOKEN TO LET
US ALL KNOW HOW
SPECIAL THE KILLER IS.
THE REAL SADISTIC
ONES GET A KICK OUT
OF LEAVING VISUAL
HINTS BEHIND.





THEY'D THOUGHT THE VICTIMS ONLY HAD INTERIOR TRAUMA TO THEIR LUNGS. OBVIOUSLY, THEY ASSUMED WRONG.

HEY, TWITCH. SAM. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE WHAT'S INSIDE THE HOUSE.

THAT BAD?

UM... YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO SEE FOR YOURSELF.

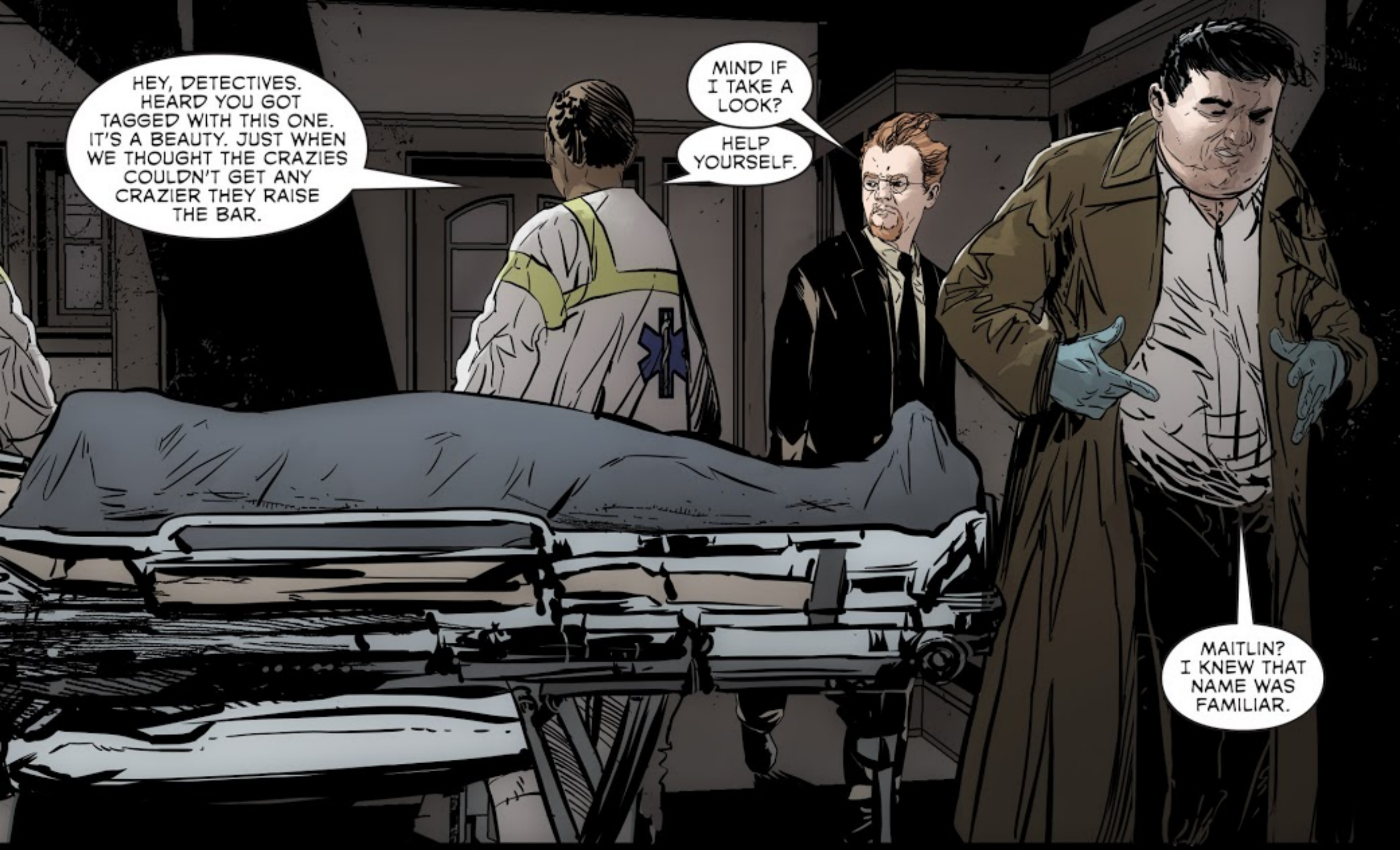


DO WE HAVE AN I.D. ON THE VICTIMS YET?

YEAH. A KID BY THE NAME OF ANDY MAITLIN. AGE TWENTY-TWO. THE OTHER DECEASED WAS HIS DOG. WE'VE GOT THE FATHER WAITING FOR YOU INSIDE.

DO ME A FAVOR AND MAKE SURE YOU WEAR GLOVES IF YOU NEED TO TOUCH ANYTHING.

OF COURSE.



HEY, DETECTIVES.
HEARD YOU GOT
TAGGED WITH THIS ONE.
IT'S A BEAUTY. JUST WHEN
WE THOUGHT THE CRAZIES
COULDN'T GET ANY
CRAZIER THEY RAISE
THE BAR.

MIND IF
I TAKE A
LOOK?

HELP
YOURSELF.

MAITLIN?
I KNEW THAT
NAME WAS
FAMILIAR.



HE'S SOME
KIND OF BIG
SHOT INVESTOR OR
STOCK HOLDER FOR
SOME BIOCHEMICAL
COMPANY,
I THINK.



MR. MAITLIN?
DO YOU MIND
IF WE ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS
BEFORE YOU HEAD
TO THE
CORONER'S?

DID YOU
SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MY BOY?

WE
DID.



WHAT
KIND OF
PERSON DOES
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT?

WE DON'T
KNOW. BUT
OUR JOB IS TO
FIND YOU THAT
ANSWER.

YOU
MISS HER
TOO, DON'T
YOU?



YOUR
MOM?



YEAH. SHE
DIDN'T TALK
TO ME MUCH
ABOUT WHEN
YOU GUYS WERE
MARRIED.

BUT I COULD
TELL SHE HAD SOME
KIND OF SPECIAL BOND
WITH YOU. I THINK SHE
MOSTLY TRIED TO HIDE
IT FROM MY DAD.

I
WISH...



...THAT
SHE WAS
STILL HERE.
DON'T
YOU?

EVERY
DAY.



SO WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?





I DON'T
KNOW
WHERE MY
DAD IS.

I'M
WORKING
ON THAT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU
MUST THINK OF ME. ABOUT
HOW STUPID I'VE BEEN TAKING
DRUGS AND STUFF, BUT WANDA
WASN'T JUST YOUR WIFE. SHE WAS
MY MOM TOO. AND I HATED MYSELF
FOR ARGUING WITH HER ALL THE
TIME AND NOW THAT SHE'S GONE,
ALL I THINK OF IS THE TIME I
WASTED NOT WANTING TO
BE AROUND HER.

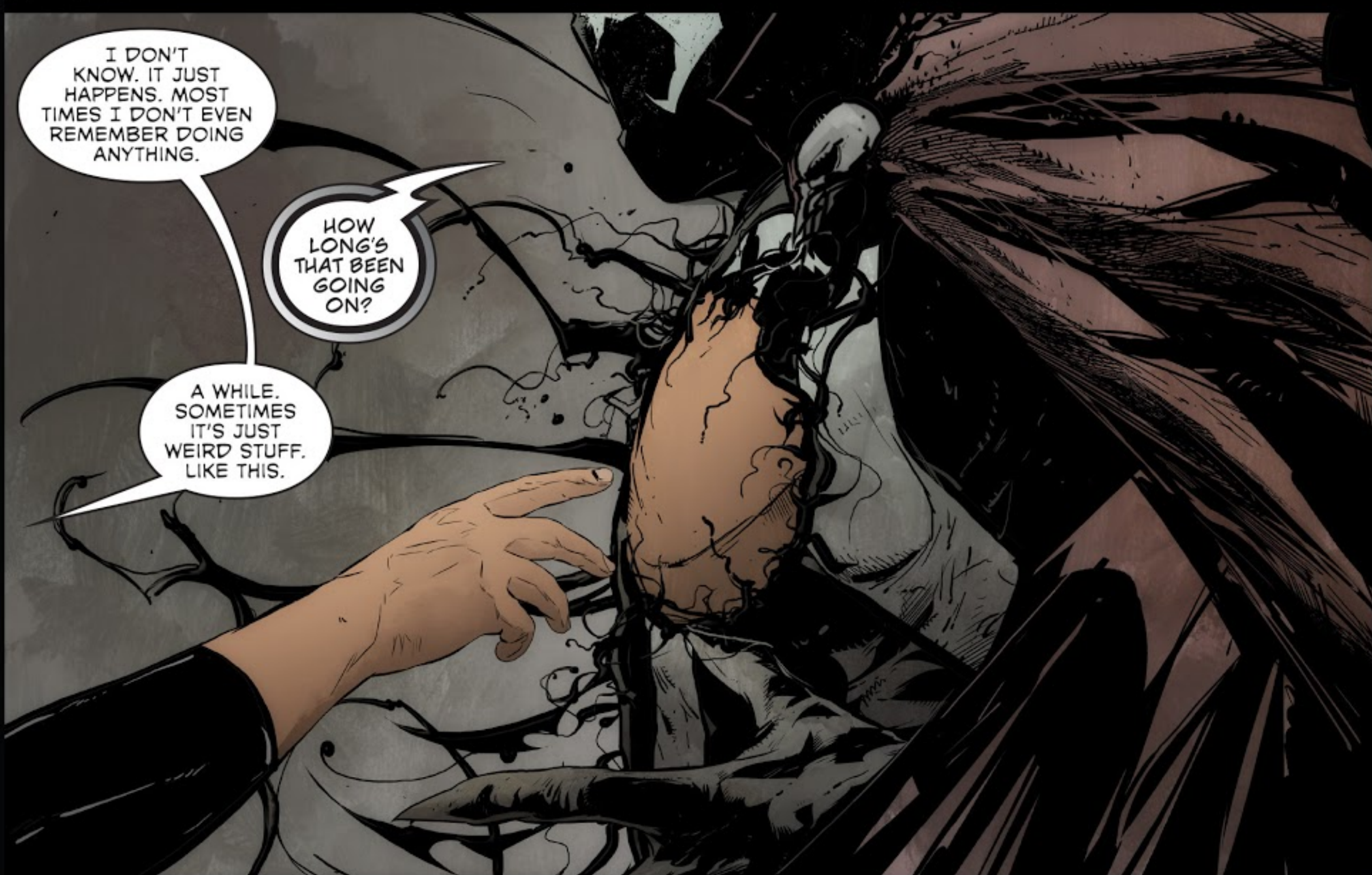
MAYBE
THAT'S WHY
SHE ISN'T HERE.
SHE WAS MAD AT
ME. AND IT MADE
HER CRASH.

YOU'RE
NOT TO
BLAME FOR
HER DEATH.



THAT'S WHAT
EVERYONE SAYS. I
DON'T BELIEVE IT. THAT'S
WHY I DO THE DRUGS... TO
HELP NUMB THINGS.

CYAN,
I HAVE TO
ASK... HOW DID
YOU DO THAT
INVISIBLE
TRICK?



I DON'T
KNOW. IT JUST
HAPPENS. MOST
TIMES I DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER DOING
ANYTHING.

HOW
LONG'S
THAT BEEN
GOING
ON?

A WHILE.
SOMETIMES
IT'S JUST
WEIRD STUFF.
LIKE THIS.





I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE FOR YOU. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALONE.

I WASN'T ALONE. AL WAS WITH ME.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT EVEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON BECAUSE THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE THAT'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT THEY WANT. I GOT LUCKY EARL WAS THERE WHEN I WAS FINALLY FREED.



I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE AGAIN.

AT SOME POINT REAL SOON, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE A CONVERSATION ABOUT WHY YOU DO ANY OF THIS.

I TOLD YOU, I WAS JUST DOING WHAT AL TOLD ME TO DO.



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT ME OUT OF THERE, AL, BUT THANK YOU.

CYAN PLAYED A PART. YOU SHOULD BE THANKING HER.

IS THIS TRUE, CYAN?

DAD, I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL THE FEDS AND THE POLICE WHEN THEY ASK HOW CYAN CAME BACK? YOU WERE WITH HER WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED, SO THEY'LL ASK ABOUT YOU.

TELL 'EM WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. YOU JUST TAKE CARE OF YOUR FAMILY. I'LL DEAL WITH THE FALLOUT LATER.



LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND STATE OFFICIALS ARE STILL UNSURE OF EXACTLY HOW THE YOUNG GIRL RETURNED. IT HAD BEEN JUST OVER TWO DAYS SINCE SHE VANISHED FROM AN ADOLESCENT CARE FACILITY. AS WE'VE BEEN REPORTING, SHE WAS IN THE COMPANY OF A FAMILY FRIEND WHEN IT HAPPENED.

THE GIRL'S FATHER TOLD THE POLICE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HIS FRIEND IS. INSIDERS SAY THAT A "MANHUNT" HAS BEGUN TO FIND THIS MYSTERIOUS MAN WHO WAS CAUGHT ON ONE OF THE HOSPITAL CAMERAS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE QUALITY OF THE IMAGE IS POOR, SO IF ANYONE OUT THERE HAS ANY INFORMATION...



...PLEASE CALL THE POLICE. WE HAVE A HOTLINE NUMBER THAT HAS BEEN SET UP TO FIELD ANY PERTINENT INFORMATION THAT MIGHT LEAD TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MAN. POLICE ARE BEING CAREFUL NOT TO SAY HE WAS INVOLVED IN ANY WAY WITH WHAT HAPPENED. THEY ARE MERELY LOOKING TO QUESTION THIS INDIVIDUAL. FOR NOW, THEY DON'T KNOW IF THIS MAN WAS PART OF A CRIME OR WAS HE ABDUCTED UNWILLINGLY.

THE YOUNG GIRL TOLD POLICE SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER HOW SHE GOT OUT OF THE ROOM SHE WAS STAYING IN OR WHERE THIS MR. SMITH HAS GONE TO. DOCTORS ARE SAYING THIS TYPE OF MEMORY LOSS IS TYPICAL IN PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD BOUTS WITH DEPRESSION OR DRUGS. LUCKILY, WE CAN REPORT THAT THE YOUNG LADY IS HEALTHY AND UNHARMED PHYSICALLY.



IS IT ME!? OR DOES **ALL THIS** STINK TO HIGH HEAVEN? THE HOSPITAL **DOESN'T KNOW** ANYTHING. THE FATHER **CAN'T REMEMBER** WHY HIS FRIEND WAS THERE VISITING HIS DAUGHTER AND THE DAUGHTER HERSELF SAYS SHE CAN'T RECALL ANY DETAILS!

WOW! AT LEAST A FEW PEOPLE WHO SUPPORTED OUR PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR MORE "LAW AND ORDER" HAVE SUPPOSEDLY ASSEMBLED A TEAM TO HUNT THIS MAN IN THE BLURRY PHOTO AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE BEFORE HE TRIES TO MOLEST ANY OTHER INNOCENT, GOD-FEARING CHILDREN OUT THERE.

BUT!... I HAVE A **BETTER** SOLUTION. INSTEAD OF CALLING THE POLICE, GET A FEW OF YOUR HUSBANDS TO CIRCLE THE GUY AND MAKE HIM WISH HE NEVER MESSED WITH A CHILD EVER AGAIN. HELL, CALL ME FIRST. I'LL COME HELP YOU!



DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF SOME OLD NEW YORK SEWER SYSTEMS, IS A LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS THAT MOST EVERYONE BELIEVES HAVE LONG AGO OUTLIVED THEIR PURPOSE. BUT FOR A FEW THIS MAZE IS A TREASURE. A PLACE TO ALLOW SOMEONE TO GO UNDETECTED.



A PLACE WHERE A PERSON CAN WILLINGLY DISAPPEAR.



THEN BE REBORN IN ITS SHADOWS.



I ASSUME
YOUR LATEST
CRUSADE WAS
A SUCCESS.

YES.
I'M SURE
MR. MAILIN'S
PARTNERS
WILL BE
COOPERATIVE
NOW. *

*See the last few
issues-- Todd

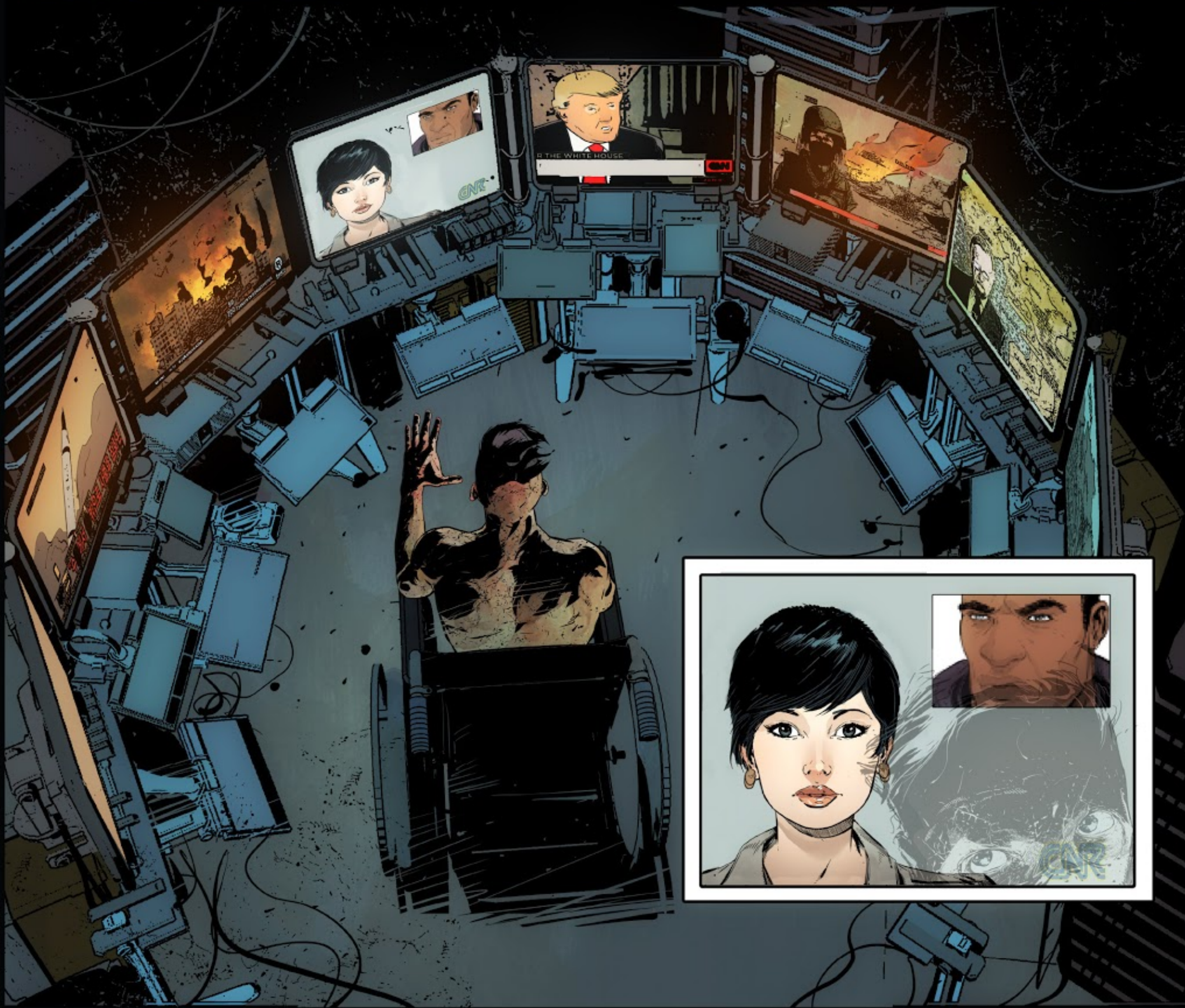


BUT FOR
TONIGHT MY
"SOUL
CRUSHER"
PERSONA IS
RETIRED.



ANY
ESTIMATE
AS TO WHEN
HE'LL BE
BACK?

I'M SORTING
THROUGH A FEW
POSSIBILITIES. BUT AS
YOU KNOW THIS WORLD
IS FILL WITH SO MANY
INJUSTICES, IT'S
DAUNTING TRYING
TO DECIDE WHICH OF
THE MEEK NEED MY
PROTECTION.





AND YOU'RE POSITIVE WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A BETTER VISUAL THAN THAT?



OKAY. THANKS FOR TRYING ANYWAY. LET ME KNOW IF YOU COME UP WITH ANYTHING ELSE. I'LL CALL YOU AGAIN TOMORROW. IN THE MEANTIME, DID THOSE SHOE PRINTS WE TOOK FROM THE BACK YARD NARROW YOUR SEARCH?

ASK THEM IF THEY THINK IT'S A FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC BRAND?

DID YOU HEAR MY PARTNER? WHAT'S THAT? YEAH, I'LL HOLD.



THEY JUST DELIVERED THE BACKGROUND ON THE OLDER MAITLIN. SOME OF HIS BUSINESS PARTNERS HAVE BEEN LESS THAN MODEL CITIZENS.



YOU DON'T THINK ONE OF THEM DID IT?



NO. BUT ONE OF THEIR FAMILY MEMBERS DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN. THE NEXT WEEK THEIR STOCK PRICE DROPPED TWENTY PERCENT.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS, GIVEN WE BOTH THINK HE WAS LYING ABOUT NOT HAVING ANY ENEMIES?





I DON'T LIKE KEEPING SOME OF YOUR 'HARDWARE' HERE IN THE HOUSE.

IT'S JUST FOR A FEW DAYS, EARL.

I DON'T GET WHAT WE'RE DOING OR WHY SO MUCH CRAP SPINS AROUND YOU. WEIRD CRAP TOO.

YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU DESERVE ANSWERS. PROBLEM IS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT.



TRY ME.

I'LL GIVE YOU THE SHORT VERSION THEN. I'M NOT ALIVE. NOT IN THE NORMAL SENSE. SOMEONE KILLED ME YEARS AGO. BUT WHEN I CAME BACK I HAD... CERTAIN POWERS. I STILL HAVE SOME BUT I'M TRYING TO GET THE REST BACK.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

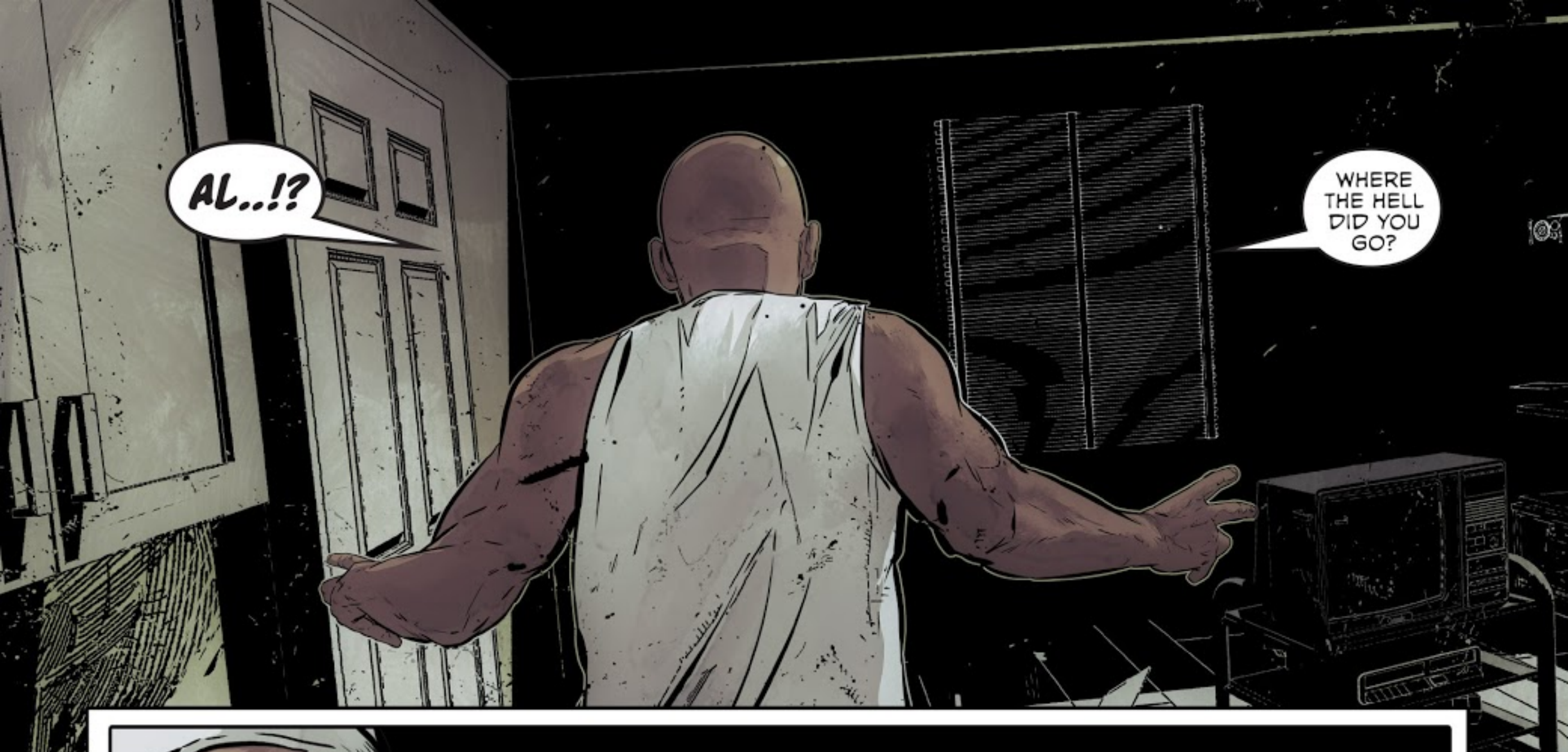
HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU. IT'S BETTER THAN TALKING ABOUT IT.



HE STEPS INTO A SHADOW.



AL?





JUDITH!
GET YOUR ASS
IN HERE!



HOW MANY
TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL YOU
I DON'T WANT A
BUNCH OF ICE
CUBES IN MY
DRINK?

YOU
SAID YOU
WANTED IT
COLD.

I DO! BUT
THIS TASTES LIKE
F*CKING WATER
NOW.



SO, TAKE
THIS SHIT OUT OF
MY FACE AND BRING
ME ANOTHER ONE.
BUT DO IT RIGHT
THIS TIME.

I WAS
TRYING TO
DO IT
RIGHT.



ARE YOU TALKING
BACK TO ME, BITCH!?
I DIDN'T ASK YOU YOUR
OPINION--**I GAVE YOU
AN ORDER!** I'LL CUT YOUR
DAMN TONGUE OUT IF YOU
SPEAK TO ME LIKE
THAT AGAIN.

**BERNIE,
STOP!**





OH
MY GOD!
HELP!



I KNOW WHAT
YOU ARE. SO, STOP
YOUR BAD ACTING!
YOU'RE NO BETTER
THAN HE WAS.

PRETENDING
TO BE HUMAN,
HOPING THAT
WOULD HIDE YOU
FROM ME. BUT
I CAN SMELL
YOU.



YOU'RE
GOING TO
DELIVER A
MESSAGE
FOR ME.

TELL YOUR KIND
THAT IF ANY OF THEM
TOUCHES THE GIRL I'M
PROTECTING, I'LL HUNT DOWN
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU AND
KILL YOU ALL. AND I PRAY ONE
OF YOURS DOESN'T BELIEVE ME.
BECAUSE I'D LOVE TO BUTCHER
ALL OF YOU SOONER
THAN LATER!



THE GIRL FROM
THE NEWS. THE ONE
THAT WAS KIDNAPPED. I
NEED TO KNOW EVERY-
THING ABOUT HER.

I THINK SHE
MAY BE IN
DANGER!

TO BE CONTINUED

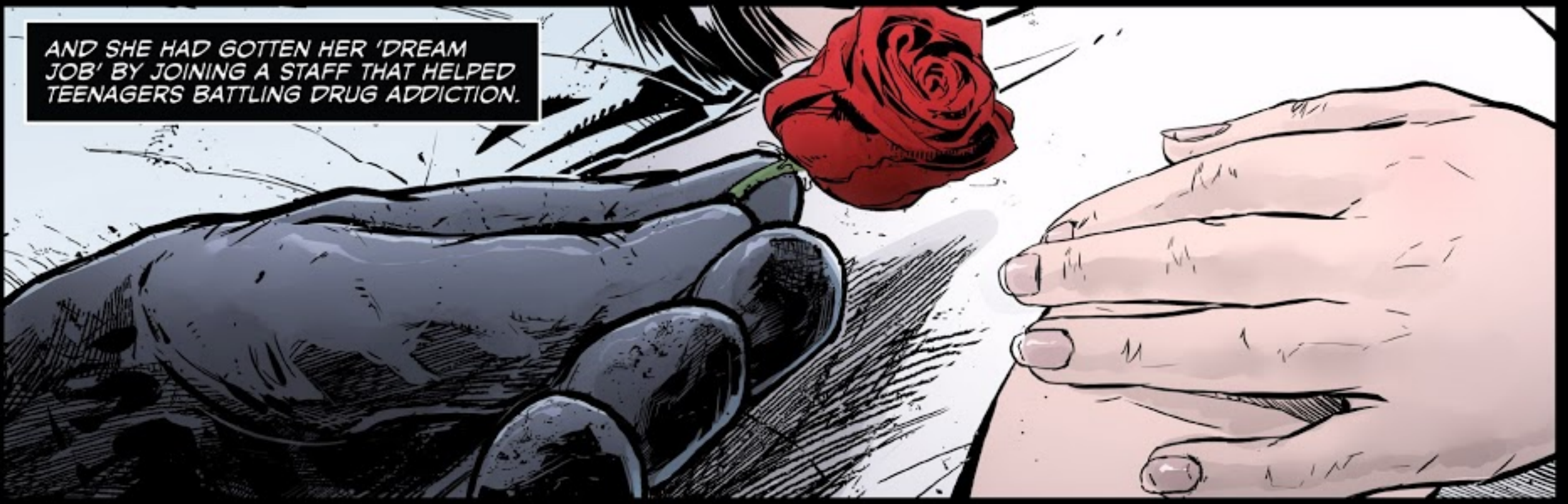
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ASHLEY
WOOD
2016
+FCO



HER NAME WAS DR. EMMA CANTERI. ALL SHE EVER WANTED WAS TO HELP THOSE IN NEED. AS A YOUNG GIRL, SHE VOLUNTEERED AT AN ANIMAL SHELTER. IN HER TEENS, IT WAS A HOMELESS SHELTER. BY HIGH SCHOOL SHE KNEW SHE WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR. BY AGE TWENTY-EIGHT SHE WAS ONE.



AND SHE HAD GOTTEN HER 'DREAM JOB' BY JOINING A STAFF THAT HELPED TEENAGERS BATTLING DRUG ADDICTION.

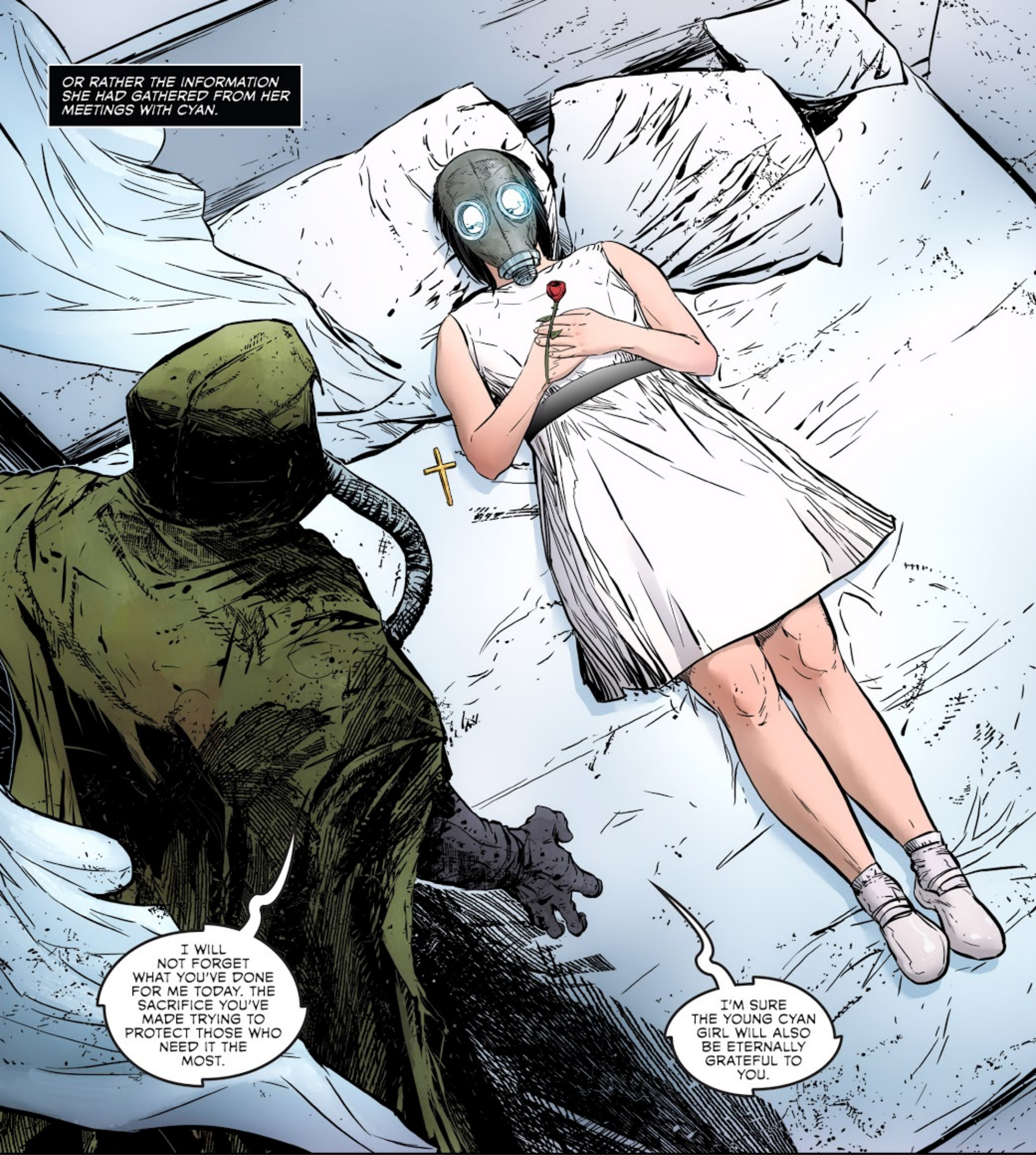


THIS WAS HER CALLING. HER PURPOSE IN LIFE. IT'S ALSO WHERE SHE MET A PATIENT NAMED CYAN FITZGERALD. A YOUTH WHO HAD LOST HER MOTHER AND WAS RECENTLY IN THE NEWS FOR DISAPPEARING FROM THE FACILITY DR. CANTERI WORKED AT.

SADLY, IT WAS MEETING AND HELPING CYAN THAT HAS NOW COST DR. CANTERI HER LIFE.

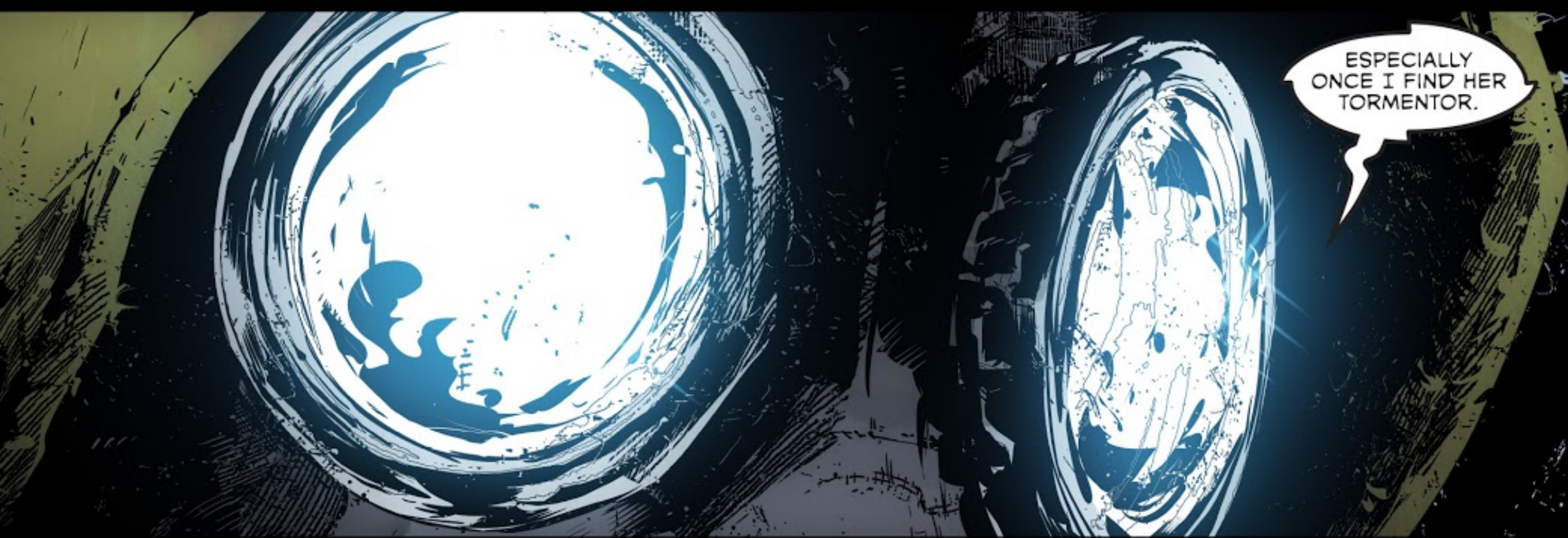


OR RATHER THE INFORMATION
SHE HAD GATHERED FROM HER
MEETINGS WITH CYAN.



I WILL
NOT FORGET
WHAT YOU'VE DONE
FOR ME TODAY. THE
SACRIFICE YOU'VE
MADE TRYING TO
PROTECT THOSE WHO
NEED IT THE
MOST.

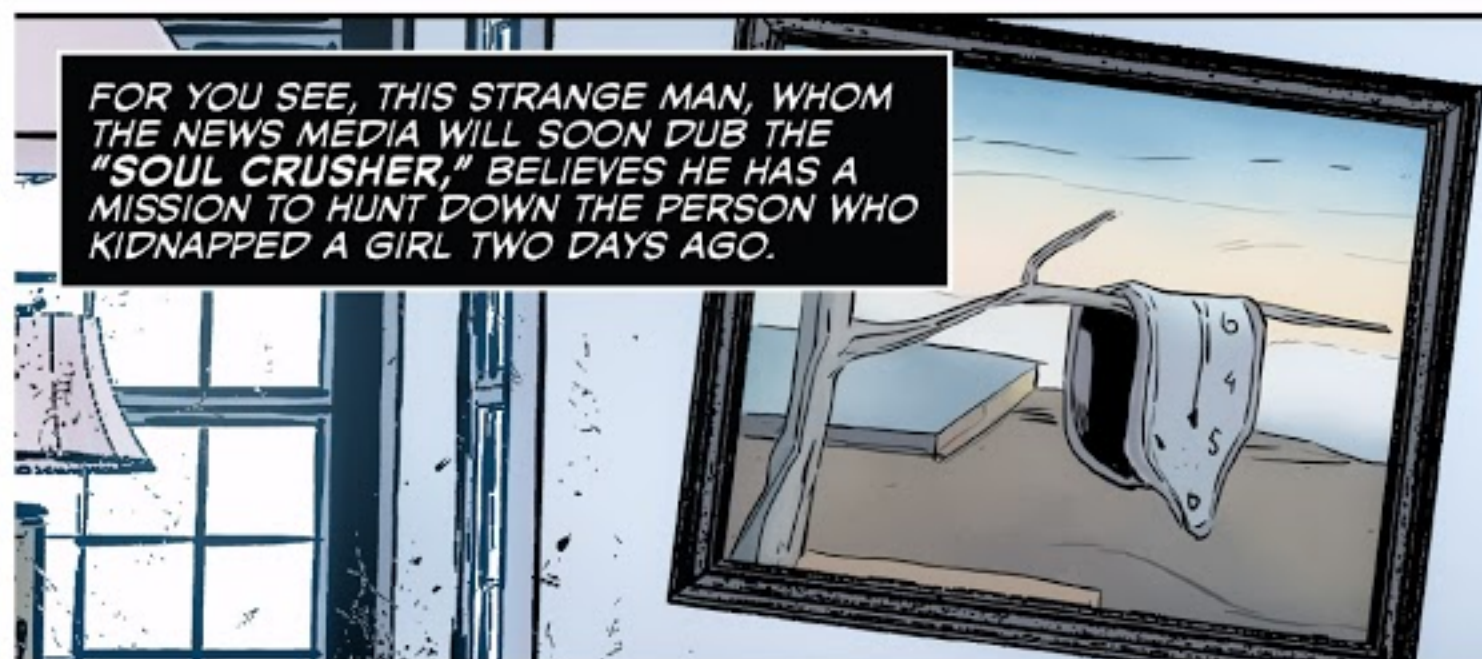
I'M SURE
THE YOUNG CYAN
GIRL WILL ALSO
BE ETERNALLY
GRATEFUL TO
YOU.



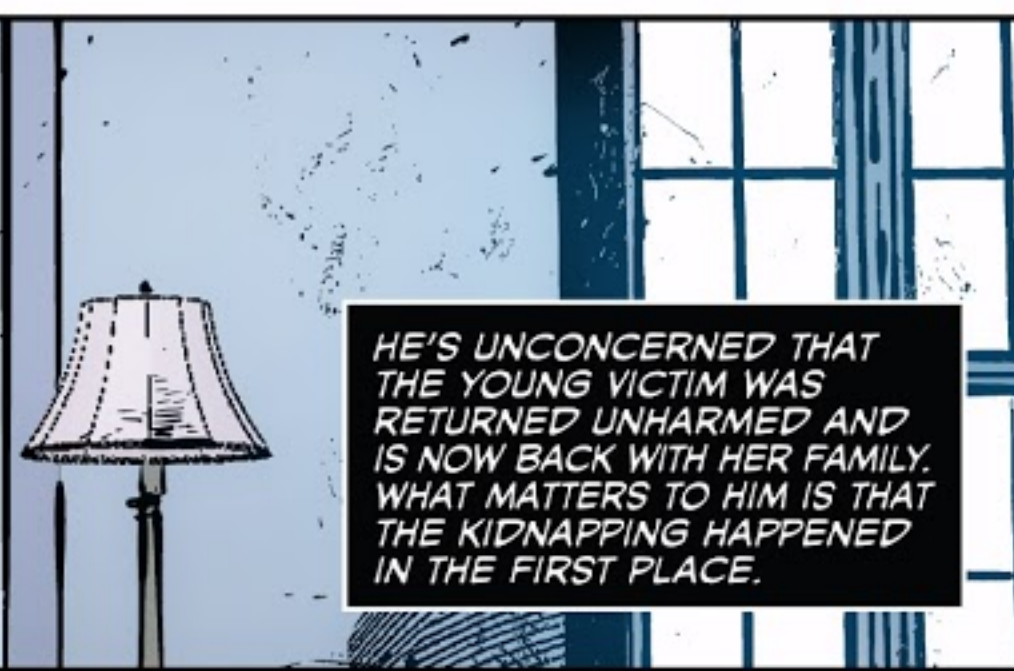
ESPECIALLY
ONCE I FIND HER
TORMENTOR.



FOR YOU SEE, THIS STRANGE MAN, WHOM THE NEWS MEDIA WILL SOON DUB THE "SOUL CRUSHER," BELIEVES HE HAS A MISSION TO HUNT DOWN THE PERSON WHO KIDNAPPED A GIRL TWO DAYS AGO.



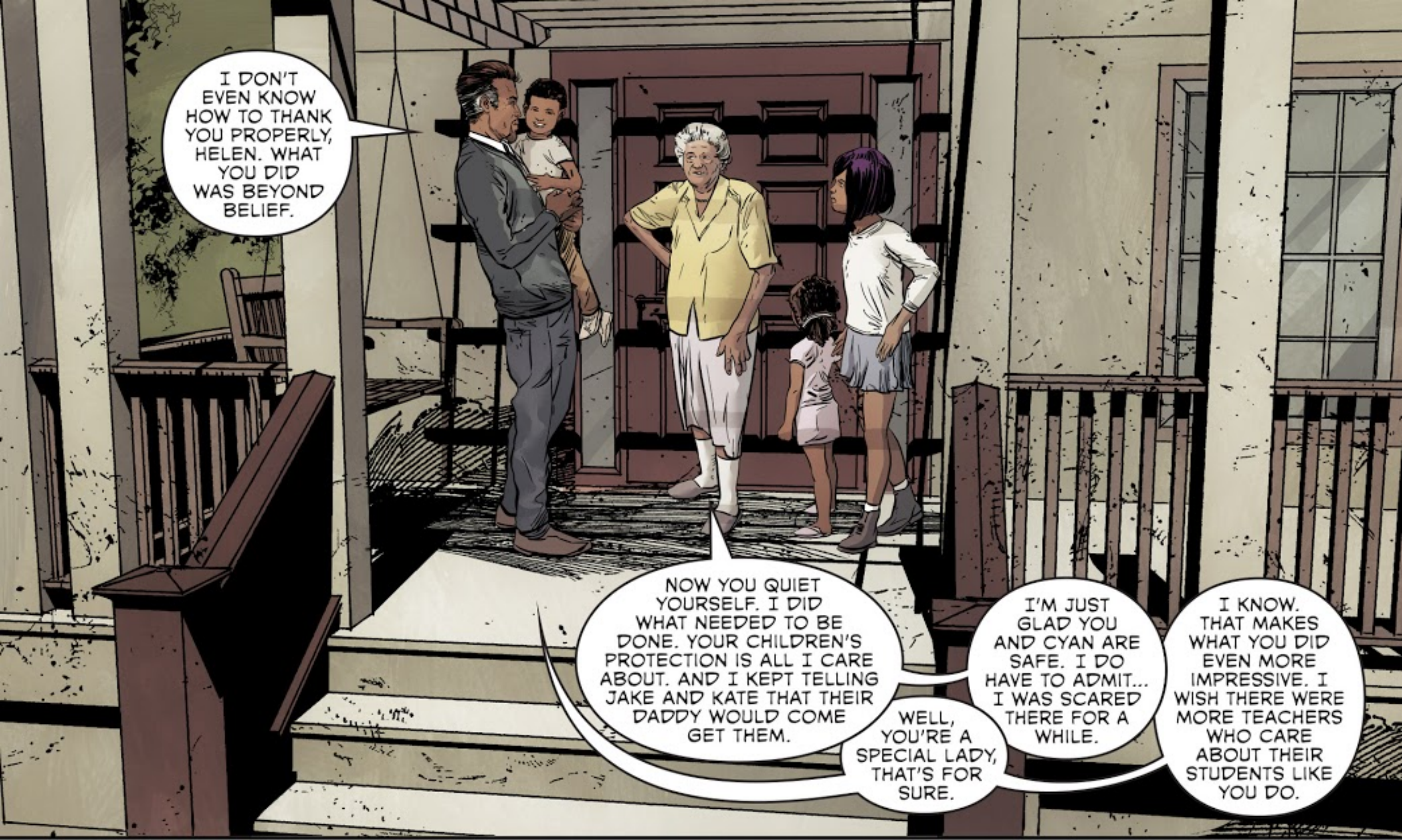
HE'S UNCONCERNED THAT THE YOUNG VICTIM WAS RETURNED UNHARMED AND IS NOW BACK WITH HER FAMILY. WHAT MATTERS TO HIM IS THAT THE KIDNAPPING HAPPENED IN THE FIRST PLACE.



HIS JOB IS TO FIX THINGS.



AND HIS LEVEL OF CONFIDENCE AT DOING SO ALLOWS HIM TO SIMPLY WALK OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF DR. CANTERI'S HOUSE DESPITE THE FACT HE'D STRANGLERED HER TO DEATH.



I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU PROPERLY, HELEN. WHAT YOU DID WAS BEYOND BELIEF.

NOW YOU QUIET YOURSELF. I DID WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE. YOUR CHILDREN'S PROTECTION IS ALL I CARE ABOUT. AND I KEPT TELLING JAKE AND KATE THAT THEIR DADDY WOULD COME GET THEM.

I'M JUST GLAD YOU AND CYAN ARE SAFE. I DO HAVE TO ADMIT... I WAS SCARED THERE FOR A WHILE.

I KNOW. THAT MAKES WHAT YOU DID EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE. I WISH THERE WERE MORE TEACHERS WHO CARE ABOUT THEIR STUDENTS LIKE YOU DO.

WELL, YOU'RE A SPECIAL LADY, THAT'S FOR SURE.



THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM. THEY JUST DON'T GET THE RECOGNITION.

SAY GOODBYE TO MRS. KITMAN, JAKE.

BYE, MRS. KITMAN.

I'VE TOLD YOU AND YOUR SISTER, MY NAME IS HELEN.



LIKE DAD SAID, YOU ROCK, MRS. K. I DON'T THINK KATE WANTS TO EVEN COME WITH US, YOU TREATED HER SO GOOD.



YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. AND I HOPE THOSE MEDIA PEOPLE DON'T BUG YOU TOO MUCH.

ME TOO.

CHINATOWN. FRED'S
MILITARY SUPPLY STORE.



Jesus.
270 dollars?!
I don't even know
what it is.

ANY IDEA
WHERE A PERSON
WOULD ACQUIRE
A MASK LIKE
THAT?

I CHECKED
MY DATABASE, BUT
SOMETHING
THAT VINTAGE--
THOSE ARE HARD TO
COME BY.

SO, YOU
THINK IT'S
AUTHENTIC?

FOR SURE.
FROM THE DESIGN
OF THE RESPIRATOR,
IT WAS MOST LIKELY
MADE IN POLAND
AROUND 1910.



ARE THERE VERY MANY OF THESE FLOATING AROUND?



LIKE I TOLD YOU OVER THE PHONE... IF IT'S REAL, WHICH I THINK IT IS, THAT MASK, IN DECENT CONDITION, GOES FOR OVER TWO GRAND... IF YOU CAN FIND ONE. EVEN MORE FOR THE DOG'S MASK.

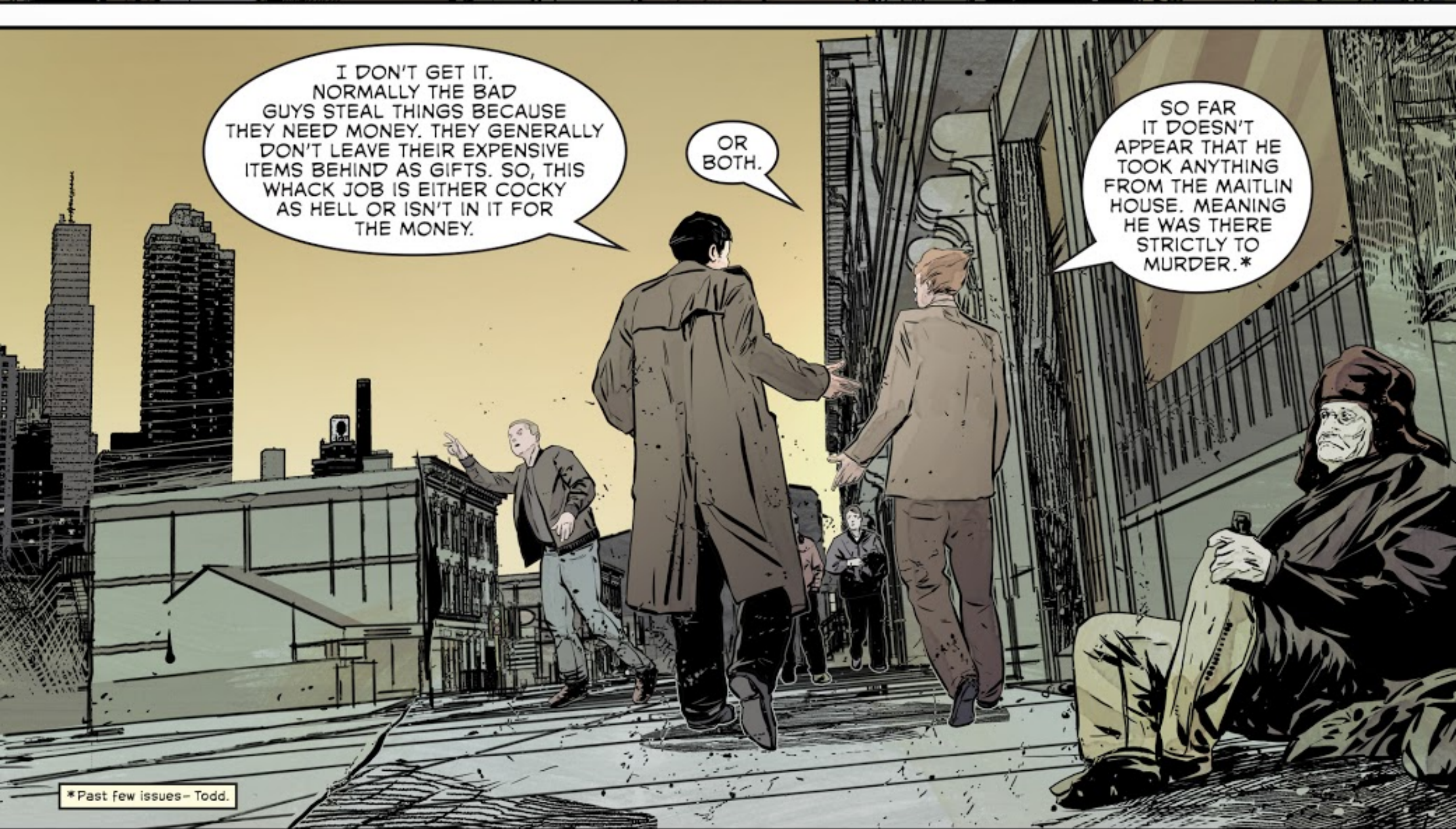


TWO GRAND?

YEP. WHOEVER OWNED THEM, THEY'RE NOT STARVING THAT'S FOR SURE.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE.

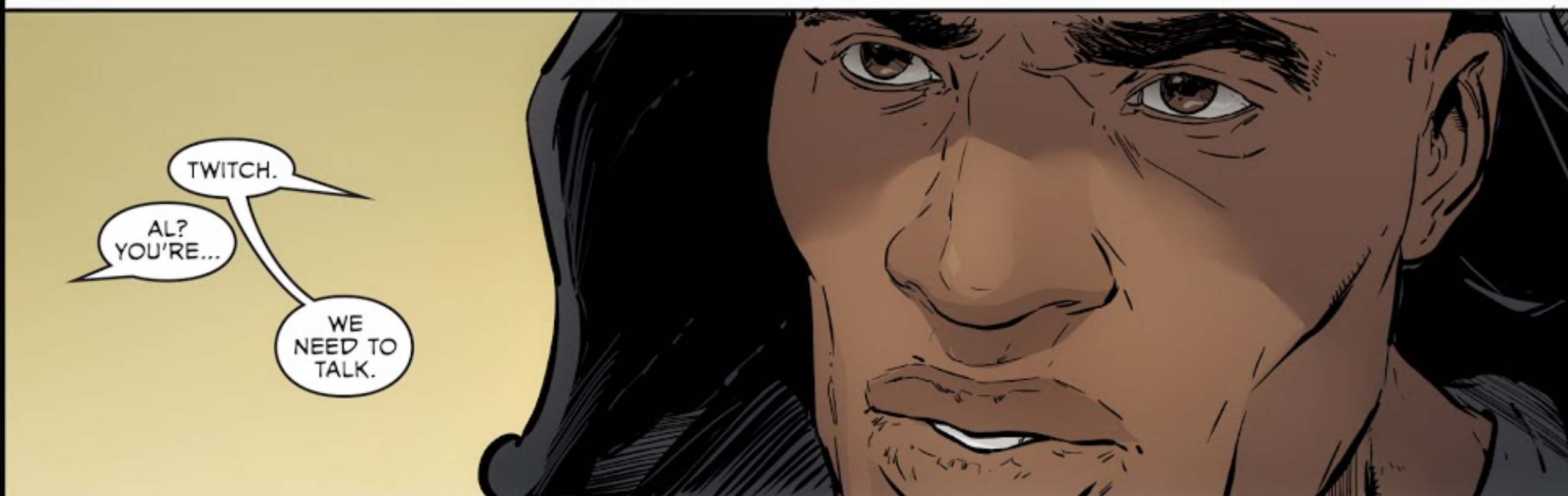
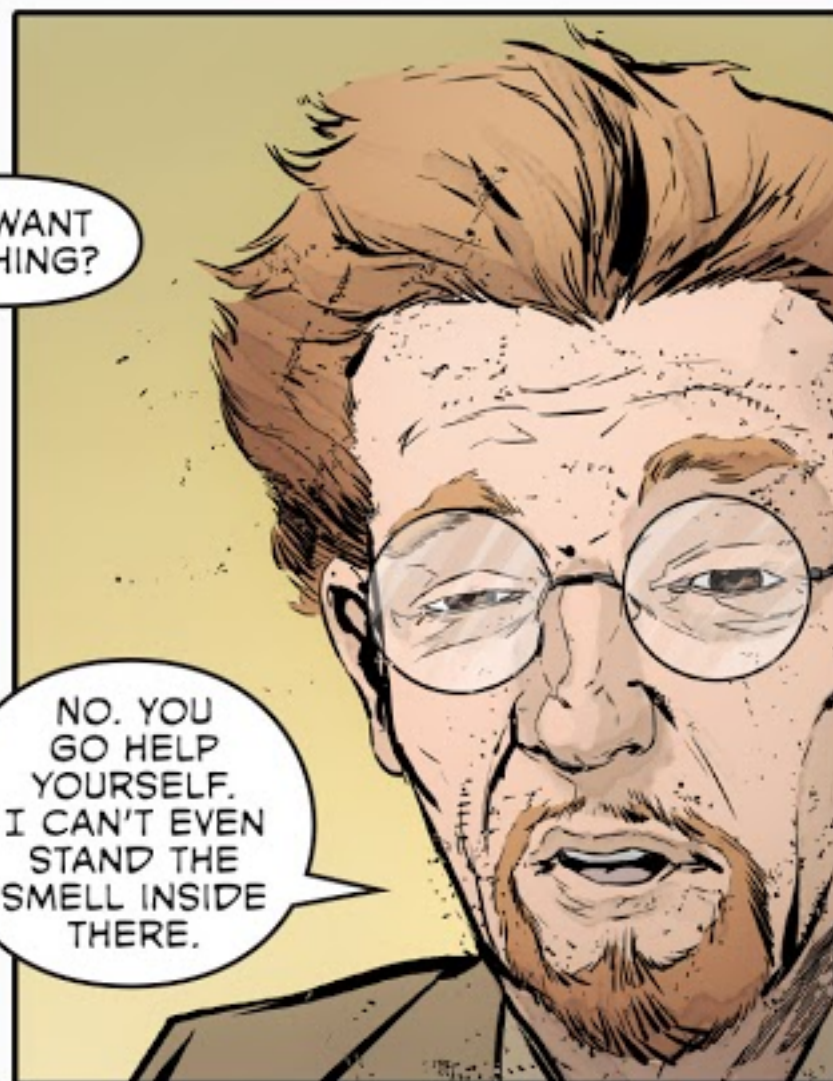
ANY TIME.

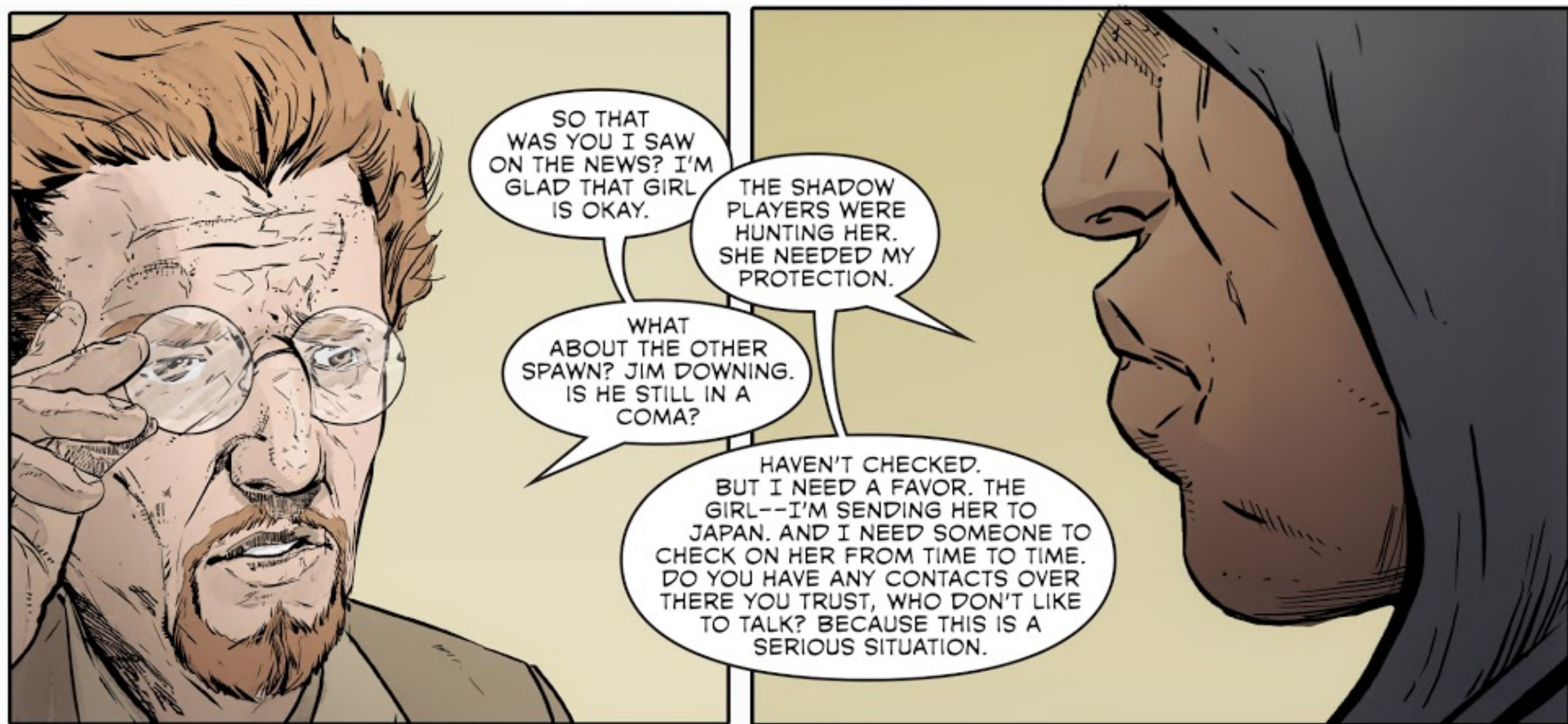


I DON'T GET IT. NORMALLY THE BAD GUYS STEAL THINGS BECAUSE THEY NEED MONEY. THEY GENERALLY DON'T LEAVE THEIR EXPENSIVE ITEMS BEHIND AS GIFTS. SO, THIS WHACK JOB IS EITHER COCKY AS HELL OR ISN'T IN IT FOR THE MONEY.

OR BOTH.

SO FAR IT DOESN'T APPEAR THAT HE TOOK ANYTHING FROM THE MAILIN HOUSE. MEANING HE WAS THERE STRICTLY TO MURDER.*







I THINK IT'S TOO SOON, TERRY.



I DON'T. CYAN NEEDS TO GET BACK TO SOME SENSE OF NORMAL LIFE.



THE KIDS AT SCHOOL. THEY GET THE NEWS TOO. SHE'LL BE STARED AT ALL DAY.



AND KEEPING HER HOME ANOTHER WEEK OR TWO ISN'T GOING TO STOP THAT. LOOK, I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, BUT I HAD A LONG TALK WITH HER LAST NIGHT. IT WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST TIME SINCE WANDA DIED THAT CYAN SOUNDED... GOOD.

DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I'VE HEARD HER TALK OF WANTING TO JOIN THE WORLD INSTEAD OF PUSHING IT AWAY? I CAN'T IGNORE THAT. AND I'M SURE AS HELL NOT GOING TO HIDE MY FAMILY AWAY.

DID SHE TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE GONE?



PIECES. SHE SAID SHE CAN'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

AND THAT DOESN'T WORRY YOU? THAT THERE ARE BREAKS IN HER MEMORY?

I HAVE TO DO THIS, AL.

THEY'LL COME AGAIN. LOOKING FOR YOU OR HER. MAYBE EVEN THE TWINS. ANYTHING TO GET MY ATTENTION. I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN DO WHAT I NEED TO AND WATCH YOUR FAMILY.



"THEN JUST DO YOUR BEST, AL. FOR NOW I NEED MY FAMILY TO BE 'NORMAL' FOR ONE DAY."

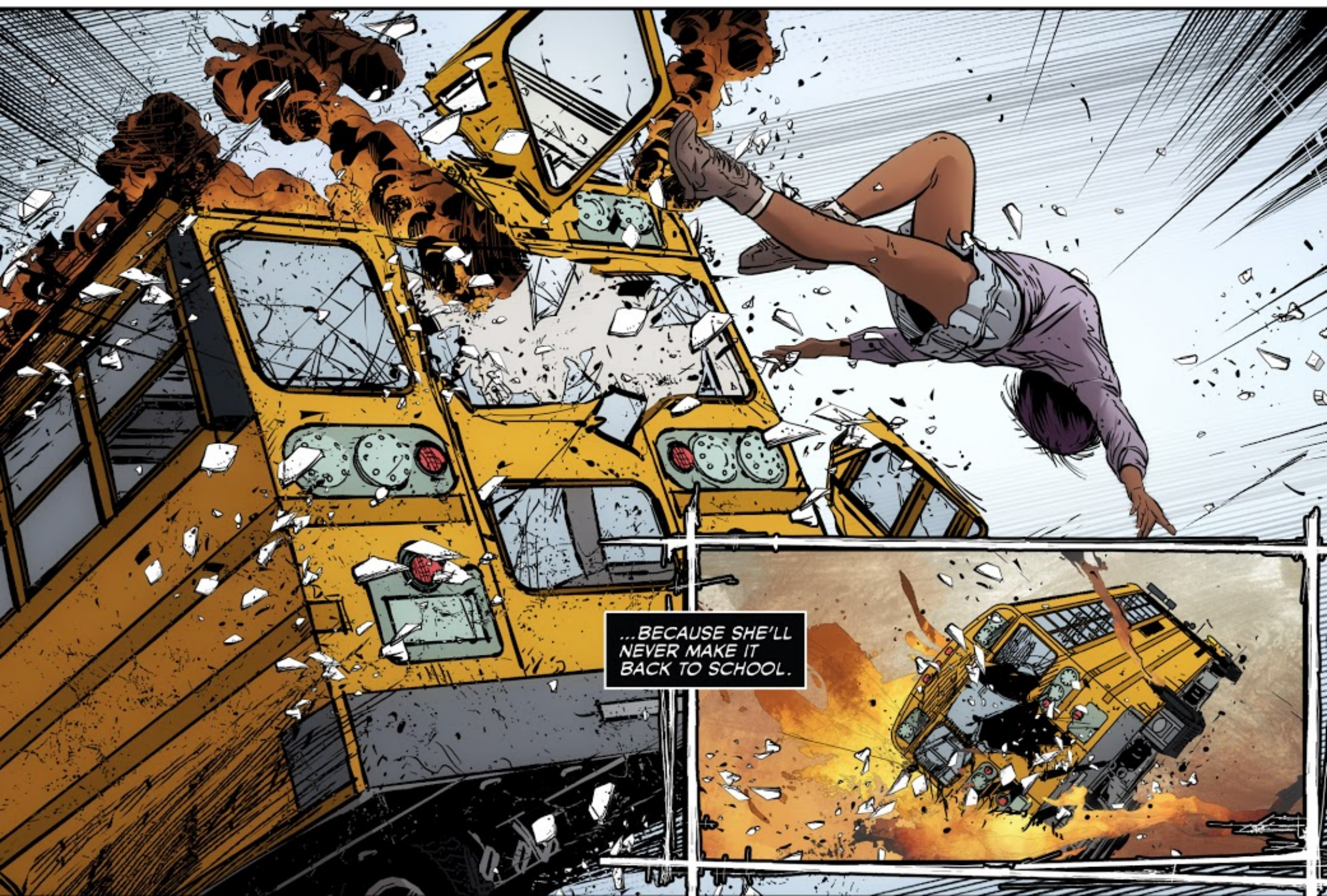


CYAN REALLY DID WANT TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL BUT LIKE ANY TEENAGER, SHE STILL DREADED WHAT THE OTHER STUDENTS WOULD BE THINKING ABOUT HER. SHE KNEW THEY MUST HAVE HEARD THE RUMORS OF HER DRUG USE AND BECAUSE OF HER "KIDNAPPING", THE NEWS REPORTED SHE WAS IN A REHABILITATION FACILITY.

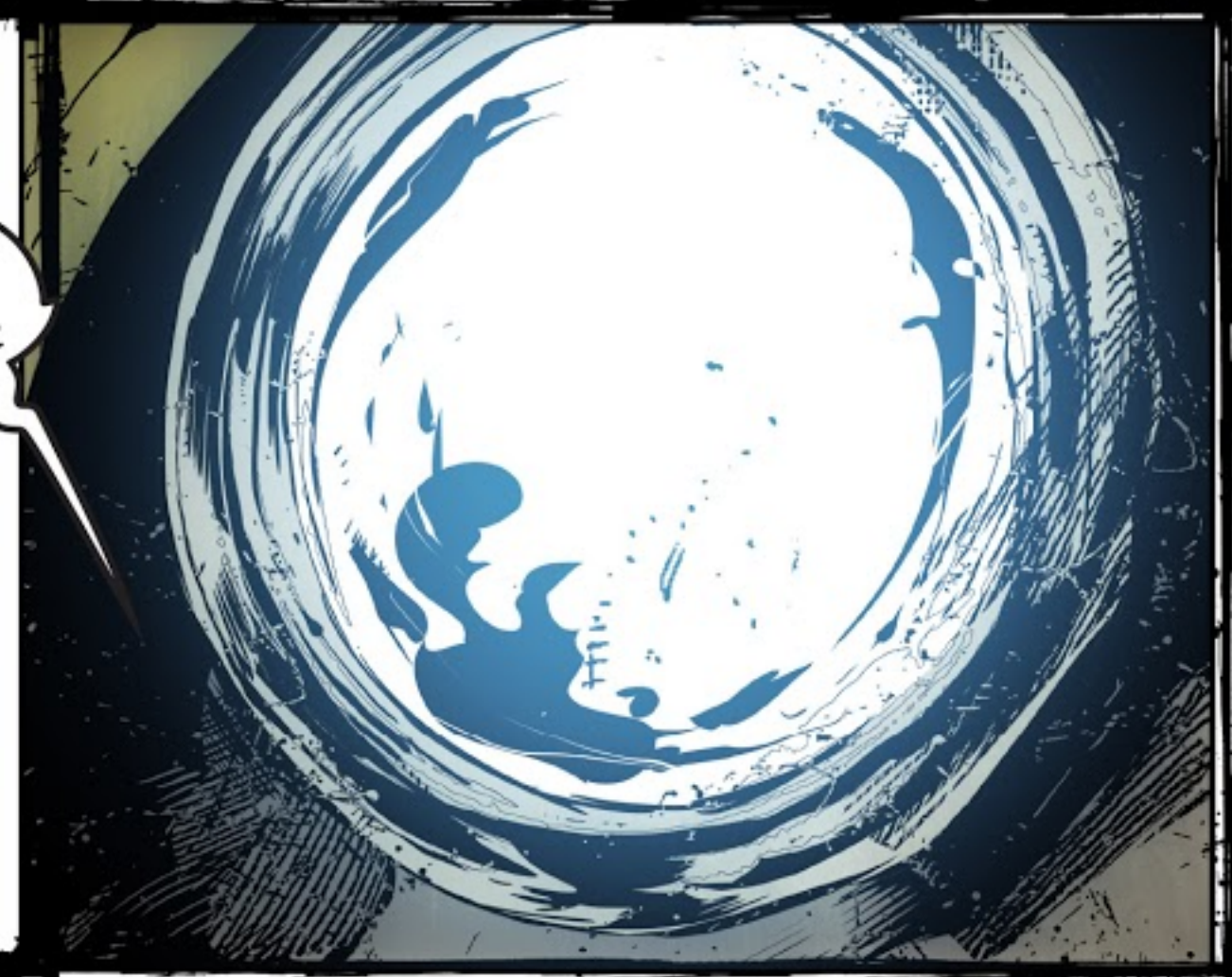


BUT WHAT SHE'S MOST ANXIOUS ABOUT IS SOMETHING ELSE...WHAT IF HER 'WEIRD-POWERS-THING' STARTS UP WHILE SHE'S AT SCHOOL?

BUT SHE'LL NEVER KNOW NOW...



...BECAUSE SHE'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO SCHOOL.





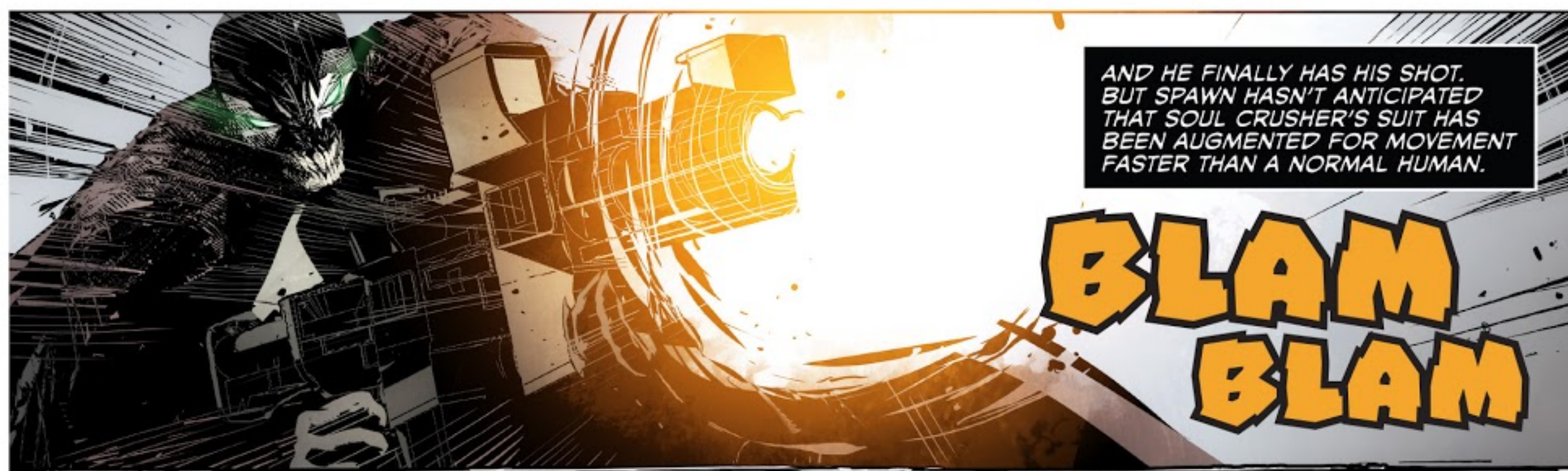
SPAWN HAS A CLEAN SHOT BUT CYAN IS TOO CLOSE TO HIS TARGET. HE WON'T ENDANGER ANY OF THE KIDS, SOME WHO ARE STILL HURT, INSIDE THE BUS.

THAT HESITATION GIVES SOUL CRUSHER THE OPENING SALVO.

RUN!

ALL OF YOU!

THOSE HEALTHY ENOUGH HEED HIS WORDS.



AND HE FINALLY HAS HIS SHOT. BUT SPAWN HASN'T ANTICIPATED THAT SOUL CRUSHER'S SUIT HAS BEEN AUGMENTED FOR MOVEMENT FASTER THAN A NORMAL HUMAN.

**BLAM
BLAM**



KRAKOW



I WARNED YOU.



**GOD
DAMN IT!**
I TOLD YOUR SIDE
TO LEAVE HER
ALONE!



KRAK

LIKE A CRAZED ANIMAL, SPAWN LUNGES AT HIS OPPONENT, THINKING THIS IS ANOTHER DEMON. A TRAPPED DENIZEN OF HELL TRYING TO USE CYAN LIKE SOME HUMAN PIECE OF BAIT.



IF NOT FOR THE FORTIFIED ARMOR HE WEARS, SOUL CRUSHER WOULD BE DEAD ALREADY.



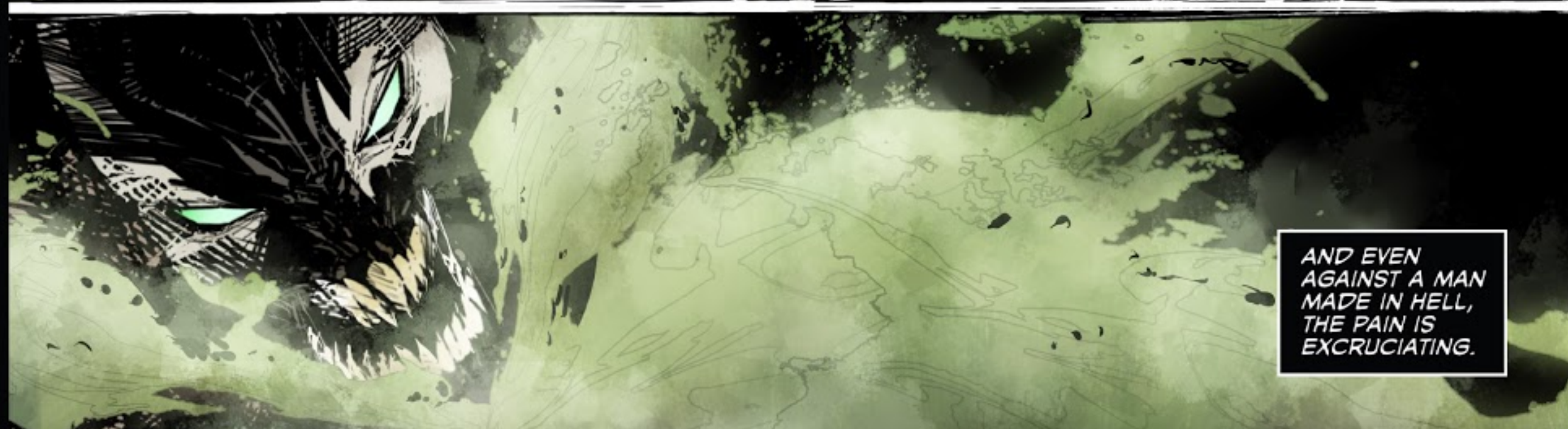
TELL THEM!
TELL THEM ALL! I'M
COMING FOR THEM
NOW! THIS IS GOING TO
STOP!



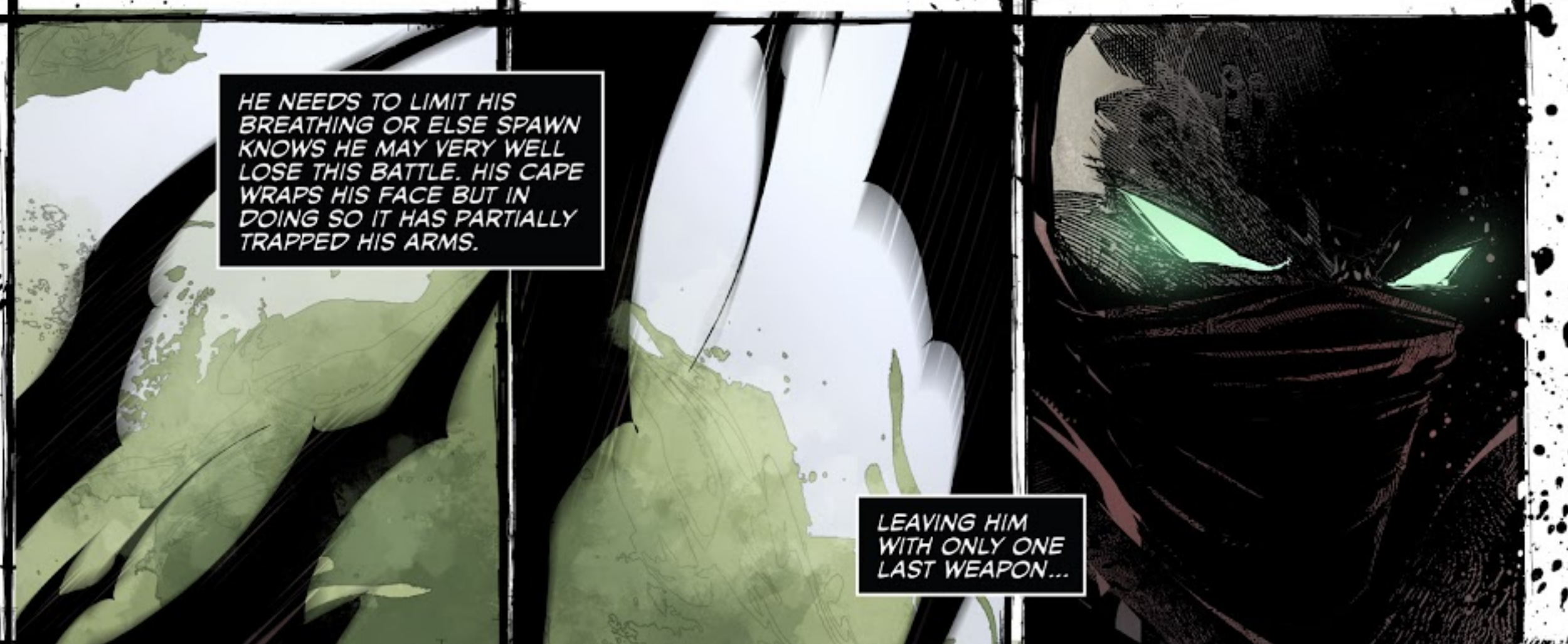
YOU'RE
INSANE!
I'M HERE
ALONE.



UNSEEN TO SPAWN, SOUL
CRUSHER RELEASES A TOXIC
GAS THAT BURNS THE SKIN IN
A MATTER OF SECONDS.

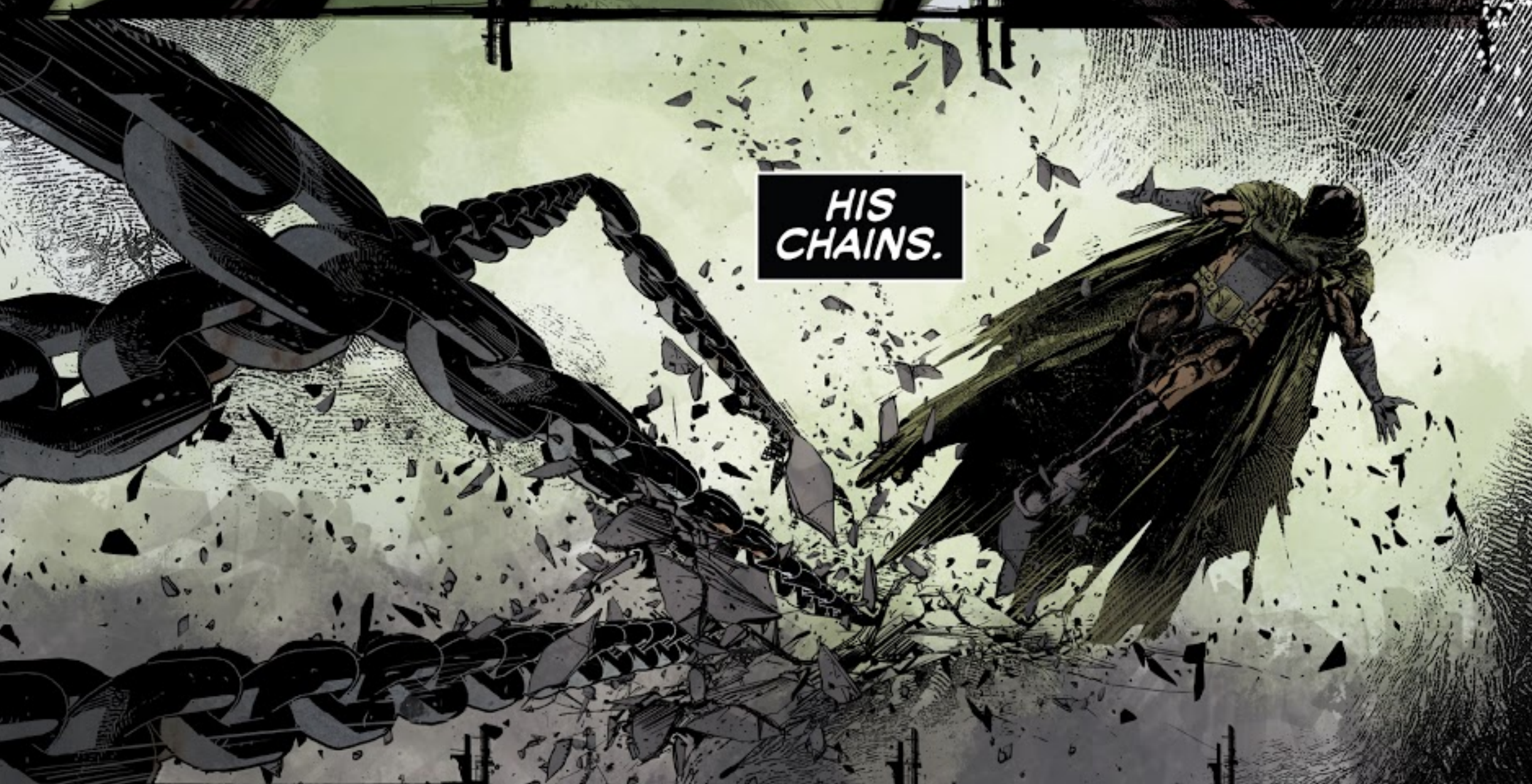


AND EVEN
AGAINST A MAN
MADE IN HELL,
THE PAIN IS
EXCRUCIATING.

A close-up of Spawn's face, partially obscured by his black, textured cape. His eyes are glowing with a bright green light. The background is a mottled green and white.

HE NEEDS TO LIMIT HIS BREATHING OR ELSE SPAWN KNOWS HE MAY VERY WELL LOSE THIS BATTLE. HIS CAPE WRAPS HIS FACE BUT IN DOING SO IT HAS PARTIALLY TRAPPED HIS ARMS.

LEAVING HIM WITH ONLY ONE LAST WEAPON...

A wide shot showing Spawn from the waist up, wearing his iconic black suit and cape. He is being choked by a thick, dark metal chain that is wrapped around his neck. He is surrounded by a cloud of dust and debris. The background is a hazy, light-colored sky.

HIS CHAINS.

A young girl with blonde hair is lying on the ground, looking up with a desperate expression. She is wearing a light blue shirt. The ground is dark and appears to be the wreckage of a vehicle.

HELP!
SOMEONE
HELP
ME!

A close-up of Spawn's face, looking down with a menacing expression. His eyes are glowing green. In the background, several thick metal chains are seen flying through the air, having been launched from his chest.

INSTINCTIVELY HIS CHAINS SHOOT INTO THE AIR.

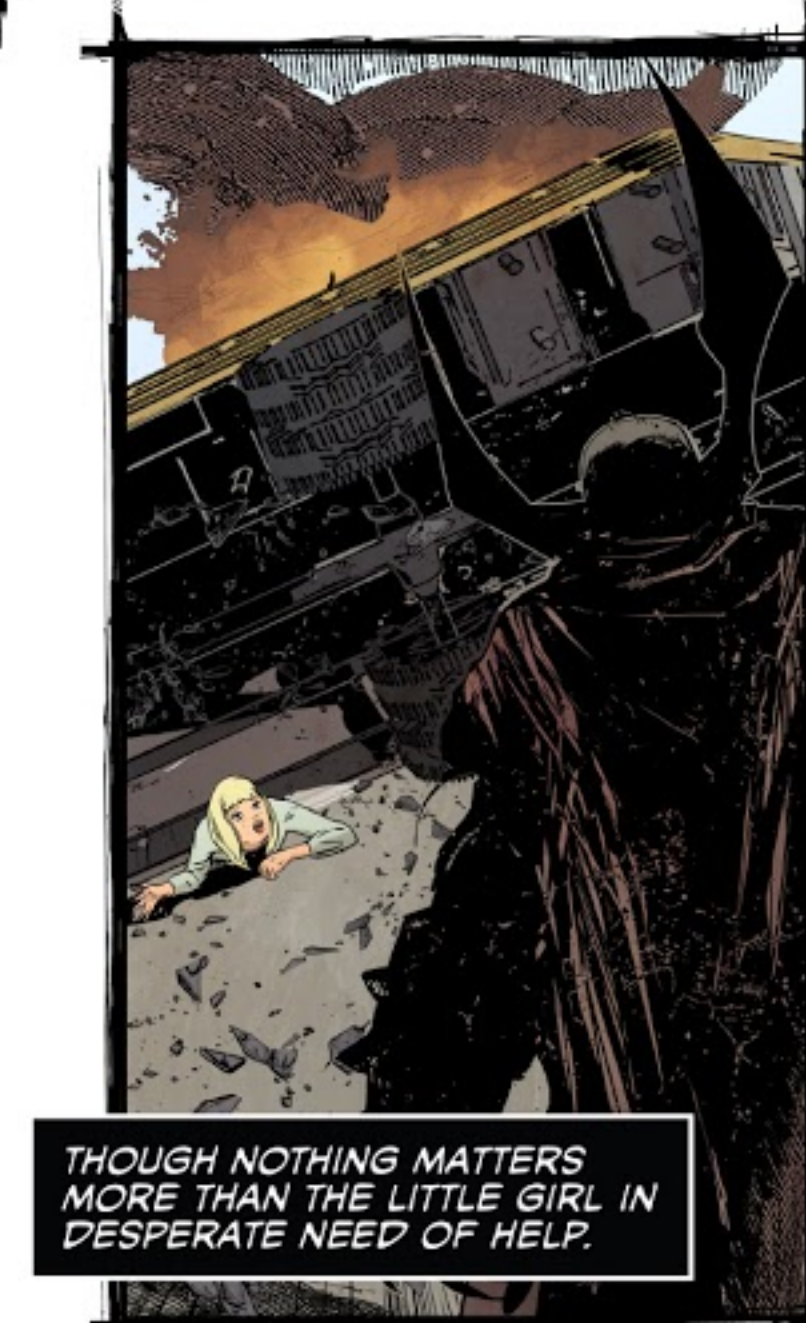
A GIRL!...
PINNED BENEATH
THE BUS.



SPAWN BETS A MULTI-PRONGED
ATTACK FROM ABOVE WILL
CONFUSE HIS ASSAILANT.

IT DOES.

AS THE STREET'S ASPHALT
EXPLODES, THEN COLLAPSES,
IT SWALLOWS THE VILLAIN WHOLE.



THOUGH NOTHING MATTERS
MORE THAN THE LITTLE GIRL IN
DESPERATE NEED OF HELP.



SPAWN CURSES
HIMSELF THAT HE'S
BARELY MORE
THAN A STRONG
MAN, BECAUSE THE
BUS WON'T MOVE.

LET ME
HELP
YOU.



THEN CYAN
GENTLY TOUCHES
SPAWN'S ARM.

IT SENDS A SMALL
IMPULSE UP HIS
ARM... WITH A RESULT
THAT FOREVER BE
RECALL BY THOSE
WHO WITNESSED IT.

GO!
BOTH OF
YOU!





IS HE
DOWN
THERE?

NO.

THE HOLE
BREACHED A
SEWER LINE.
I'M SURE HE'S
LONG GONE
BY NOW.

WHO
WAS
HE?

NOT
SURE. HE
DIDN'T ACT
LIKE WHO I
THOUGHT
HE WAS.

WHAT
DID YOU
THINK HE
WAS?

A DEMON.
BUT WE CAN
TALK LATER.
CYAN?



CAN
YOU DO THAT
INVISIBLE THING
YOU DO?

I'LL
TRY.



IN A BLINK THEY'RE GONE.
LEAVING BEHIND CARNAGE
THAT WILL BECOME ANOTHER
TOP NEWS STORY. BUT THIS
HAS SEALED WHAT SPAWN
ALREADY KNEW... THAT CYAN
ISN'T SAFE LIVING IN
AMERICA ANY LONGER.

SPAWN[®]



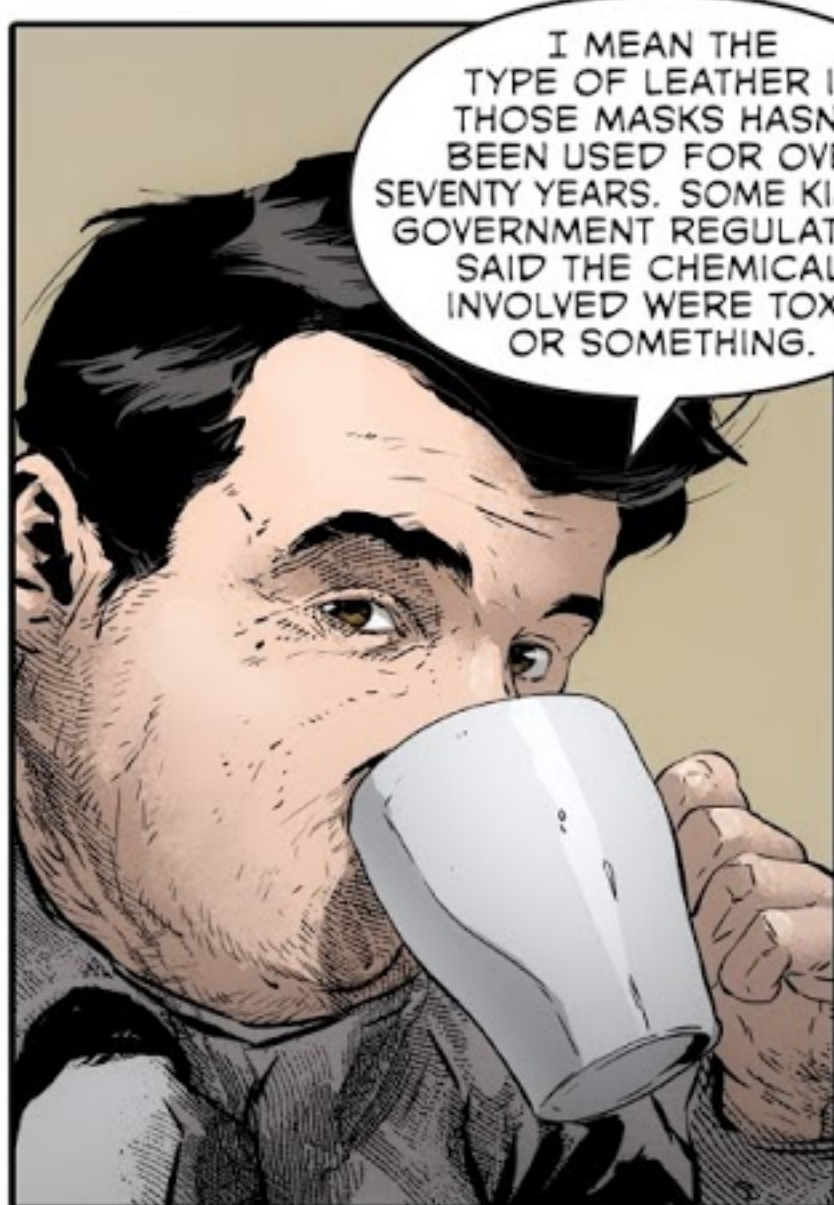
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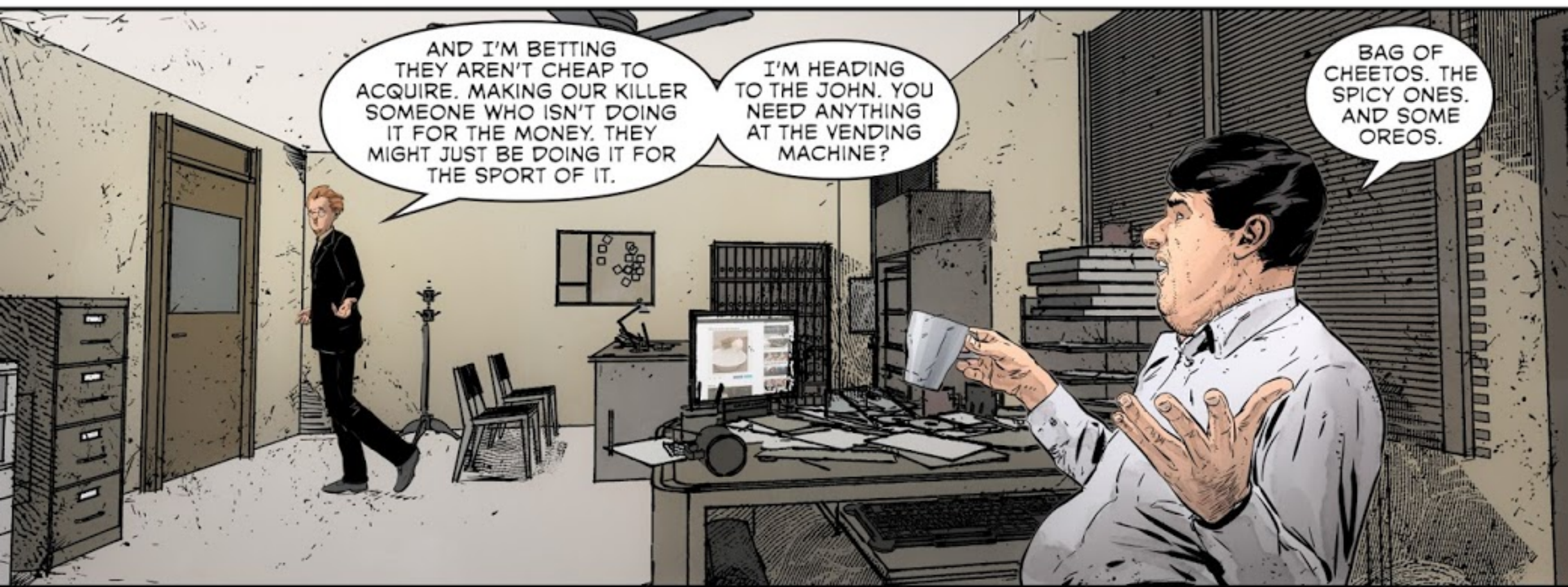
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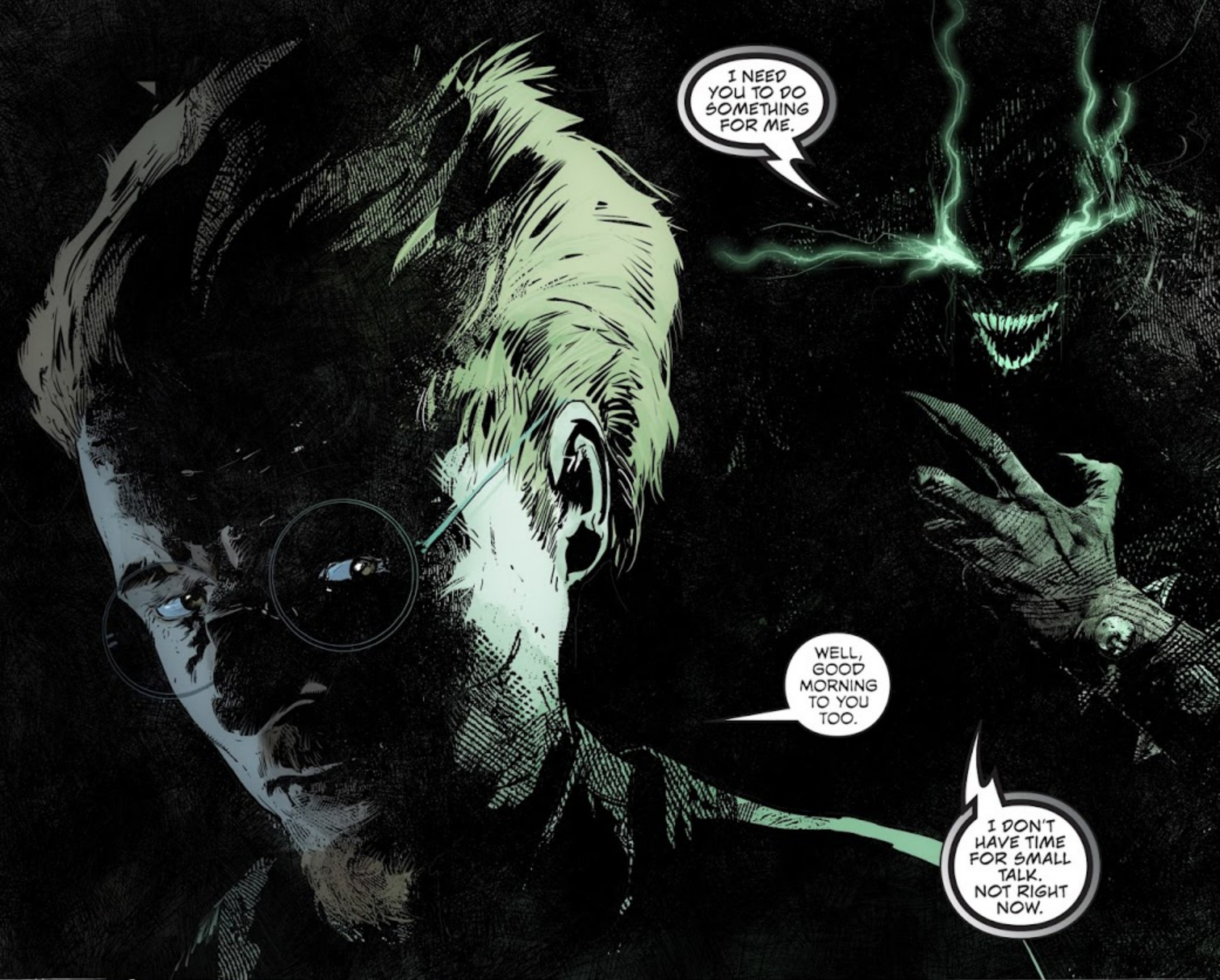
DIGITAL
EDITION

THE FUTURE OF COMICS
25
EST. 1992

T. MCFARLANE
S. KUDRANSKI



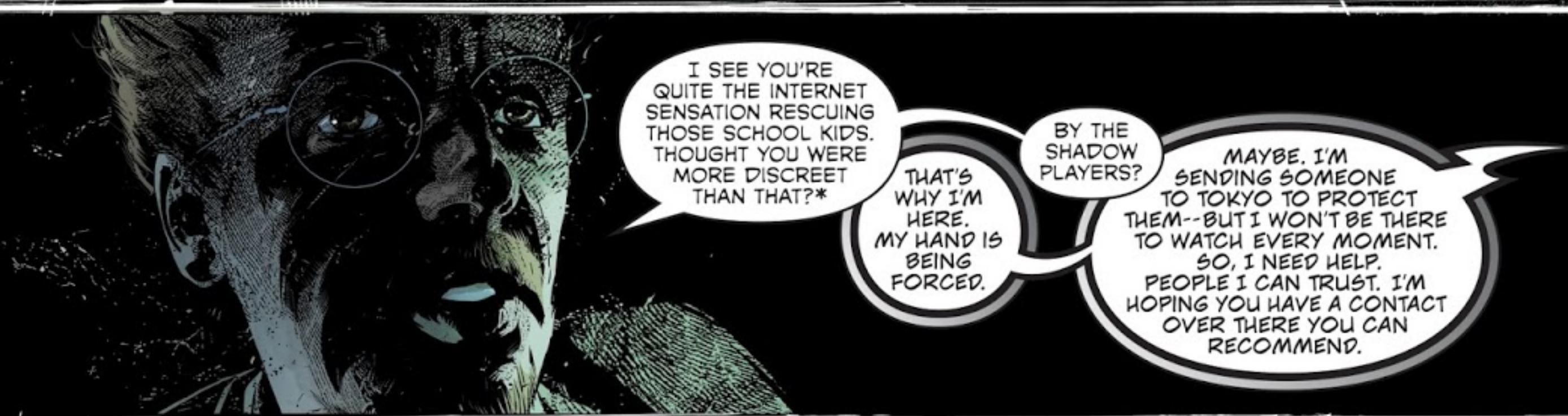




I NEED
YOU TO DO
SOMETHING
FOR ME.

WELL,
GOOD
MORNING
TO YOU
TOO.

I DON'T
HAVE TIME
FOR SMALL
TALK.
NOT RIGHT
NOW.



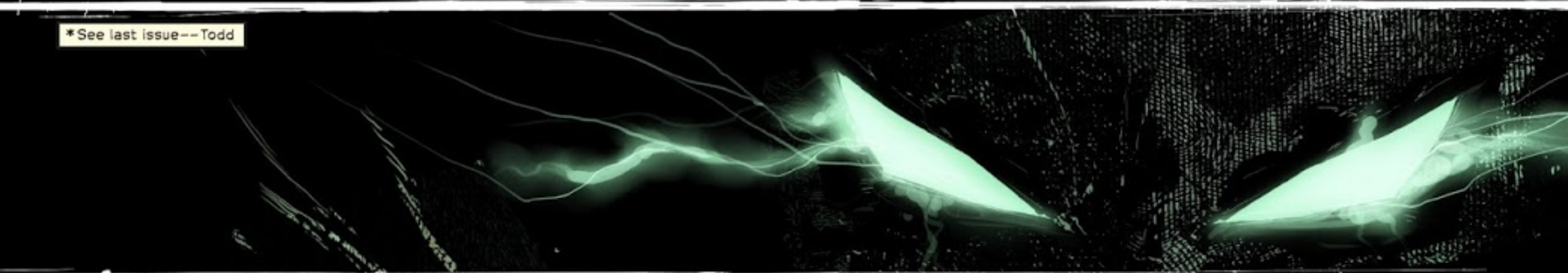
I SEE YOU'RE
QUITE THE INTERNET
SENSATION RESCUING
THOSE SCHOOL KIDS.
THOUGHT YOU WERE
MORE DISCREET
THAN THAT?*

THAT'S
WHY I'M
HERE.
MY HAND IS
BEING
FORCED.

BY THE
SHADOW
PLAYERS?

MAYBE. I'M
SENDING SOMEONE
TO TOKYO TO PROTECT
THEM--BUT I WON'T BE THERE
TO WATCH EVERY MOMENT.
SO, I NEED HELP.
PEOPLE I CAN TRUST. I'M
HOPING YOU HAVE A CONTACT
OVER THERE YOU CAN
RECOMMEND.

* See last issue--Todd



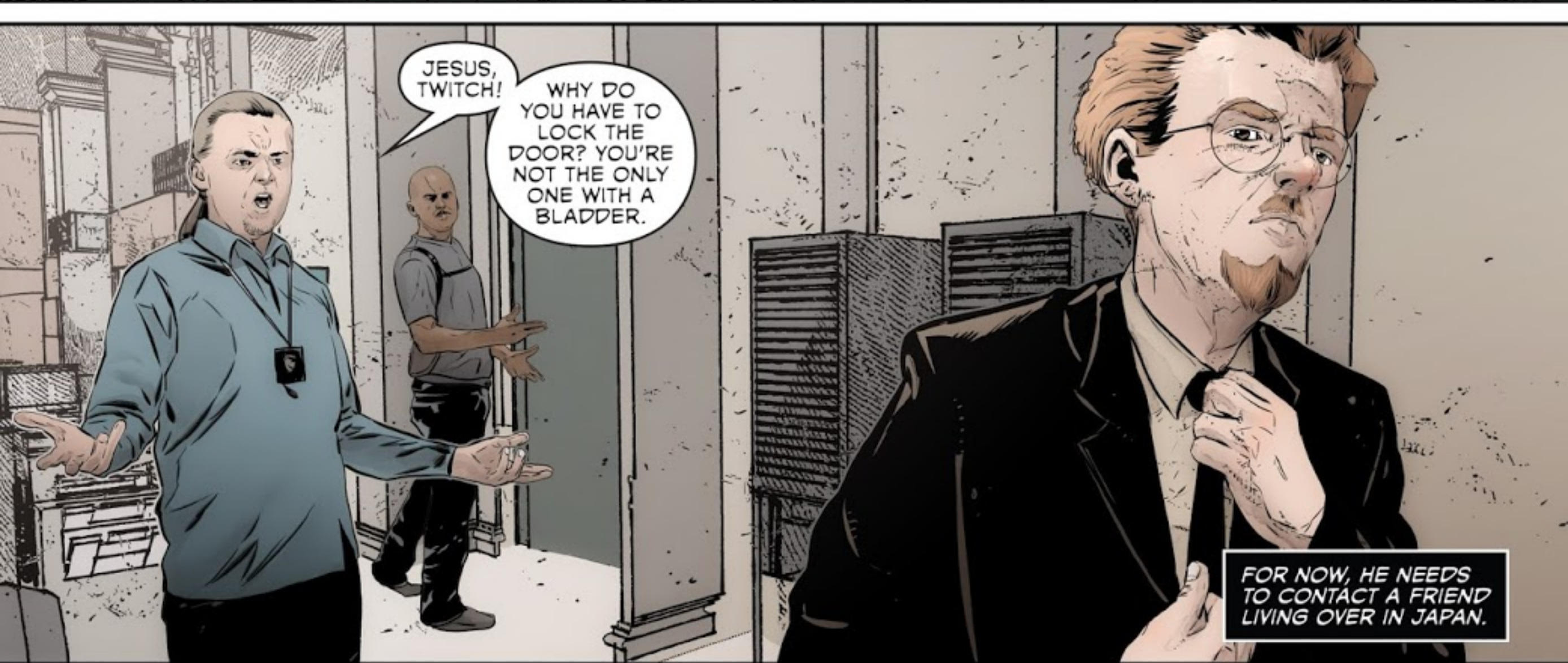
AND YOU
DON'T WANT
ANYONE TO
KNOW THIS IS
HAPPENING?

THIS
PERSON
YOU'RE
HIDING, THEY
MUST BE
VERY
IMPORTANT
TO YOU.

I'LL
SEE WHAT
I CAN
DO.

SHE IS.

EXACTLY.







YOU DON'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS HERE TERRY. IT'S HELL YOU'RE DEALING WITH, NOT SOME GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION. THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET TO ME.

THIS ISN'T A GAME.

A GAME? DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT I'M UP AGAINST! I'VE GOT A DEAD WIFE BECAUSE OF YOU!



AND IF THIS ISN'T A GAME, THEN WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO THE PAST FEW YEARS?!

MY FAMILY HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT A TARGET BECAUSE OF YOU. LOOK AT MY KIDS, I HAVE TO RAISE THEM WITHOUT A MOTHER BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T DO YOUR JOB. CYAN HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH.



SHE HAS. BUT YOU MADE IT WORSE.

WHAT'D YOU SAY!?

TELL ME TERRY, WHAT KIND OF FATHER SUPPLIES DRUGS TO HIS OWN DAUGHTER? IF SHE WAS MY KID, I'D...



SHE'S NOT YOURS!
YOU BASTARD!
YOU WEREN'T HERE!
YOU KNOW NOTHING!

THUD

TERRY!
AL! STOP THIS.
YOU GUYS ARE MAKING THINGS WORSE.



NOW
SETTLE
DOWN!
BOTH OF
YOU.



AND WHAT
DID YOU MEAN--
YOU'RE DEALING
WITH HELL?



HE DOESN'T
KNOW?

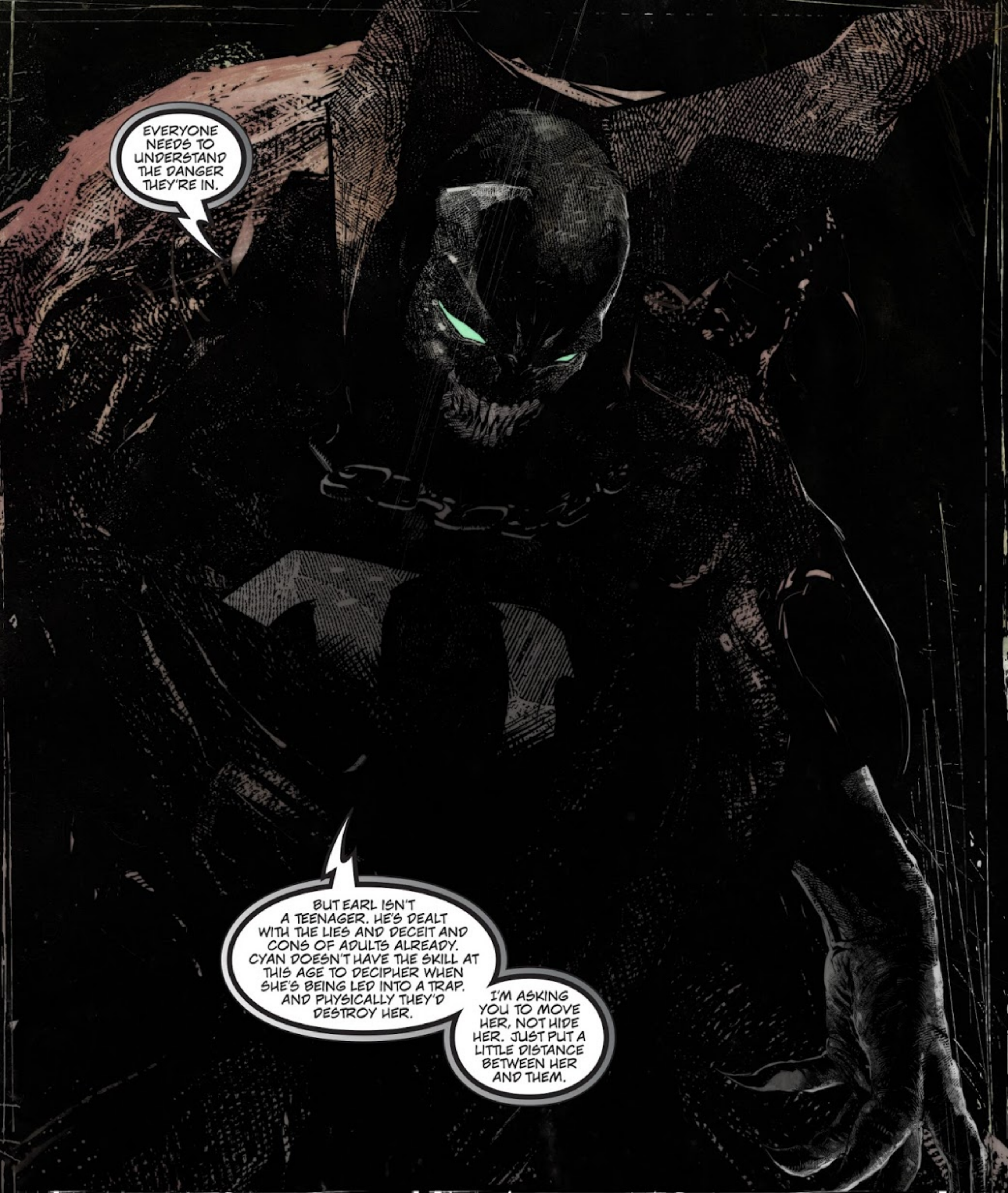
NOT
COMPLETELY.

AND YOU
EXPECT EARL
TO JUST BECOME
A TARGET TOO. LIKE
CYAN. AT LEAST
HAVE THE GUTS TO
SHOW HIM WHAT
YOU ARE.



YOU'RE
RIGHT.





EVERYONE
NEEDS TO
UNDERSTAND
THE DANGER
THEY'RE IN.

BUT EARL ISN'T
A TEENAGER. HE'S DEALT
WITH THE LIES AND DECEIT AND
CONS OF ADULTS ALREADY.
CYAN DOESN'T HAVE THE SKILL AT
THIS AGE TO DECIPHER WHEN
SHE'S BEING LED INTO A TRAP.
AND PHYSICALLY THEY'D
DESTROY HER.

I'M ASKING
YOU TO MOVE
HER, NOT HIDE
HER. JUST PUT A
LITTLE DISTANCE
BETWEEN HER
AND THEM.



WHERE
WOULD SHE
GO?



JAPAN.

THERE ARE
PEOPLE THERE WITH
"SPECIAL" SKILLS WILLING
TO HELP. TO GIVE HER
A HOME.

I WISH THERE WAS SOME OTHER WAY. BUT THEY'LL KILL HER OTHERWISE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO AFTER SHE GOES?

I'M GOING TO KILL THEM FIRST.

HOW MANY ARE THERE?

I DON'T KNOW.

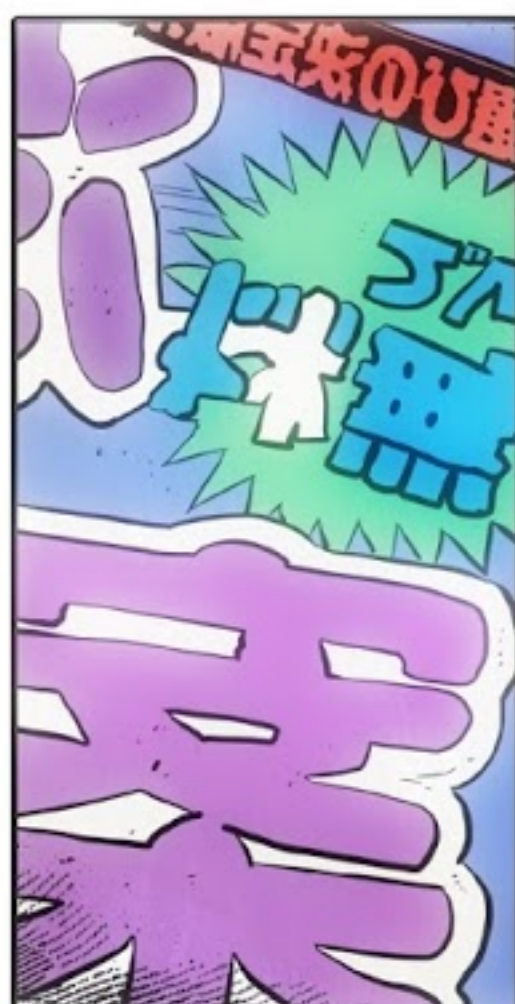
THEN HOW LONG IS IT GOING TO TAKE?

UNTIL NONE OF THEM ARE LEFT.

I'M... LET ME TALK TO MY CHILDREN.

TAKE AS MUCH TIME AS YOU NEED.

SO, THIS IS THE KIND OF SHIT I'M INVOLVED IN?





"...AND DO YOU,
WANDA BLAKE, TAKE
AL SIMMONS TO BE
YOUR LAWFULLY
WEDDED HUSBAND..."

"...TO CHERISH AND
TO HONOR..."



"...THROUGH
SICKNESS AND
THROUGH HEALTH
UNTIL..."



"...**DEATH**
DO YOU PART?"





I'M SORRY
IF I WOKE YOU UP.
I... I WAS HAVING A BAD
DREAM. YOU SHOULD
GET BACK TO BED,
IT'S LATE.

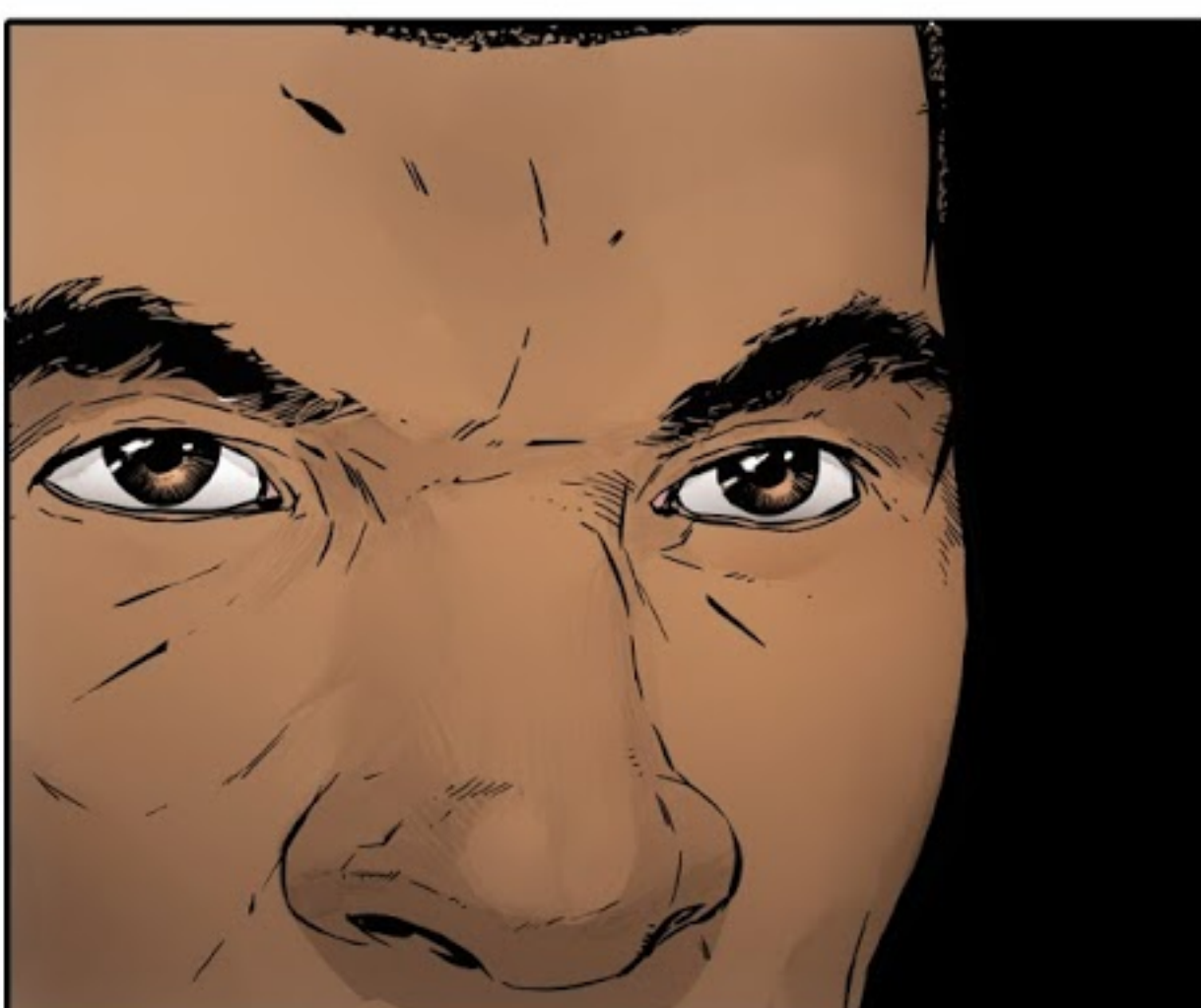
DO
YOU HEAR
ME?

CYAN?

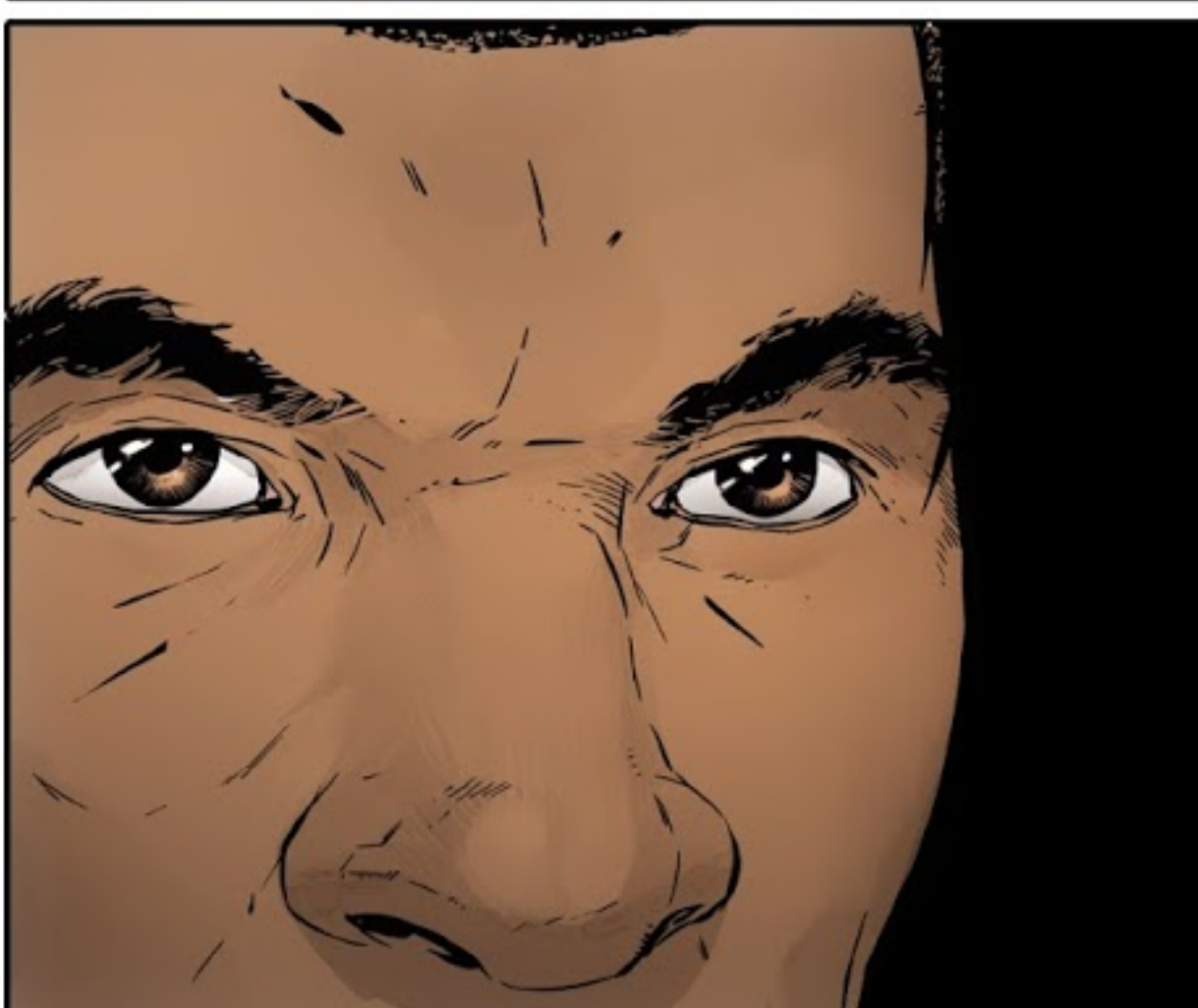


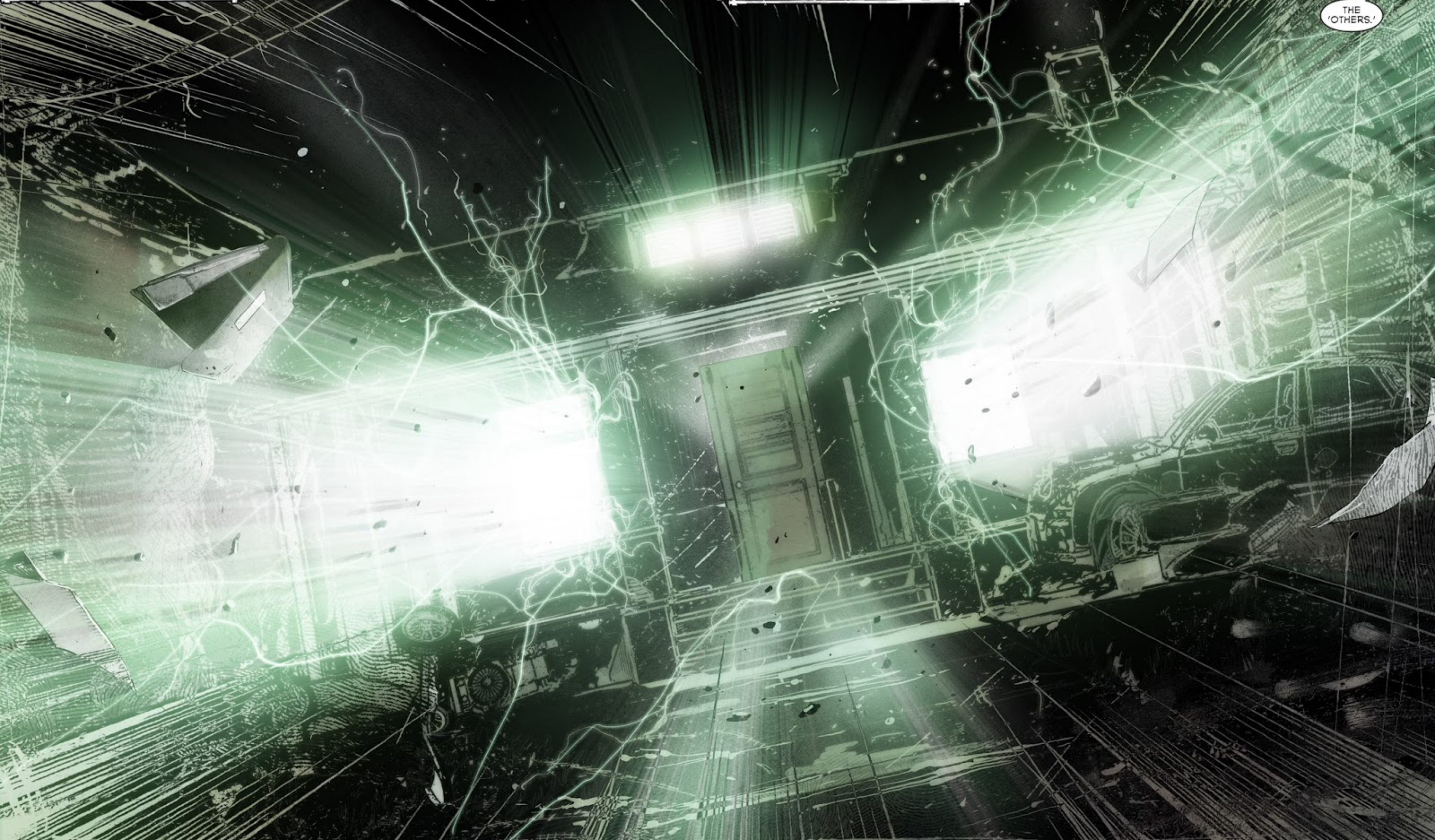
CYAN ISN'T
HERE. SHE'S
RESTING.

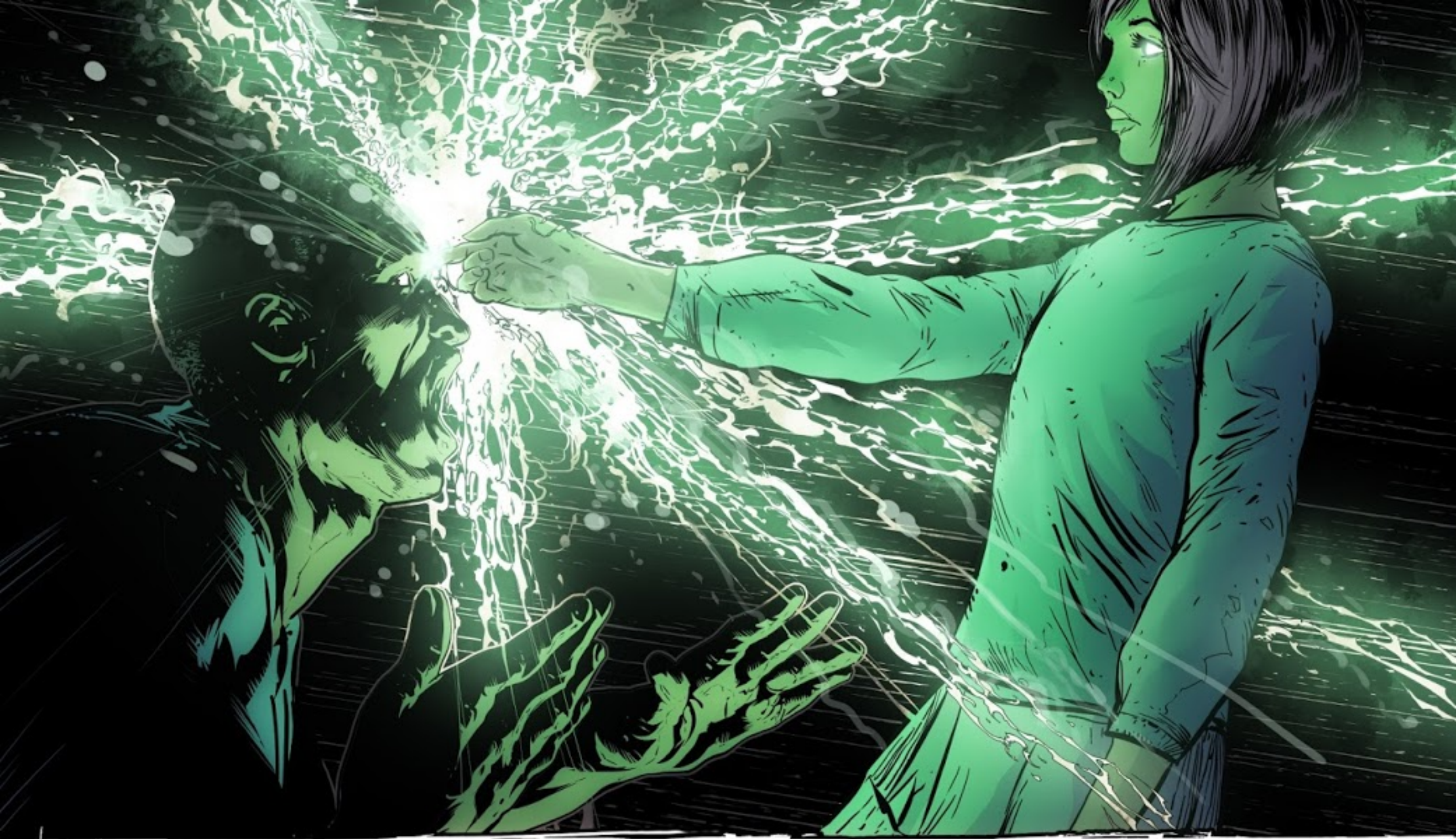
FAR,
FAR
AWAY.



BUT SHE
SENT ME TO WARN
YOU--THEY AREN'T
COMING FOR HER,
THEY'RE COMING
FOR YOU.







WHAT...
WAS THAT!?

YOUR
POWERS.
THEY'VE BEEN
RESTORED.



YOU'VE BEEN
ACTING LIKE A HUMAN
FOR TOO LONG. YOU CAN'T
WIN THE WAR THAT WAY.
YOU NEED YOUR FULL
STRENGTH.

AND
MAGICALLY
YOU'VE MADE MY
COSTUME WORK
AGAIN?

NO. I'VE
MADE *YOU* WORK
AGAIN. YOU'RE SPAWN.
NOT YOUR COSTUME.
IT'S *NEVER* BEEN ABOUT
YOUR COSTUME.



HELL. HEAVEN.
YOURSELF. YOU'VE ALL
BELIEVED THE POWER WAS
IN YOUR COSTUME. IT WASN'T.
SPAWN IS INSIDE YOU. TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THAT--AND
LET YOUR ENEMIES FOOL
THEMSELVES INTO
BELIEVING WHATEVER
THEY WANT.

BUT
WHEN THE
TIME IS RIGHT,
YOU'LL
BE A KING AND
THE 'OTHERS'
WILL RISE AND
FOLLOW
YOU.

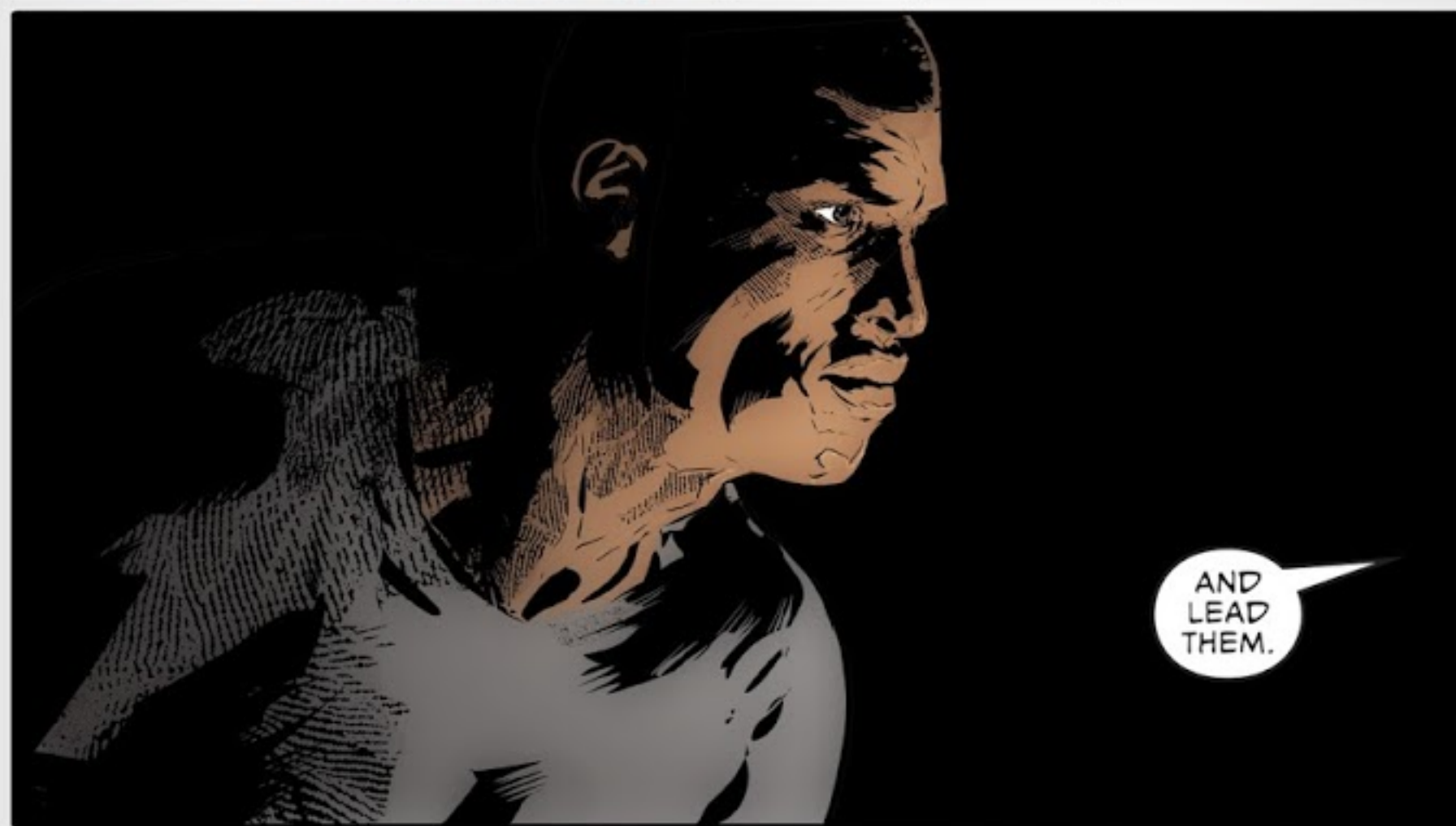
WHO
ARE
YOU?

I'M WHAT THEY
MADE ME. WHAT THEY
MAKE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
HAVE TO LIVE WITH EVERY
DAY OF THEIR LIVES.

MY NAME IS
'MISERY'. AND BEFORE
LONG I AM GOING TO JOIN
YOUR WAR TOO. BECAUSE
I KNOW YOU'RE STRONG AND
DETERMINED AND WILL BE
RELENTLESS, BUT I ALSO
KNOW SOMETHING ELSE--
THAT YOU ARE A
GOOD MAN.



THEY'RE
WAITING FOR
YOU. BECOME
THEIR KING.

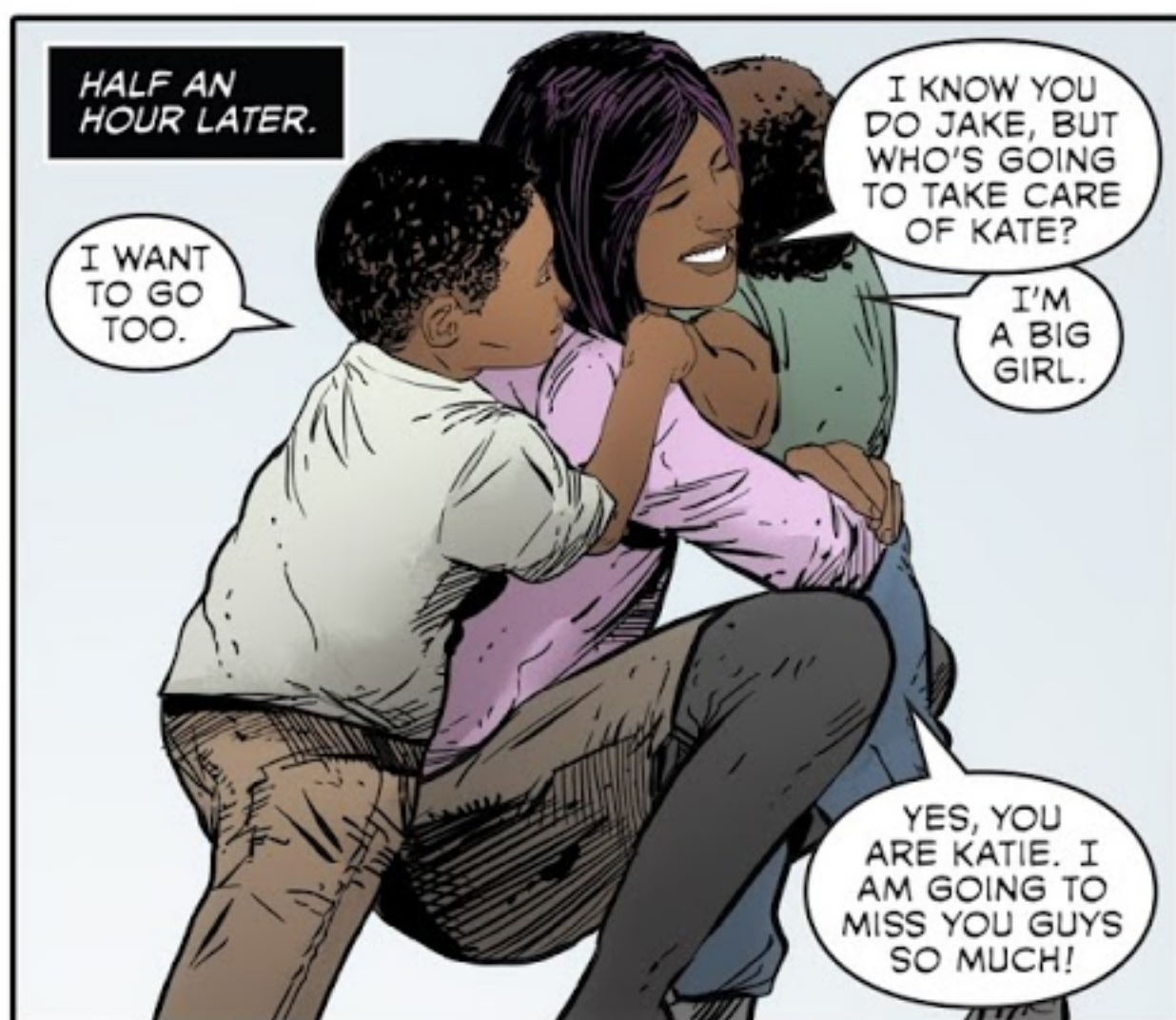


AND
LEAD
THEM.



FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT AL WILL
BE RESTLESS, HAUNTED BY WHETHER HE
SHOULD BE MORE AFRAID THAT CYAN
MELTED AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS, OR
THAT SHE SOMEHOW TURNED HERSELF
INTO A SWARM OF BATS.







NEW "DARK HORROR" STORY ARC STARTS HERE



SPAWN®

DARRAGH SAVAGE
JASON SEAN ALEXANDER



TOKYO: AMEYOKO.



I'M
SO GLAD
YOU'RE STAYING
WITH US, CYAN!
DAD **NEVER**
TALKS ABOUT THE
OLD DAYS, SO I
WAS REALLY
SURPRISED WHEN
HE TOLD ME HIS
FRIEND'S NIECE
WAS COMING.
BUT IT HAS
BEEN SO
FUN.

THANKS
YOKO.

REALLY!
I NEVER GET
TO TALK ENGLISH
SINCE WE CAME
BACK FROM THE
STATES. I ALWAYS
WANTED A
SISTER. YUJIRO'S
OK, BUT HIS FEET
REALLY STINK
AND HE--



WHAT'S
WRONG?

HEY...



CYAN?



PLEASE... I JUST
WANT HER TO STOP.



CYAN,
WHAT IS
IT?

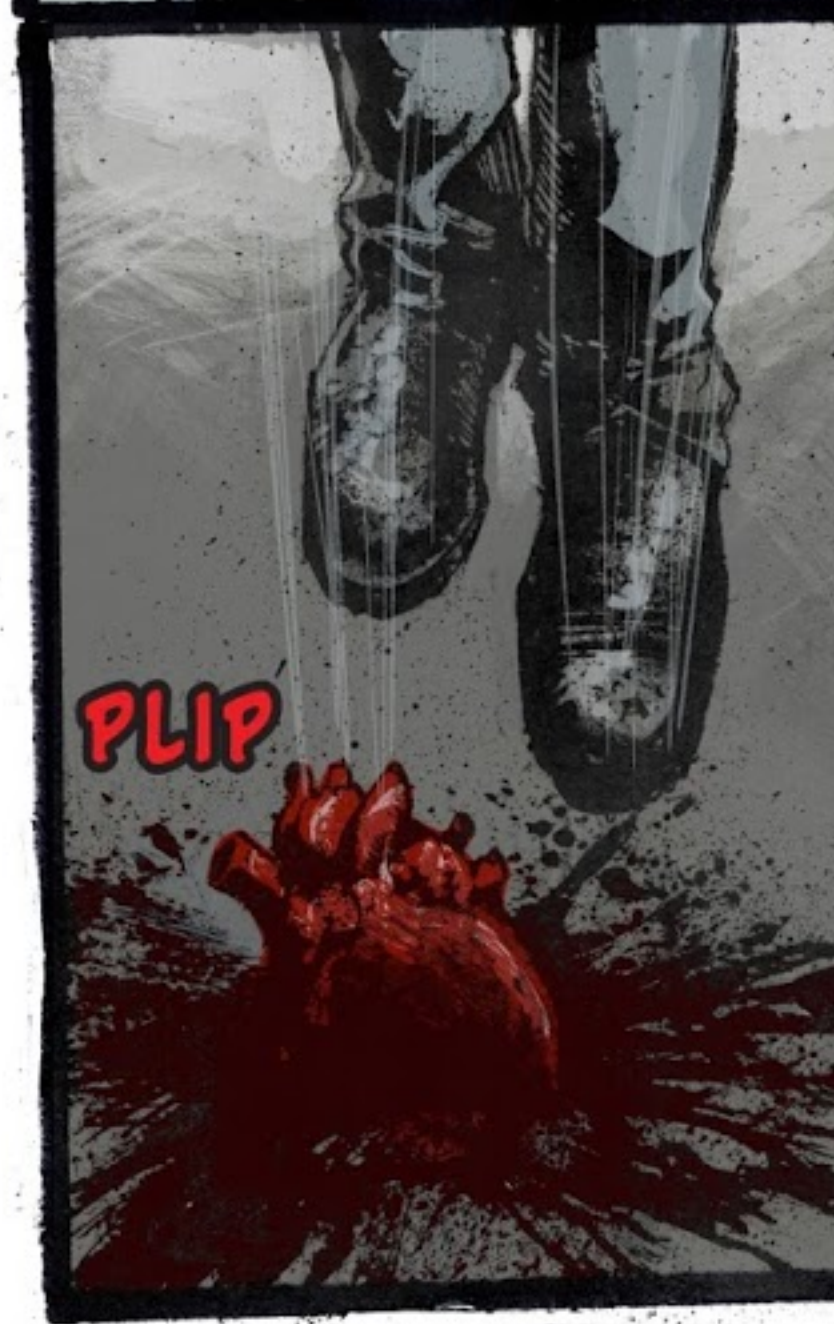
SHE KEEPS
FOLLOWING ME.



WHY?



AND
SOMETIMES
SHE TRIES
TO COM-
MUNICATE.



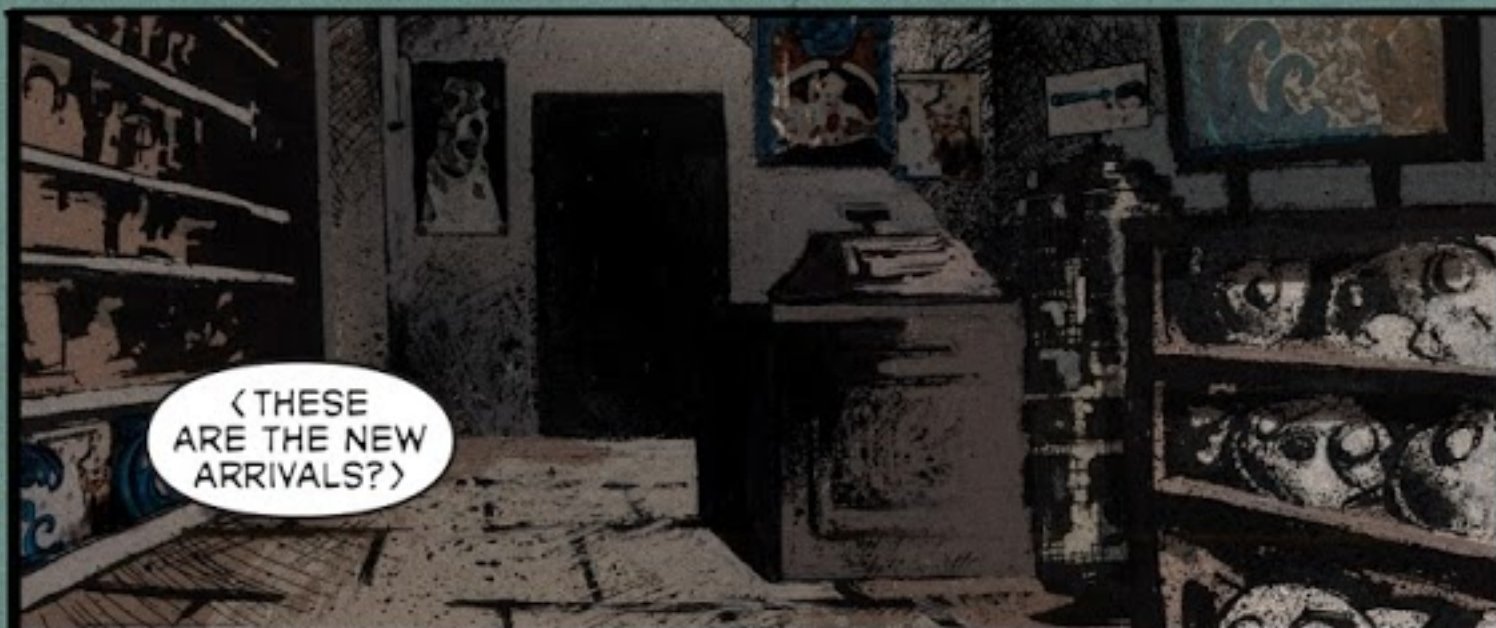
PLIP



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT
DOES SHE WANT FROM ME?



PET SHOP



〈THESE
ARE THE NEW
ARRIVALS?〉



〈YES.
WAITING FOR
DIRECTIONS,
SIR.〉



〈EXCELLENT...〉



〈THIS
IS ALL VERY
PROMISING.〉



<SIR, PLEASE-->

<KID. SHUT UP. I'M NOT THE SORT WHO PAYS ATTENTION TO BEGGING.>

<SHE'S NOT BAD-LOOKING. SEND HER OVER TO SHIZU, HE'LL BE ABLE TO GET A FEW MOVIES OUT OF HER.>

<THIS ONE? YOU CLEANED OUT HIS ACCOUNTS?>

<YES, SIR.>

<GIVE HIM SOME DOG FOOD.>

<WHY IS THIS HAPPENING!?!>

<SAME REASON ANYTHING HAPPENS IN SOCIETY, KID. PAPER. YOUR DADDY SHOULD'VE PAID HIS DEBTS WHEN HE COULD'VE. OH... ONE MORE THING.>

<OPEN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN AND I'LL TAKE YOUR TONGUE OUT.>



◁HMMM.
THAT ONE IS JUST
RIGHT. SEND HIM
TO THE COUNTRY.
THEY'LL BE
WAITING.▷

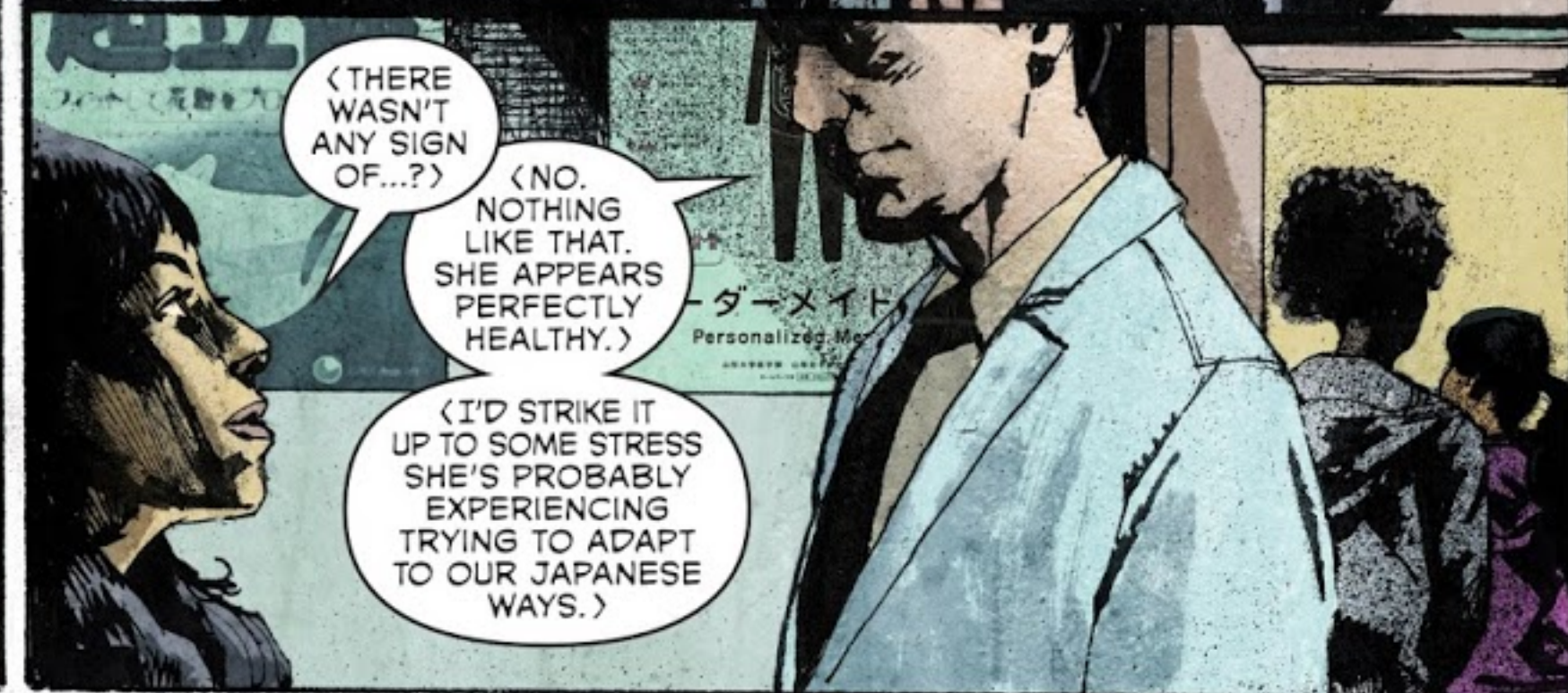


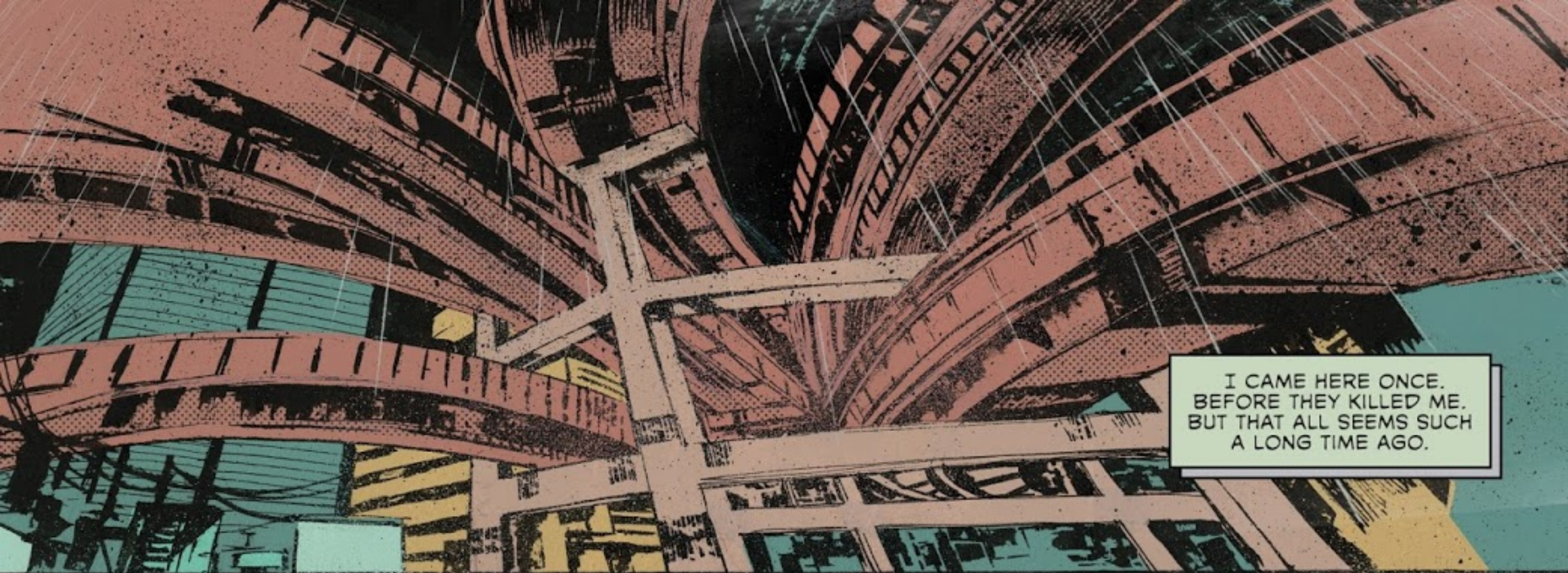
◁AS
FOR
YOU...▷

◁IT'S TIME
TO TAKE YOU
FOR A NICE
RIDE!▷



◁HEY, TRY
AND RELAX.
YOU'LL BE
BACK HOME
SOON.▷

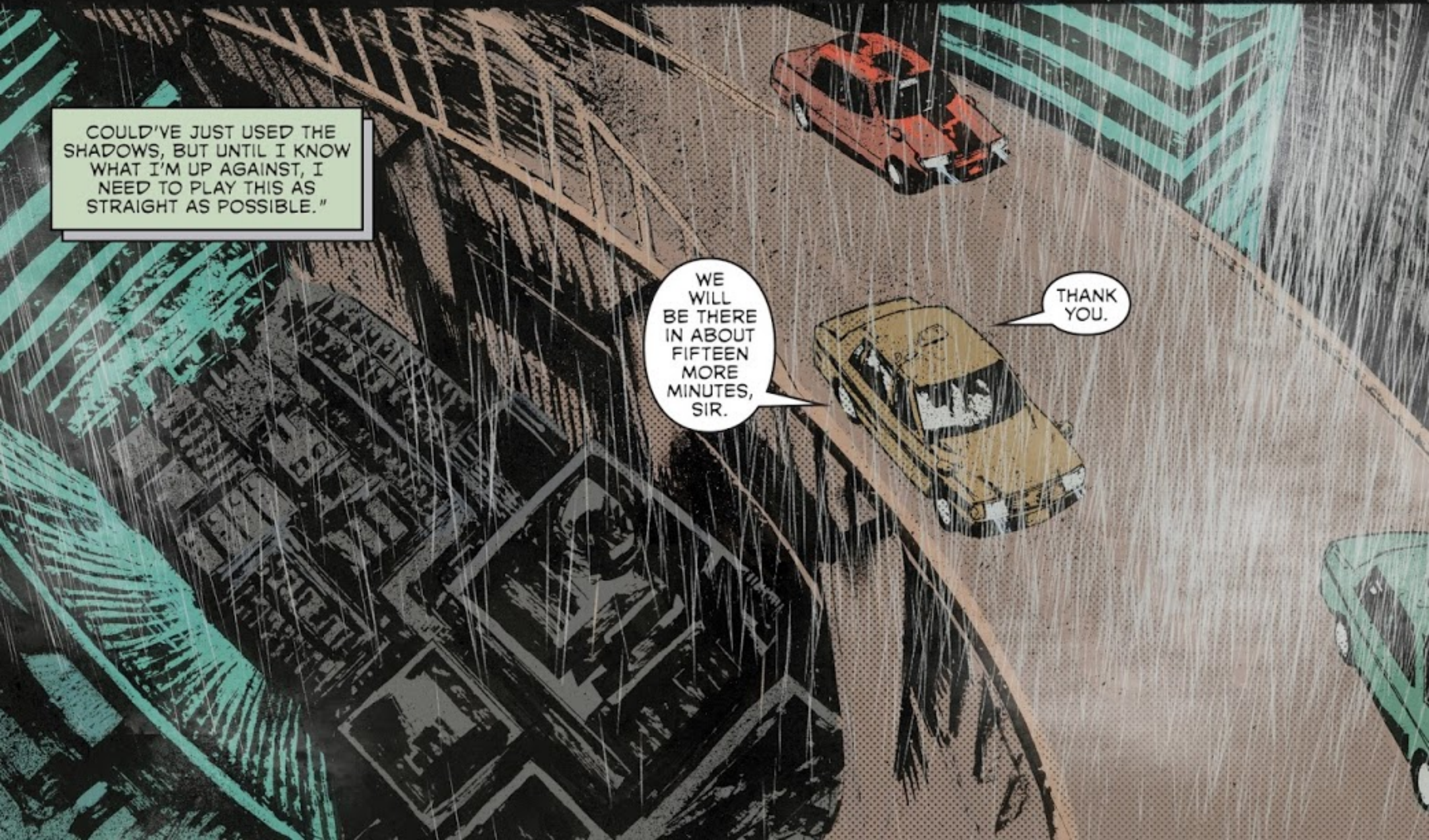




I CAME HERE ONCE.
BEFORE THEY KILLED ME.
BUT THAT ALL SEEMS SUCH
A LONG TIME AGO.



I DON'T RECALL I
LIKED IT MUCH. TOO
MANY LIGHTS. AND
NOT ENOUGH SPACE.



COULD'VE JUST USED THE
SHADOWS, BUT UNTIL I KNOW
WHAT I'M UP AGAINST, I
NEED TO PLAY THIS AS
STRAIGHT AS POSSIBLE."

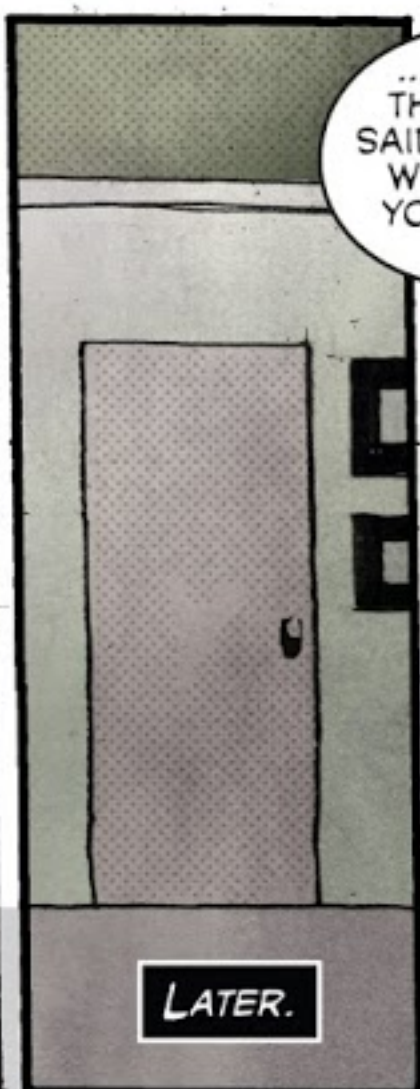
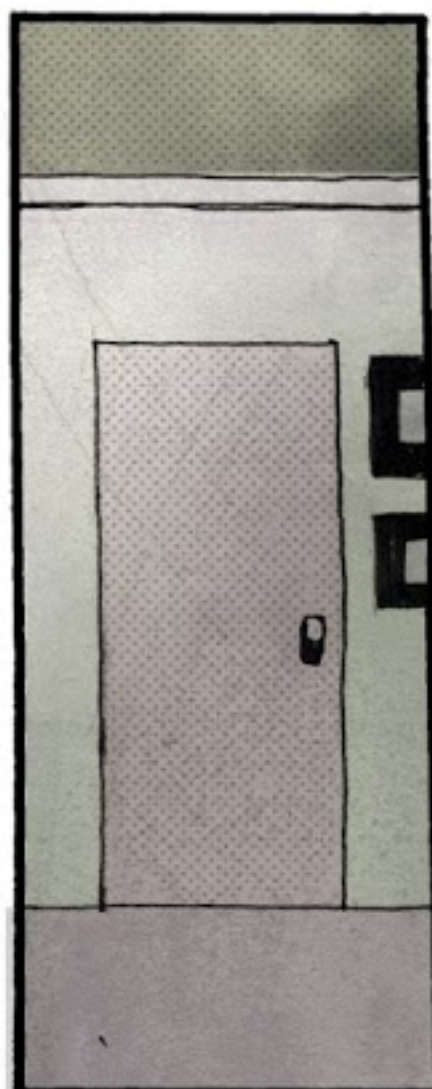
WE
WILL
BE THERE
IN ABOUT
FIFTEEN
MORE
MINUTES,
SIR.

THANK
YOU.





UNCLE AL!



...AND LIKE THE DOCTOR SAID, NOTHING'S WRONG WITH YOU. UNDERSTAND?

YAH.

I'M GOING TO BE STAYING FOR A WHILE, WE'LL HAVE LOTS OF TIME TO TALK THIS OUT.

OK.





IS THAT RIGHT? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

EVENING, SIR.

TORIYAMA-KAI HEADQUARTERS.

YES, SIR.

I'M NOT GOING TO DO A DAMN THING FOR YOU.



I'M TAKING THIS ONE WITH ME. MEET BACK HERE ONCE YOU'VE FINISHED UNLOADING THE OTHERS.



IN THE BACK.



LOOK. I KNOW YOU'RE NERVOUS. KNOW WHAT HELPS ME WHEN I'M NERVOUS?

CONCENTRATE ON MY BREATHING. LIKE THIS, OK?

INHALE. EXHALE.

INHALE...

EXHALE.

LATER THAT NIGHT. OUTSIDE
A SEEDY STRIP CLUB.







LET'S
TAKE A
LOOK AT
YOU.



YES.
OH MY...
YES.

LOOK AT HER. WALKING
RIGHT THROUGH THE
CROWDS. THINKS NO ONE
CAN SEE HER.

THESE SHADOW PLAYERS
HAVE BECOME EVEN MORE
COCKY AND ARROGANT
THAN I REMEMBER.

THEY'RE NOT EVEN
BOTHERING TRYING TO
HIDE THEIR EXISTENCE.
AND WHAT DO THEY
CARE, SINCE HUMANS
CAN'T DETECT THEM?"

おもた

BUT THIS ONE KNOWS I SAW
HER. AND THAT I'D FOLLOW. SO,
SHE'S LEADING ME SOMEPLACE.

AND I'M BETTING
IT'S A PLACE
WHERE THEY
THINK I'LL BE
WEAKENED.

ALRIGHT, BITCH, YOU'VE GOT
MY ATTENTION. LET'S SEE
HOW ALL THIS PLAYS OUT.

A PET
SHOP?

INTERESTING
CHOICE.



BUT SOMETHING ELSE IS
HERE. A SMELL LIKE SOME-
THING BURNT, UNDERNEATH
THE SCENT OF ANIMALS.

AND IT'S NOT
COMPLETELY
DEMONIC. THIS
ONE IS LACED
WITH A HUMAN.



THE GIRL?
WHERE'D SHE
GO?

SNIFF

SNIFF



sniff



YES!

YES!

YES!

YES!

YES..!





TO BE CONTINUED

"DARK HORROR" PART 2



SPAWN[®]

DARRAGH SAVAGE
JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER

ALWAYS
HELLSPAWN

KILLER
HERO
FATHER





〈WHAT DO YOU THINK? THIS WAS FOR THE INSURANCE?〉

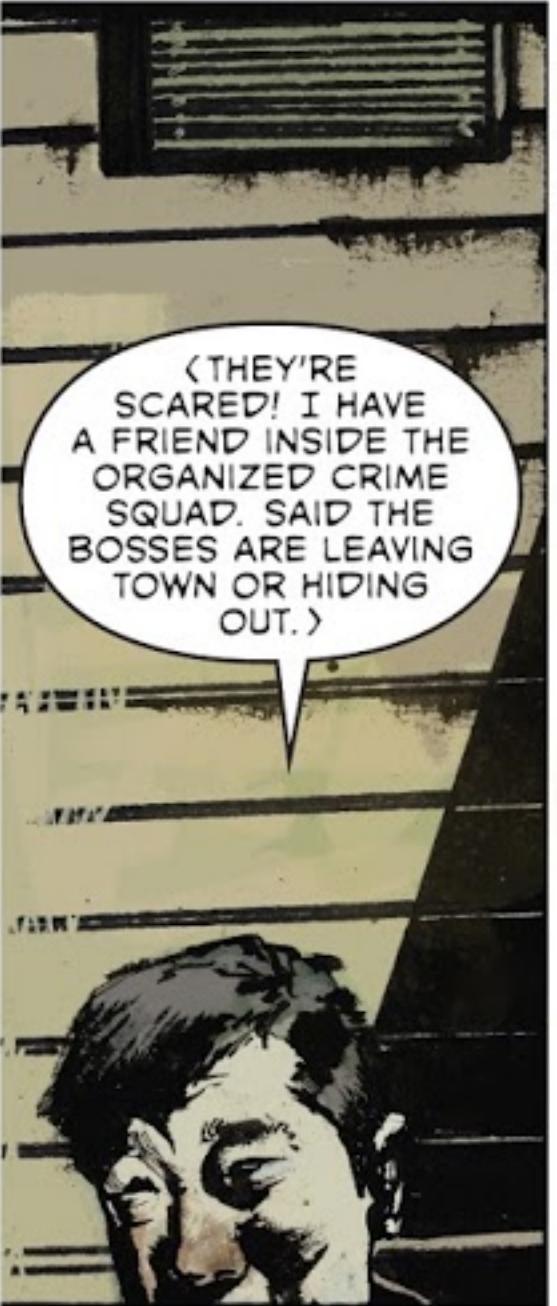
〈NO. NOT THIS TIME. YOU HEARD ABOUT THE EXPLOSION AT THE TORIYAMA-KAI?* THERE'S SOME KIND OF WAR GOING ON.〉

つたらないで // // // わたらな

*Last issue--Todd



〈IT'S TRUE THEN? THE YAKUZA NEWS-PAPERS WERE ALL DENYING IT.〉



〈THEY'RE SCARED! I HAVE A FRIEND INSIDE THE ORGANIZED CRIME SQUAD. SAID THE BOSSES ARE LEAVING TOWN OR HIDING OUT.〉



〈NORMALLY I'D BE HAPPY THE BASTARDS WERE WIPING EACH OTHER OUT. BUT THIS SHIT IS HAPPENING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY.〉

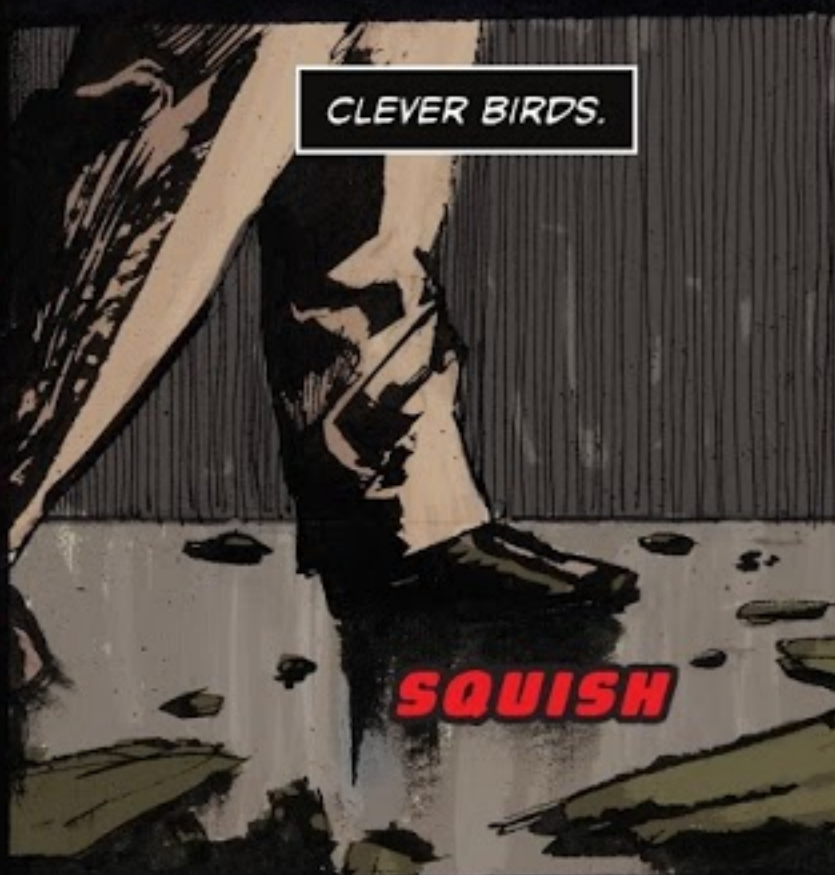


<HEY!
WHERE YOU
GOING?>



YOU CAN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE THE CROWS.
THEY'RE ALL OVER
THIS CITY.

<I JUST
NOTICED
SOMETHING.>



CLEVER BIRDS.

SQUISH



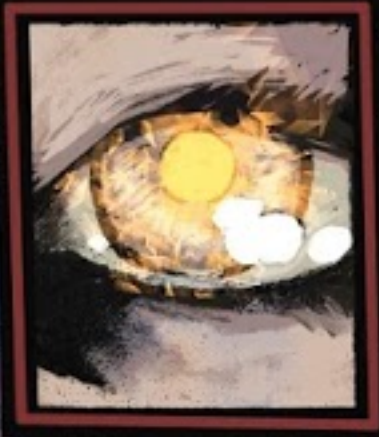
<LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE'S
RING.>

<WELL,
I GUESS WE
JUST HAVE TO
HOPE THEY DON'T
MAKE A HABIT
OF-->





〈STILL A BIT OF
WILL, HMM? OBVIOUSLY,
MY LITTLE BROTHER ISN'T
DOING HIS JOB AT THE PET
SHOP. THAT'S OKAY, YOU AND
I WILL HAVE A LITTLE TALK
ABOUT THAT WHEN
I GET BACK.〉



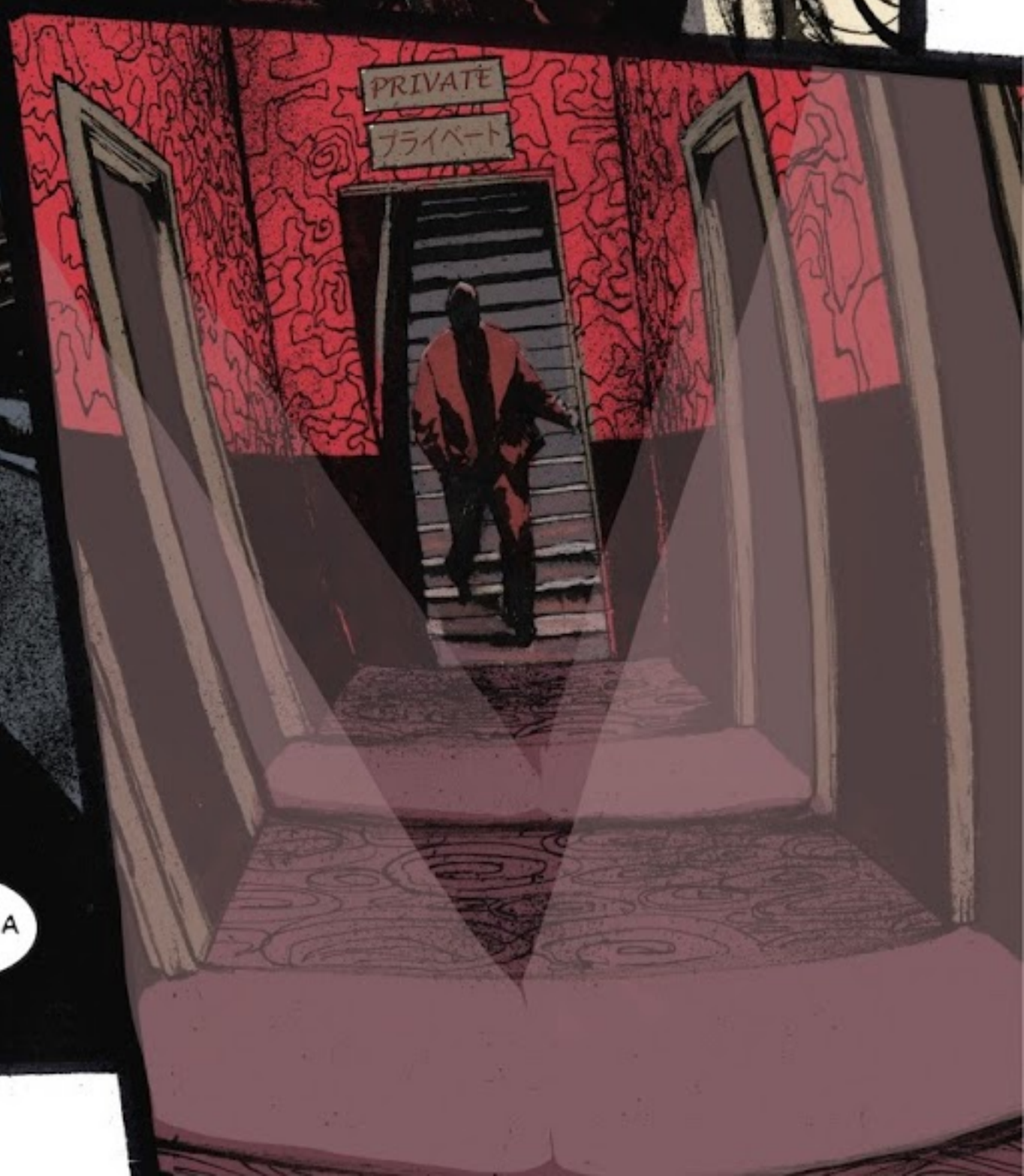
〈MEANWHILE,
YOU'LL BE GOOD
AND WILL WAIT
RIGHT HERE FOR
ME, QUIETLY.〉



〈RIGHT
HERE,
QUIETLY.〉



〈IT
MIGHT BE A
WHILE.〉







"(DID YOU HEAR ME?
I SAID I'M NOT
LEAVING TOWN.)"



"(BOSS, THIS ISN'T
LIKE THE TIME
TAKADA'S BOYS
CRASHED A TRUCK
INTO THE OFFICES,
OK?)"



"(EVERYBODY'S
HIDING OUT. WE JUST
SIT AROUND HERE WE'RE
GOING TO END UP LIKE
THE TORIYAMA-KAI. THEY
STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ALL
THE PIECES FROM THE
EXPLOSION AT THEIR
COMPOUND.)"



"(I RUN
FROM NO
MAN.)"



"I'M
GOING UP
MYSELF."



"STAY
HERE AND
WATCH THE
DOORS."



<STOP!>



<NO. I DON'T THINK SO.>

<REALLY, YOU'RE THE ONE THAT NEEDS TO...>



<...STOP.>



<SHIZUMU!? WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU DOING HERE?>



<WHAT'RE YOU GRINNING AT? THINK YOU CAN'T DIE!>



<NOT AT ALL. GO AHEAD. SHOOT.>

BLAM



<WE ALL DIE, HONOLULU JO.>



<THE QUESTION IS: WHO GOES FIRST?>



WASN'T MUCH OF AN ATTACK BY YOUR FLOCK.

KAW!
kaw!



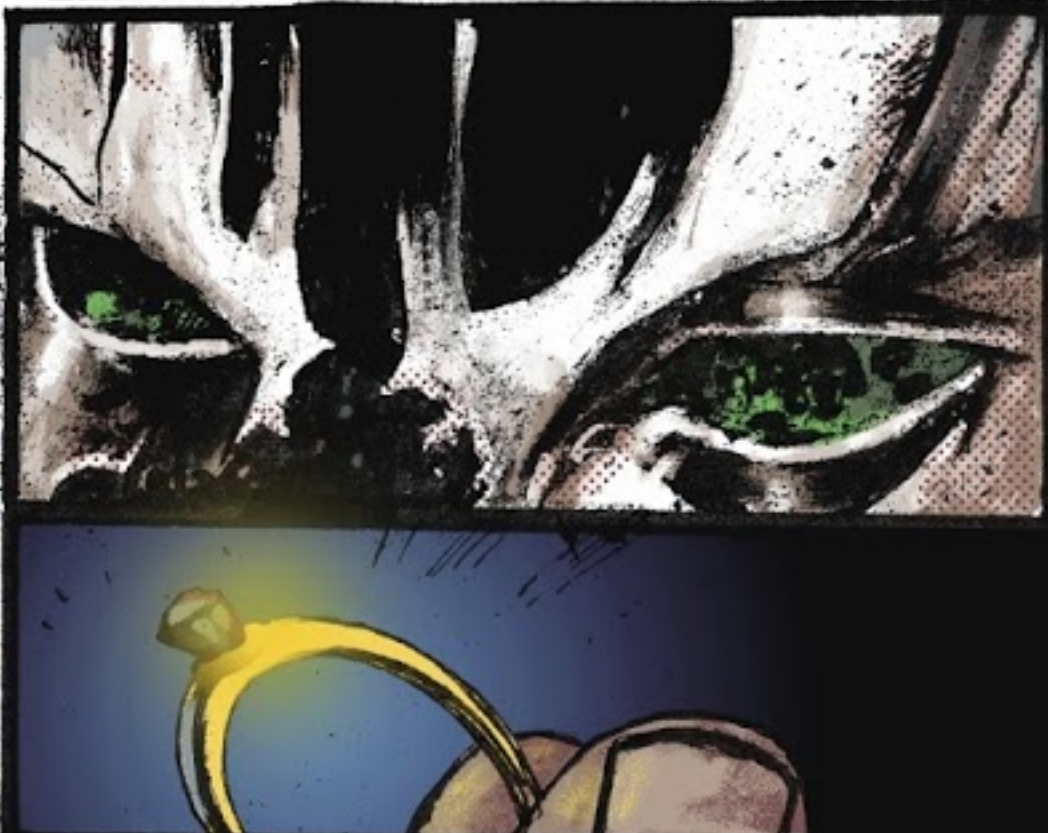
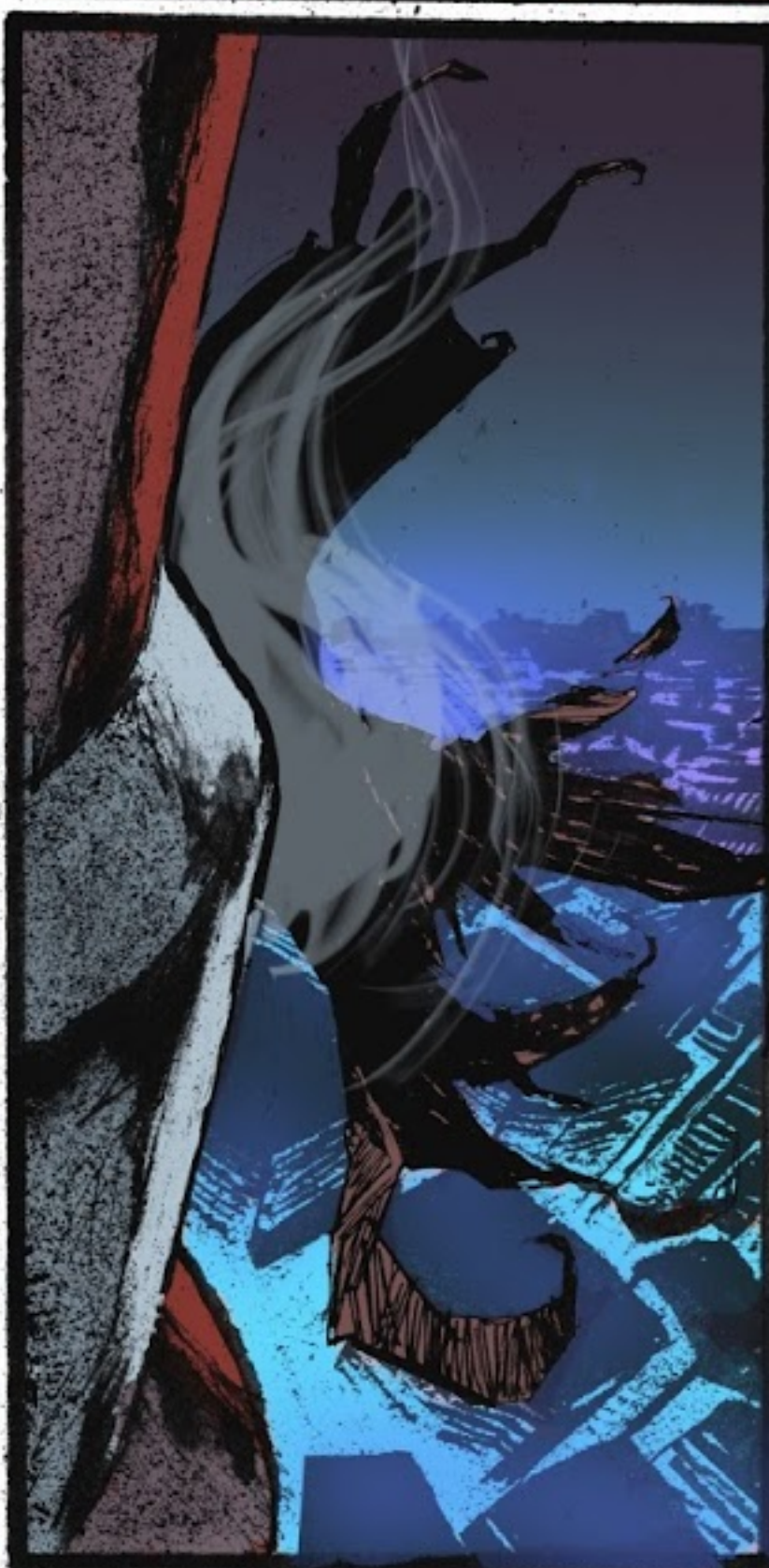
GIVE IT UP.



NOW, GO PLAY WITH YOUR 'FRIENDS.'



kaw!
kaw!
KAW!
kaw!



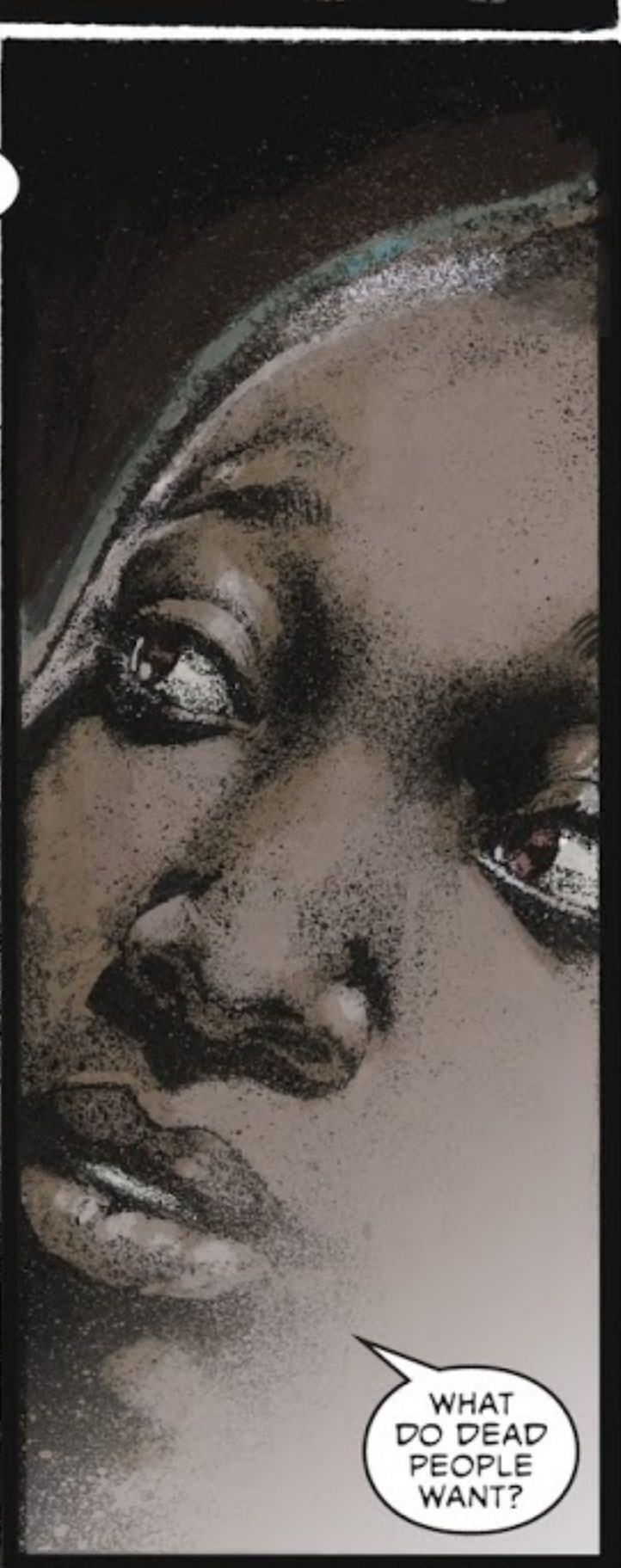
/大規模なネガティブを見る
ローン会社の残高
領収書KASHFAST

/ Looking at massive negative
balance on loan company
receipt KASHFAST

¥-8,245,785/



Brinn

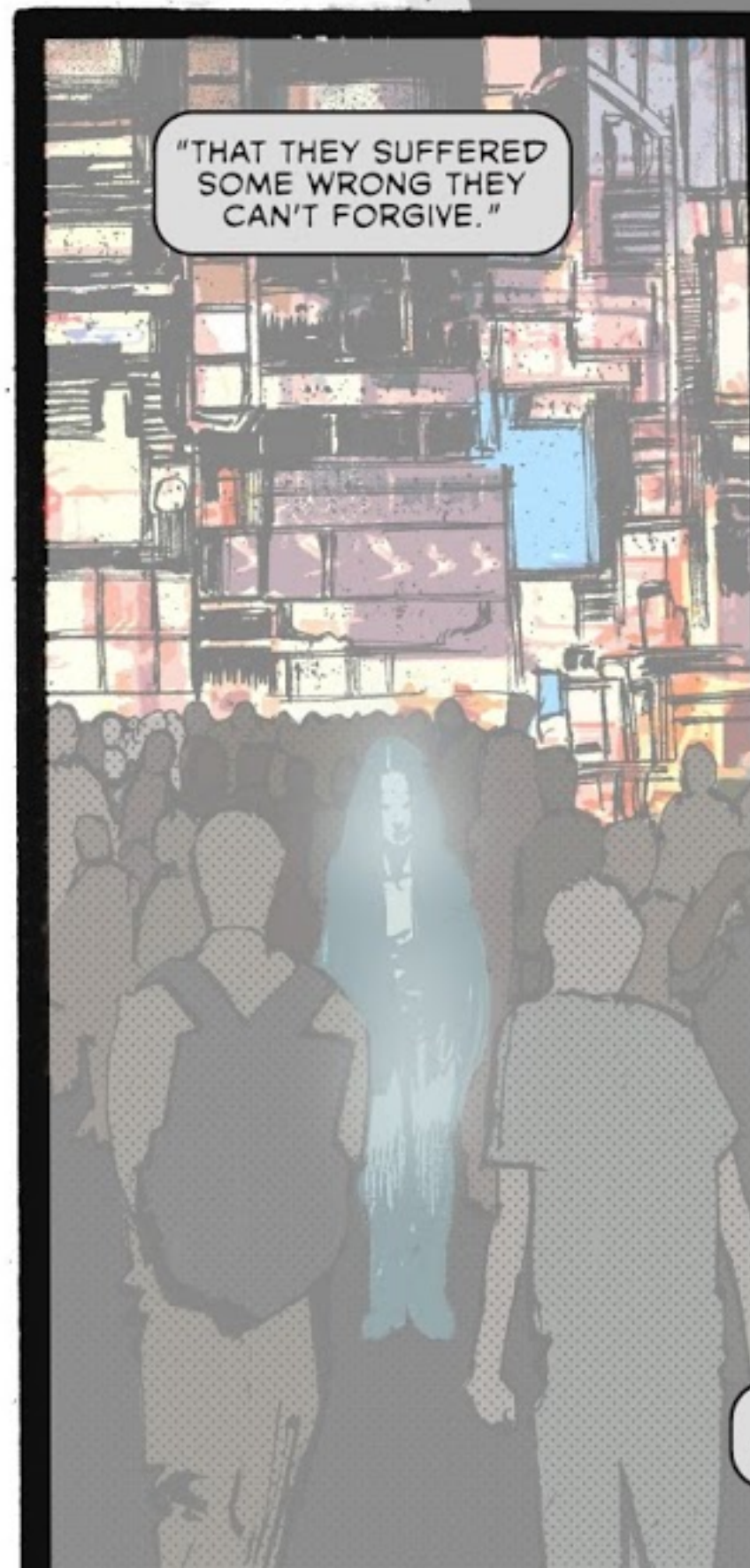
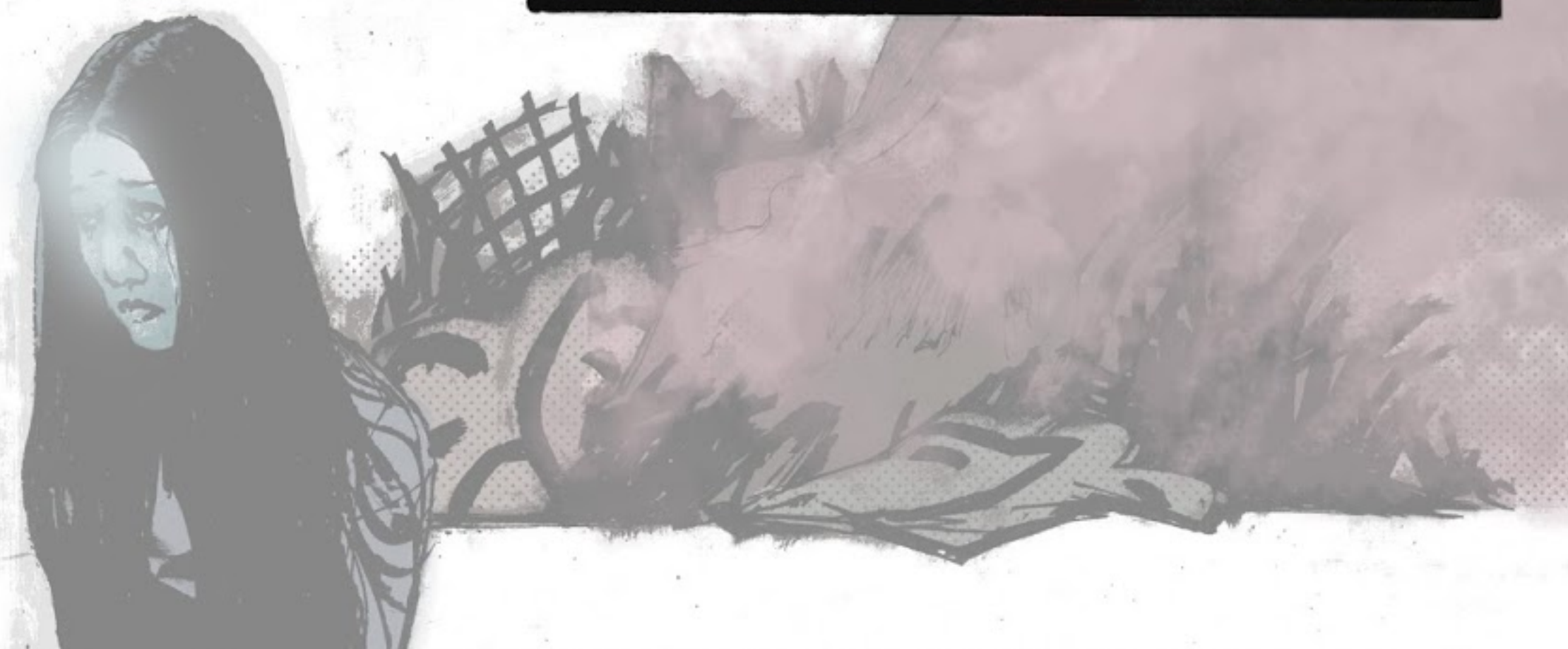




WELL, THAT
DEPENDS ON WHO
YOU ASK. AND I SUPPOSE
IT DEPENDS ON THE
DEAD PERSON, NOW
DOESN'T IT?



SOME PEOPLE
SAY THAT IT'S GOOD
FOR THE DEAD NOT TO
WANT ANYTHING AT ALL. IF
THEY WANT SOMETHING IT
MEANS THEY HAVEN'T
FOUND PEACE.



"THAT THEY SUFFERED
SOME WRONG THEY
CAN'T FORGIVE."



"AND
SOMETIMES..."



"...THEY FIND
SOMEBODY
TO HELP THEM
REST."

(NOW THEY'RE CALLING THIS A GAS EXPLOSION? THEY'RE NOT EVEN TAKING THAT STUFF IN FOR EVIDENCE? MOST OF THE EQUIPMENT RECOVERED *ISN'T* EVEN USED FOR PETS.)



(SOMEONE'S SHUTTING THIS INVESTIGATION DOWN.)

(WHO?)



"(SOMEONE HIGH UP. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.)"



(I CLEANED UP YOUR MESS AT THE PET SHOP, TAMURA.)

(YOU KNOW WHO...)



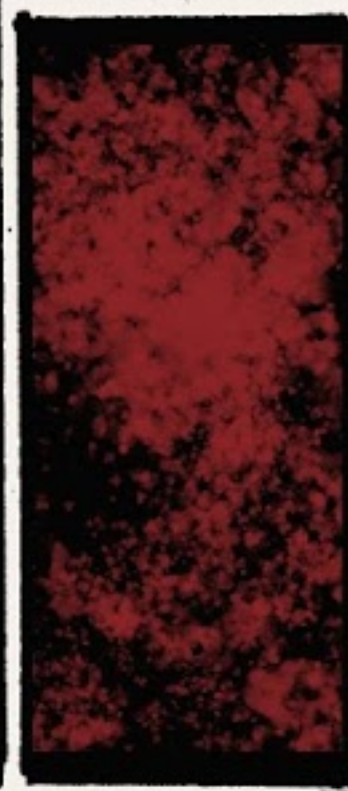
(NOT SURE WHO PUT HIM ONTO US? BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO STOP OUR SCHEDULED BUSINESS.)



(THE HELLSPAWN.)

(BE SURE YOU LEAVE SOME WITH SHIZUMU.)





CRAK



(DON'T SLAM IT, MAN! THE CAR'S NEW!)



<AND DID YOU SEE HIS HEAD--BOOM! EXPLODED JUST LIKE A PUMPKIN!>

<PUMPKIN? WHAT THE HELL YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?>

<WHAT?>

<A PUMPKIN IS ORANGE. YOU EVER SEEN **ORANGE** BLOOD? IT WAS MORE LIKE A WATERMELON. NOW THAT'S NICE AND RED.>

<JUST MEANT THE WAY IT EXPLODED, OK?>



<IT'S JUST STUPID TO SAY... HEY! THE DOOR!>



<IS HE...?>

<DEAD. BUT STILL WARM.>



<FAN OUT. THEY MIGHT STILL BE INSIDE.>



SHK
SHK
SHK



HIS CHAINS COME FIRST. TENDRILS HUNGRY TO SWALLOW ANYTHING IN ITS PATH. THEN HIS CRIMSON CLOAK OOZES WIDE LIKE BLOOD SPILLING OUT OF A BUTCHERED ANIMAL.

AND FINALLY, THE BLACK TAR SILHOUETTE OF THIS LIVING GRIM REAPER HERE TO DELIVER CARNAGE UPON THOSE THAT PREY UPON THE INNOCENT.

WHO TAKE PLEASURE IN FORCING THEIR POWER ON THE WEAK.



BUT TONIGHT, SPAWN WILL BE THE ONE SHOWING THESE PARASITES WHAT TRUE POWER LOOKS LIKE.







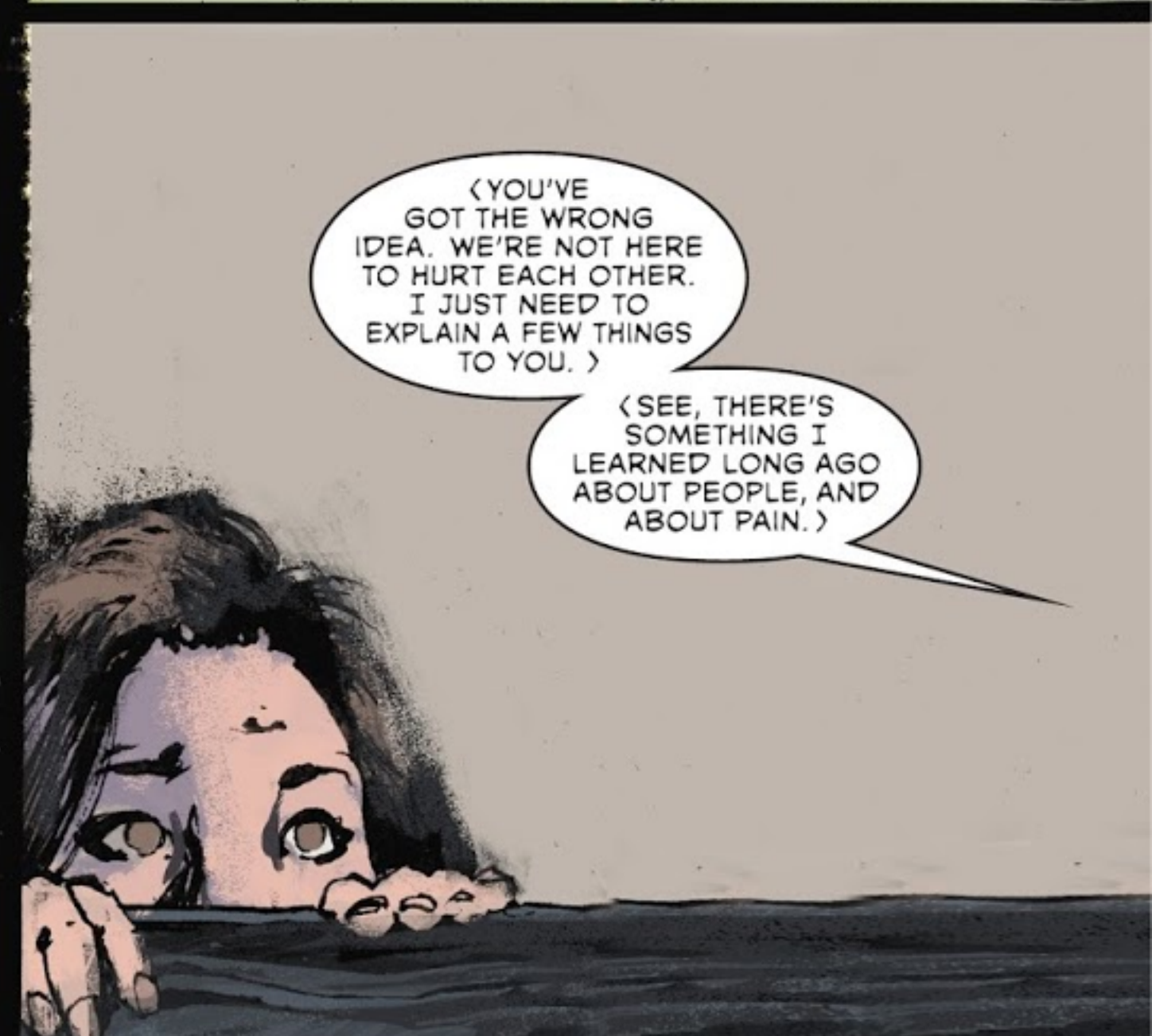
(YES. I AM GOING IN, MY BLACK FRIEND.)



(BUT DON'T WORRY...



... (I'M ALWAYS CAREFUL.)





(WHAT I'VE
LEARNED IS,
**NO MATTER WHAT
YOU DO, YOU CAN
NEVER REALLY HURT
PEOPLE THE WAY
THEY CAN HURT
THEMSELVES.)**